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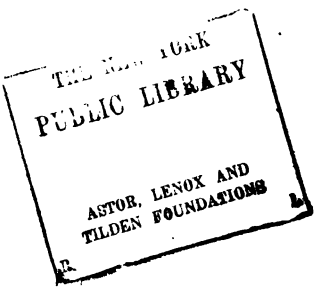
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THE SITE OF THE BOULOGNE CAMP.
(After a Painting by H. W. B. Davis, R.A.)

[SEE NOTE FOLLOWING PREFACE.]

NAPOLEON AT THE BOULOGNE CAMP

(BASED ON NUMEROUS HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED DOCUMENTS)

BY

FERNAND NICOLAY

TRANSLATED BY GEORGINA L. DAVIS

WITH NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS

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PREFACE

THE reasons which induced me to publish the present work are briefly these: My father was a Boulonnais, and owner of the land historically famous for its associations with Bonaparte and Bruix. I have therefore in my possession a number of documents, hitherto unpublished, concerning the Camp of Boulogne.

Besides this, during the many years spent on my father's property at the Plateau d'Odre, I have had many opportunities of acquiring information and collecting circumstantial evidence on the spot itself, from old men who had seen and talked with Napoleon, and had served under him.

When writing these pages, in full view of the splendid panorama of the Boulogne roadstead, and from the top of the very cliff on which Napoleon and the Commander of the Flotilla had once taken up their quarters, I could not help thinking that the narrative of former events and of memorable incidents would certainly be of psychological interest to the public.

Added to this, it seemed to me that a faithful record of typical details connected with Napoleon's Camp at Boulogne, might even prove a useful contribution to the military history of that period, in which the extraordinary and fertile activity of Napoleon—seconded by the ardour, so typical, of his soldiers and sailors—had inspired England with fear, and served to organise an incomparable army.

FERNAND NICOLAY.

Boulogne-sur-Mer.

NOTE ON FRONTISPIECE.

THIS reproduction of an early study by the artist, on the site of Napoleon's Camp at Boulogne, will give the reader a good idea of that part of the Iron Coast that lay between Boulogne and Cape Gris-Nez, presenting its armed front towards the cliffs of England, frequently quite visible on the horizon. During the Crimean War, Napoleon III. re-established the Camp on the very ground occupied by the Grand Army in 1803–1805, for it was his policy to keep up the Napoleonic tradition by reviving memories connected with the First Empire. The small wood-and-mud structure shown in the picture was what remained in 1858—when the study was painted—of a small chapel, from which Mass was celebrated before the assembled troops during the second Boulogne Camp.

The little town just discernible half-way along the coast-line is Ambleteuse, whose history is closely connected with England. For several centuries before it became a point of concentration for Napoleon's expeditionary forces, it had been one of the chief ports for communication with the English, and at one period was in their occupation.

In the sea, off Wimereux, is the Fort de Croï, mentioned in the text. The headland stretching far out into the sea, beyond Ambleteuse, is Cape Gris-Nez, the nearest point to England, and one of great importance in Napoleon's organisation of defence against any attack from the English squadrons. The old shepherd standing in the foreground had been one of Napoleon's veterans, and wore the St. Helena medal. He made great friends with the artist, and was always ready to give his recollections of the stirring times in which he had played a modest part. He had been one of the garrison of Flushing, and related, in the simple language of the French peasant, the many difficulties that the English had to overcome in their attack of the place, and how little the French soldiers believed in the possibility of its ever falling into the hands of the enemy. His comments on the result of the operations were brief, but suggestive: "Mais ils l'ont *prin* tout-de-même!" *

G. L. D.

* But they took it, all the same!

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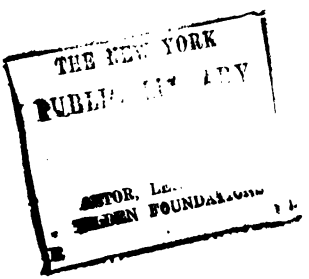
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BONAPARTE, FIRST CONSUL.
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NAPOLEON AT THE BOULOGNE CAMP.

CHAPTER I.

HOUSES OCCUPIED BY NAPOLEON DURING HIS VISITS TO BOULOGNE.

L'Hôtel des Androuins—The Château de Pont-de-Briques—Roustan's Bedroom—Description of the Emperor's Pavilion—Bonaparte's Post of Observation—The Admiral's Pavilion—Naval Semaphore and the Chappe Signalling Station.

WHEN Napoleon visited Boulogne * officially, on the 29th June, 1803, he was quartered in one of the finest mansions of the Upper Town, L'Hôtel des Androuins, so-called after its first owner, but belonging at that period to a M. De Menneville.†

This residence, situated in the Place d'Armes (now Place Godefroy-de-Bouillon), had been specially fitted up for the reception of the illustrious guest.

At a later period, it had the distinction of harbouring the Emperor and Empress Marie Louise, on the occasion of their State visit, May 25th, 1810; and from that date it was known as the "Imperial Palace." It was in 1811 that Napoleon inhabited it for the last time (from September 19th to the 22nd).

One of the evidences of the historic interest attaching

* As will be seen in the chapter dealing with the Grande Armée, Napoleon had already been to Boulogne on a tour of inspection, on 22 Pluviôse, Year I. (February 10th, 1790).

† It belongs now to the Comtesse de Plinval, by whose courtesy I was permitted to view the house.

to the house, is to be seen in the State drawing-room, where the panels are sculptured with garlands of gilded laurels, which are carefully preserved.

Adjoining the drawing-room, is the chamber which Bonaparte occupied ; and leading out of it, is a triangular passage, where, tradition says, Napoleon's faithful attendant Roustan, a Georgian, was wont to lie at night, wrapped in a blanket, keeping watch over his

IMPERIAL PALACE IN THE UPPER TOWN.

master. The passage, however, is so small that to enable him to lie at full length, it was necessary to open the door of another room.

There is a terrace on the roof, and in those days, when the buildings of the Lower Town were far less numerous than they are at present, one could look over the town below and command a good view of the harbour and roadstead. The First Consul, desirous of taking every advantage of this outlook, gave orders for the demolition of portions of various buildings which obstructed his view of the sea.

A guard of honour, formed by a body of young townsmen, was stationed in front of the palace. Their costume was sufficiently picturesque to deserve mention : it consisted of scarlet dolman, white waistcoat, Nankeen trousers, with black stripes ; sky-blue silk sash, yellow plumes, hussar boots, sword and sabretache.

The appointments and table expenses of this, and of another house, prepared for Bonaparte's suite, was defrayed by the town ; and the expenditure amounted to a little over 13,000 francs.

Among those who resided with Bonaparte at the Hôtel des Androuins were his secretary, General Duroc, de Beauharnais, the general on duty, two aides-de-camp, the Prefect, and the senior officer of the palace ; while others of the suite, Generals Moncey and Marmont, the Naval Minister and the Minister of the Interior, the State Councillors, Forfait, Cretet, and Bruix, were lodged in the other house.

The author recently came across an old letter of Audience dated at this period, which was couched in the following terms :—

" The Prefect of the Palace has the honour of informing the Citizen Mavor of Boulogne, that he will be received by the First Consul this day, II. Messidor, Year XI., at 11 o'clock in the morning.

" Boulogne-sur-mer, Thursday, June 30th, 1803, V.S.*

" CH. SALMATORIS ROSSILLION."

It would be no easy task to give an adequate idea of the enthusiasm with which the people greeted the hero of Italy and Egypt, on his first visit to Boulogne. Triumphal arches were raised in his honour ; and from the Place St. Nicholas to the Esplanade, columns and pyramids of foliage were erected, and flowers were

* V.S. Abbreviation of " Vieux Style " (Old Style).

strewn along the road the conqueror was to take. At night the whole town was illuminated.

Monseigneur de la Tour d'Auvergne, the Bishop of Arras, came to pay his tribute of respect, and to thank the First Consul publicly :—

"*In this diocese, your Bishop of Arras glories in the privilege of adding to the number of Napoleon's adherents. He fully appreciates the inestimable benefit conferred on the country by the re-establishment of the religion of our forefathers. So great is my joy in discharging the debt of gratitude we all owe him, that I cannot refrain from entreating his gracious acceptance of our homage and love. . . . . All my clergy share these feelings.*"

Such were the sentiments expressed by the head of the diocese.

As for the speech pronounced by the Prefect of the Pas-de-Calais, Lachaise, it attained the very height of rhapsody. The following is copied from the text itself :—

"*Citizen First Consul, we have scarce had time to realise the presence of your august person in our midst, and already the whole of the department of the Pas-de-Calais is thrilling with joy. The soil which for so long has proved fatal to its children, has at last purged itself of the poisonous germs which have produced such monsters.** *It can now boast of five hundred thousand loyal and true French citizens, all of them eager to devote their hearts, their arms, and their fortunes to your service. Confident in our destiny, we now know that in order to secure the glory and happiness of France, to ensure to all Nations freedom of trade and of the sea ; in order to humiliate the daring disturbers of peace in the old and new world,*

* Some of the more notorious among the Terrorists were natives of the Pas-de-Calais. (Translator's note.)

and to establish it firmly on earth, God created Bonaparte, and rested."

It would be difficult, I think, to surpass this unrestrained hyperbole.

On this occasion, the First Consul's visit was very short, but having in view the important works of which Boulogne was so soon to become the centre, he thought it expedient to secure a second residence.

NAPOLEON I.'S CHÂTEAU, PONT-DE-BRIQUES.

Besides his pavilion at the Tour d'Odre, of which I shall speak presently, he determined to establish new quarters for himself and his military staff in another part of the district. Accordingly, the Château de Pont-de-Briques, belonging to a family of the name of Patras de Campaigno,* was selected for the convenience of its situation, and became the headquarters of Napoleon, who resided alternately there and at the Tour d'Odre.

One of the advantages which recommended the

* The De Campaignos have given several Seneschals to Boulogne.

Château * to Napoleon, was that it stood about two and a half miles distant from Boulogne, on the high road to Paris. This enabled the First Consul to arrive at night-time, on those surprise visits by which he was wont to test the efficiency of his lieutenants.

By dawn the next day he would mount his horse, and appear unexpectedly in some particular building-yard, or at some strategic point along the coast, which he wished personally and closely to inspect.

I have, as I write, different statements as to the dates of his actual known visits,† but it is more than probable that his sudden and unlooked-for appearances were far more frequent than is generally supposed.

Indeed, if we study the Orders of the Day, or letters written by his generals and ministers, and especially the notices in the official journal, we see that Bonaparte refrained from giving information of his movements to the public. The gazettes of the period were at liberty to mention his absences from Paris, but any allusion to the object of his journey was rarely permitted.

Napoleon's valet throws interesting light on his master's reserve. He writes: "The Emperor maintained, as a rule, the utmost secrecy concerning his journeys up to the last moment before his departure; and would order horses at midnight, to travel to Milan or Mayence, as though he were about to take a drive to Saint Cloud or Rambouillet."

It would be useless, therefore, to depend solely upon the notices in the *Moniteur* and other papers, in estimating the number of days Bonaparte spent at Boulogne.

* From a collection of Orders of the Day, it appears that Joseph Bonaparte also came to Pont-de-Briques, on 9 Floréal, XII. (April 28th, 1804).

† A Boulonnais given to research, Mr. Lefebvre, has traced Napoleon's presence on the following dates: Feb. 10, 1798; June 29 to July 1, 1803; Nov. 4 to 17, 1803; January 1 to 5, 1804; July 19, 1804; August, 1804; Aug. 3 to Sept. 2, 1805; May 25 to 26, 1810; Sept. 19 to 22, 1812.

As far back as 1800, the First Consul had declared, "Were I to give loose reins to the Press, I should not remain in power three months!" Accordingly, on the 27th Nivôse, Year VII., the Consuls, at Fouché's instigation, issued an order suppressing sixty newspapers out of the seventy-three then in existence. The *Moniteur* only mentioned Bonaparte when it was authorised to do so; as for the other organs they merely copied the official information contained in the *Moniteur*, and the press resigned itself to being colourless, for fear of becoming suspect.

The following is a list of the thirteen newspapers which, in 1800, were tolerated, but kept under the supervision of the Press Bureau:—*Le Moniteur*, *Les Débâts*, *Le Journal de Paris*, *Le Bien Informé*, *Le Publiciste*, *L'ami des Lois*, *La Clef du Cabinet des Souverains*, *Le Citoyen Français*, *Le Journal des Hommes Libres*, *Le Journal du Soir*, *Le Journal des défenseurs de la Patrie*, *La Décade Philosophique*, *La Gazette de France*.

In 1805, Napoleon, having had reason to complain of certain indiscretions in the papers concerning his movements and actions, wrote to the Minister of Justice:—

"Give the Editors to understand that I shall end by retaining one newspaper only."

The Château de Pont-de-Briques, which Napoleon was able to reach so easily before anyone was aware of his intention to do so, has now been transformed into an agricultural institution.* I was anxious to go over it in detail, because the memories connected with it are well worth preserving.

The entrance gate is flanked by two massive square towers, resembling gigantic sentry boxes. The stables,

* Now the Beaucerf Catholic Orphanage. Before this the domain was called "Château de Clocheville," after one of its owners, who purchased it in 1810.

and the coach-house which sheltered Napoleon's travelling coach, were still standing in 1904, on the right of the spacious courtyard, but these have since been demolished.

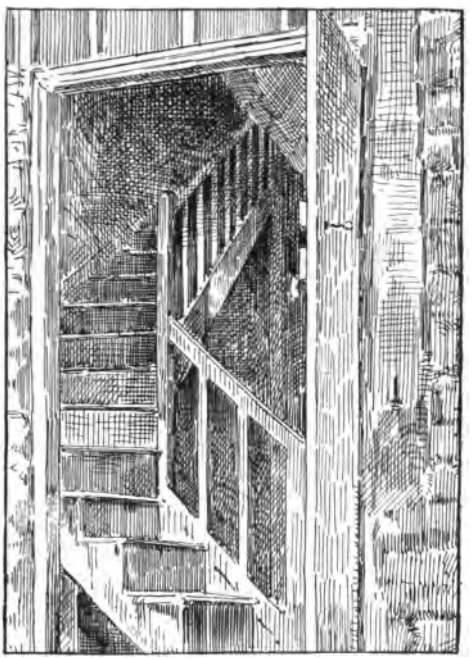
The château itself has a fine façade and two important wings. The ground floor has a spacious dining-room and several rooms used for domestic purposes. A stone staircase leads up to the first floor, and there we find ourselves in a long gallery, which still contains the large wardrobes put up for the Empress's use. To the right is a room called "Josephine's Chamber," but the tapestries which once adorned it have been removed. Adjoining, is the room which was occupied by the women-in-waiting.

To the left of the gallery there is a sitting-room five metres square, with a stone balcony overlooking the park; it was here that Napoleon is said to have dictated straight off, while pacing to and fro, the famous campaign of 1805, just previous to quitting the regions of the Boulonnais.

Passing through this apartment, we come to the so-called Imperial Chamber, an unpretentious-looking room, four metres by three, and entirely devoid of ornamentation. It had four windows, two overlooking the court, the others opening on to the garden, and an alcove for the bed. Behind the chamber is a closet, furnished with coat stands, which was used as a cloak room. A passage running by the side of the closet leads to the room that was occupied by Roustan, in which a small flight of stairs was contrived, and carefully concealed in the woodwork; this was to enable Bonaparte to go in and out of his private apartments without having to use the central staircase.

Inside the woodwork put up to conceal the secret stairs, there was a space of about one metre square, forming a sort of locker, which served to hide the bed

of the faithful Mameluke. His couch was a somewhat primitive one, fashioned out of coarse canvas stretched over a wooden frame, and was divided into two parts, connected by a couple of strong hinges. By this arrangement, one third of the bed stood in the recess, and during the day the second portion was folded over the first and shut up inside the cupboard; so that both bed and flight of stairs were invisible. At night the bed was dropped, and was supported by means of two jointed metal rods.



Secret Staircase leading to the Emperor's Private Apartments.

It appears, however, that Roustan generally preferred to stretch himself across the doorway leading to his master's apartment, so as to make his guard more efficient still, in case of emergency.

Above the apartments occupied by Napoleon, we can see the "Marshals' Council Room," which is really nothing more than the attic to the château. The staircase that leads up to it has been altered since those days, but the one which existed then was so low, that it was

necessary to remove one's hat before attempting the ascent. The officers' rooms, or so-called "Marshals' chambers," consisted of three small apartments about three metres square, with an alcove. Few servants nowadays would be content with such wretched quarters under the roof. The only ornaments the rooms possessed were a few pegs on the wall, for hanging clothes.

Who was this Roustan, who was always seen with Napoleon? The Emperor's valet, Constant, alludes in his memoirs to "this former slave of the East, who became the watch-dog of the great conqueror."

The following biographical notice is all the more interesting from the fact that Constant was Roustan's intimate friend.

"Roustan," he writes, "better known as the Emperor's Mameluke, was born of a good family in Georgia; at the age of six he was kidnapped and taken to Cairo, where he was brought up with other young slaves, who were trained to wait upon the Mamelukes until old enough to serve themselves in the formidable corps of warriors. When the Sheik of Cairo presented General Bonaparte with a magnificent Arab horse, he also gave him Roustan and another Mameluke, Ibrahim, who was attached to the service of Madame Bonaparte under the name of Ali. Roustan became a familiar show figure whenever the Emperor appeared in public. He was present on every journey, in every procession, and, to his honour, be it said, in every battle. Arrayed in his gorgeous oriental dress, he was the most resplendent-looking personage of the brilliant staff that followed the Emperor. His appearance had a prodigious effect on the crowd, especially in the provinces. He was supposed to have great influence with the Emperor, and this belief, on the part of credulous people, was founded on the report that he had once saved his master's life

by throwing himself between him and an enemy's sword. I believe this to be a fable. The particular favour Roustan enjoyed was but the natural result of his Majesty's habitual kindness to those who served him; besides, this favour did not extend beyond the limit of domestic matters. Roustan married Madlle. Douville, a pretty young French woman, daughter of the Empress Josephine's valet.

"In 1814 and 1815 Roustan was reproached by the Press for declining to follow the master for whom he had always professed the highest devotion; his reply to this charge was 'that the family ties he had contracted in France forbade his leaving the country, and breaking up the happiness of his home.'

"After his marriage, Roustan retired to Dourdan (Seine-et-Oise), having spent sixteen years in Napoleon's service."

We are indebted to Mr. Joseph Guyot, owner of the Château de Dourdan, for a few supplementary notes concerning the "Mameluke." He was short, thick-set, and of herculean strength, but his intelligence was dull, rather than quick. He was a Roman Catholic, and was on terms of friendship with the Curé of his parish. Nothing pleased him more than to entertain the inhabitants of Dourdan with accounts of the functions and duties of his former office.

It was his business to place each night by the Emperor's bedside, a cold chicken, by way of collation, in case of emergency; but it was almost always left intact. One night, Roustan, being seized with a sudden fit of hunger, rose very quietly, and taking infinite precautions, no doubt, not to arouse his master, tore off a succulent wing, and devoured it noiselessly. But, alas! as fate would have it, Napoleon also felt hungry that night, and, calling for Roustan, he asked for the chicken. The poor fellow, thinking it was all up with him, fell on his knees and implored his master's pardon, in tones of such

excessive despair, that the Emperor could not refrain from laughing, and forgave him; not, however, without severely pinching his ear, so as to impress on him the desirability of being more discreet in the future.

Roustan had a way, peculiar to himself, of describing the battles in which he had taken part; he was frequently asked to tell these stories, and he always did so, in a solemn and dramatic manner. As a rule he was sweet-tempered, but very sensitive on the subject of his duty as guard of the Emperor, and could not endure the slightest allusion to the canine fidelity, as such, that he displayed in the exercise of his functions.

One day, for example, in Dourdan, a young fellow taunted him, as he passed, with an exclamation of "Médor."* Roustan turned sharply, leapt like a wounded panther on the man who had insulted him, and nearly strangled him, with a grip like a vice.

My correspondent recollects Roustan attending Napoleon at a wolf-hunt in the forest of Dourdan, and adds, "I have copied these epitaphs from our cemetery of Dourdan; the first is Roustan's":—

HERE LIES
ROUSTAM RAZA,
AT ONE TIME MAMELUKE
OF THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON.
BORN AT TIFLIS (GEORGIA),
DIED AT DOURDAN
AT THE AGE OF 64.

HE HAS TAKEN WITH HIM
THE REGRETS OF A FAMILY
BY WHOM HE WAS JUSTLY BELOVED.
MAY HE REST IN PEACE,
AMONG THOSE
WHO LOVED AND APPRECIATED HIM.

There is no date.

* In France this is a familiar name for a dog. (Translator's note.)

The epitaph on his wife's grave reads thus :—

HERE LIES
A. M. M. DOUVILLE,
WIDOW OF ROUSTAM RAZA.
BORN IN PARIS, JAN. 21ST, 1789,
DIED AT VERSAILLES, JULY 24TH, 1857,
MOURNED BY HER CHILDREN
AND HER FRIENDS.

Both monuments consist of a slab of stone, engraved with a cross, and below are the words, "De Profundis."

Whenever Napoleon came to Boulogne he wore a velvet cap, when travelling at night; these caps were made light for summer wear, and in winter they were lined with fur. From the Budget we learn that "2 unlined caps cost 21 francs, and mending the same 3 francs." The toques made for the Mameluke Roustan cost 312 francs apiece, according to the National Archives. They were of "crimson velvet with a border of gold stars." But these were ordered for State occasions, and we must presume that he wore others less costly when he passed the night in his master's carriage.

During the Consular period, as well as under the Empire, Napoleon of course always appeared before the troops wearing the traditional hat in which he is generally represented. It was made of black felt without any border, or gold lace; it merely had the tricolour cockade, supported by a piece of black silk braid.

One of these hats can be seen at the Boulogne Museum, the De Clocheville family having presented it to that institution. It appears that on the day Napoleon was leaving the Château de Pont-de-Briques to distribute the crosses of the Legion of Honour to the camp at Boulogne, he exchanged his old hat for a new one, and

left the first behind, where it was afterwards found by the new owners of the house.

There are many similar hats, whose authenticity is above suspicion, to be seen at the Invalides, and in public and private museums all over the country.

How is it that they are so numerous ?

A patient chronicler * who has taken the trouble to sift the official accounts, declares that he discovered in the National Library no less than nineteen different bills for hats supplied to the Emperor in one year alone. Putting it at an average of eight hats a year, he arrives at the conclusion that from 1800 to 1815, 120 hats were made for Napoleon. The average price for each hat was 60 francs.

Constant writes : " As the Emperor was very sensitive about the head, I always had his hats interlined with wadding, and took care to wear them myself, in private, for a few days before he put them on, so as to stretch them for his use."

It was always a source of delight to the people of Boulogne when they caught a glimpse of the famous " redingote grise " (grey coat), but it was Roustan's superb Greek costume which fascinated every eye when he appeared.

A memorandum, copied from the National Archives, will give an idea of the outlay expended on this personage.

The tailor Chevalier's account for one costume supplied, runs thus : " 5 Ells Louviers cloth for a complete Greek costume, at 66 francs per ell ; Embroidery for 2 waistcoats and one pair of trousers, 380 francs. Making, and extras, 32 francs. Total, 742 francs. Also one best toque, 312 francs, and one pair of top boots, 80 francs."

* M. Maze-Sencier.

On occasions of great ceremony, Roustan was dressed still more splendidly. In 1804, for instance, the Emperor ordered two costumes for him to wear at the coronation ceremonies. One of these, a Mameluke's dress, was made by Sandoz, a tailor in the Rue de Seine, and cost 2,450 francs; it consisted of a dolman in green velvet, a sabretache in amaranth poult-de-Soie; the loose breeches were of the finest cloth, and the sash of straw-coloured muslin; the whole costume was richly embroidered in fine gold, with pearls and spangles.

The other was a Greek dress, designed and made by Chevalier. The materials used in the making were 5 ells Louviers cloth, blue and scarlet, at 58 francs the ell. The embroidery on the scarlet waistcoat was estimated at 4,500 francs. The turban and sash embroidered with "paillettes," 755 francs. The total amount was 6,653 francs; but as this charge was considered excessive, it was reduced to 5,800 francs (National Archives). And this is by no means the end of the expenditure, for we must include the 360 francs paid to Poupart, the hatter, for a sword-belt, scarlet and gold, and a gold-embroidered cartridge pouch; and further, the sum of 115 francs claimed by the Emperor's bootmaker, Jacques, for supplying a pair of top boots in red Morocco leather, trimmed with gold lace and tassels, after a design by Isabey; and a pair of red shoes to be worn the day after the coronation.

When there was no occasion for Roustan to appear in state, he wore breeches costing 80 francs, and a box-coat worth 180 francs.

In the travelling service were included vans, gigs, and mail coaches; but for long distances, as, for instance, the journey from Paris, or Saint Cloud, to Boulogne, Napoleon made use of large coaches, drawn by two or four horses, built to accommodate six people, and suffi-

ciently comfortable to enable him to pass the night in them, and thereby economise time.

In the Civil Register of the Commune of St. Léonard, to which Pont-de-Briques belonged, there is an entry, dated 29th Brumaire, XII. (Nov. 20th, 1804), of the birth of "Jeanne le Cointre, daughter of the lodge-keeper, at the house of M. de Campeigno, now inhabited by the First Consul."

And in the Marriage Register is an Act signed by Trousse (24 Pluv., XII., Feb. 12th, 1804), a gunner in the 7th Regiment of Artillery, who has among his witnesses "Louis Mottelet, postilion to the First Consul."

The 150,000 infantry and 90,000 cavalry of which the Boulogne army was composed, were divided into four camps: the right and left camps, the Wimereux camp, and the camp of Ambleteuse.

In the right camp, they had erected pavilions on the summit of the Odre Cliff for the Emperor, Admiral Bruix,* Marshal Soult, and Decrès, Minister of Marine. The Imperial pavilion was so situated that Napoleon could see almost at one glance, the town, harbour, and all the camps. It has been described by various writers,† but by putting together and condensing the details given by the different authors and contemporary documents, I am able to give the following information :—

The ground on which it stood had been bought from a widow, Madame Delporte; this is mentioned in an official report drawn up on March 8th, 1810, for the purpose of fixing an indemnity due to the proprietors whose grazing lands were occupied by the

* The admiral's pavilion stood on the piece of land now called "Enclos de l'Admiral" (admiral's enclosure), belonging to Fernand Nicolaÿ.

† One description is by Constant; another by Marco de Saint Hilaire, an ex-page of the Emperor. See also "Précis de l'Histoire de Boulogne," by Bertrand; "Hist. de Boulogne," by Hautefeuille and Bernard; "Année historique," by Morand, etc.

right camp, and the troops stationed around Maquétra and Ostrohove.

The building was constructed within forty-eight hours, for the requisite timber had been prepared beforehand, and the frame-work fitted, with the admirable science and precision which characterises the work of engineers. The foundation timbers were fixed in a firm basement of brickwork—for, as Louis Nicolaÿ remarked in 1864, "Anyone knowing the position, would understand that a wooden house 40 mètres long, erected in the most exposed part of the summit of a cliff, could not possibly resist a strong wind, unless it were solidly founded on brickwork."

About the same date M. Florentin Lefils wrote :—

"Not long ago there were still some fragments to be seen of the masonry which had formed the basement of the 'Baraque.' These remains, which were an object of veneration to native and stranger alike, have recently been levelled by spade and mattock."

Marco de Saint Hilaire gives the following detail :—

"While the soldiers were excavating the ground for the foundations of the 'Baraque,' they came upon the remains of some ancient fortifications connected with the Roman Tower of Caligula, and this was looked upon as a good omen."

The Emperor's pavilion, or "Baraque," was erected under the supervision of M. Sordi, who had been appointed chief engineer of military communications. It was 100 feet in length and 22½ feet in width; the extremity which overlooked the harbour was shaped like a rotunda, and was 30 feet in diameter. It was built entirely of wood, like the wooden huts of a fair, only the planks were carefully finished off, and painted light grey. Its form was rectangular, terminated at each end by a semi-circular annexe. The ground immediately around was

railed off by a wooden fence, and lighted after dark by reflector lamps placed at a distance of four feet from each other. The windows were placed laterally. On the side which faced the sea, the pavilion consisted of three rooms and a passage. The principal room, which was used for the Council meetings, was hung with a silver-grey paper; the painted ceiling represented golden clouds in an azure sky, in which an eagle with a thunderbolt was seen directing its flight towards England, guided by Napoleon's star. In the middle of the room stood a large oval table, having a cover of plain green cloth with no fringe. The only chair at the table was his Majesty's; it was made of perfectly plain wood, stuffed with horsehair, covered with green morocco, and could be taken to pieces when necessary. On the table stood an inkstand and powder-box made of boxwood; half a dozen brass candlesticks; sheets of paper of all sizes, and quill pens ready cut. A huge map of the coast of the Channel hung on the wall. This is all the furniture there was in the Council Chamber, in which no one was allowed to sit down, save his Majesty, the generals having to stand in front of him with no other support than the hilts of their swords, during the whole of the meetings, which lasted sometimes three or four hours.

To reach the Council Room it was necessary to go through a passage, and to the right of this passage was his Majesty's bedroom. It had a glazed door, and one window looking out towards the right camp, from which the sea was also visible to the left. The Emperor's bed was made of iron, rather less than a metre in width, and had a large curtain of plain green sarsenet hanging from a brass ring fixed in the ceiling. The bed had a horsehair mattress, two upper mattresses, a couple of bolsters, both very high and stiff, placed one at the head and the

THE EMPEROR'S PAVILION.

From a Painting by H. Gobert, born in Boulogne 1788.

other at the foot of the bed, no pillow, a white cotton coverlet, and a wadded quilt in green sarsenet. At the window hung a pair of small curtains of the same material, and there were but two plain straw-bottomed chairs in the room.

The wall-paper was rose-coloured, with a lace pattern and a border of Etruscan design. Next to the bed was a small table covered with a white cloth, and on it were placed a china jug and basin, with a gilt pattern, and various luxurious dressing-table fittings. At night Napoleon was in the habit of depositing on a chair by his bedside a candlestick, his pocket-book, made of green morocco with steel corners, and his snuff-box, placed on the top of a cambric pocket handkerchief. Instead of a regular nightcap he wore a red Madras handkerchief, which he fastened around his forehead, allowing the ends to hang down his neck at the back. An old hat hung on a nail; it was worn and out of shape, but Napoleon preferred it to any other, when he took an excursion far into the country, or when he visited the ships in the roadstead. He was constantly losing this hat, either the wind carried it away, or it fell into the sea, but it was always brought back to him faithfully, as though it were an object of the greatest value. Opposite the bedroom was another room parallel to it, in which they had fixed a large telescope, which had cost 12,000 francs. This instrument was between four and five feet long, and one foot in diameter; when fixed in position, it rested on a mahogany tripod, and the box which contained it rather resembled a piano. With the help of the telescope, when the horizon was clear, the Emperor, standing in his pavilion, could clearly distinguish the castle at Dover, towards which no doubt his thoughts turned more often even than his gaze.

In this same room was a yellow leather coffer, resting

on a couple of stools, which contained three complete suits of clothing and some linen. This was his Majesty's campaigning kit; on the top of it lay a spare hat, lined with white satin, very much worn. The main body of the pavilion was divided into three apartments—the drawing-room, a vestibule, and a large dining-room, which communicated with a passage parallel to the kitchens. Outside the pavilion, and in the direction of the kitchens, a small hut had been fitted up, to serve for laundry and washing-up purposes.

When the Emperor entertained guests at dinner, "Réchaud and Fourneau" (for such, it is asserted, were the names of his principal stewards) superintended in person the preparation of the banquet, and were not above putting their hand to the work.

On these occasions they worked in the open air, assisted by their scullions. "One day," gaily relates the historian, "a sudden gust of wind carried off the whole kitchen, including a scullion, who was never seen again, although he was searched for everywhere. It was not until long after that we heard what had befallen the poor wretch in that squall: he had become head cook to Lord Willy in England."

The cellars were kept at headquarters at Pont-de-Briques, under the special superintendence of the chief steward of the cellar, M. Pfister—who afterwards hanged himself on the grand staircase of the "dark passage" * at the Tuileries, in a fit of delirium.

The sentries on special service at the pavilion were chosen from the Grenadiers, horse and foot, concurrently with the sailors.

Admiral Bruix's pavilion was constructed on the same principles as the Emperor's, only on a smaller scale, and it was elegantly furnished. Between the

* "Le Couloir noir."

two pavilions they had erected the "Signal" semaphore. I shall speak more fully of this naval telegraphic apparatus, which signalled the Emperor's orders to the fleet.

To the right of the Tour d'Odre stood Marshal Soult's pavilion, which closely resembled the hut of a savage. It was thatched down to the ground, and glazed at the top, to admit the light; it had but one entrance, leading down into the apartments, which were all underground. The principal chamber was circular, its furniture consisting of a large table covered with a green cloth, and a few small leather camp-stools placed around. Lastly, there was the pavilion inhabited by Decrès, Minister of Marine, which was planned and ordered like Marshal Soult's, but was less spacious and commodious; seen from a distance, it looked like an enormous extinguisher.

Before leaving Boulogne, to open the memorable campaign of 1805, the Emperor directed the Grand Marshal of the palace to settle the accounts of the expenditure. Sordi sent in an account of 50,000 francs,* for the Imperial "Baraque," which, however, the Marshal refused to pay, until he had his Majesty's sanction.

"Fifty thousand francs!" exclaimed the Emperor. "What are you thinking of, M. Sordi? Why, it's frightful! You shan't be paid!"

Abashed for a moment by this abrupt turn of affairs, Sordi stood speechless, not knowing exactly what to say.

Fortunately the Emperor gave him an opportunity of recovering himself, by glancing at a map he had just unfolded. He then replied: "Sire, the golden clouds adorning the ceiling of this room" (all this was taking place in the Council Chamber) "and surrounding your Majesty's guiding star, have really cost 20,000 francs, but, had I consulted the wishes of your subjects, the

* The price was reduced to 30,000 francs.

imperial eagle represented here, and which is once more about to strike the enemies of France and of your throne, would be spreading his wings in a sky of diamonds."

"Very good," replied the Emperor, "that's all very well, but you shall not be paid at present; and since you assure me that that very expensive eagle is going to thunder-strike the Austrians, wait until he has done so, and I will then pay your account with the rixdollars of the Emperor of Germany, and the gold fredericks of the King of Prussia." And, picking up his compass, his Majesty traced the march of his army on the map.

Two days after the battle of Austerlitz, Sordi, who accompanied the army as Chief of Communications throughout the Austrian campaign, was summoned to the Emperor's headquarters at Brunn. "Monsieur," said Napoleon, "I am delighted to see you. The events you foretold at Boulogne have come true. An honest man's word is his bond, and as a ruler should be the most honest man in his country, the 30,000 francs owing to you for my pavilion shall now be paid you."

Whereupon Duroc took from a brass-mounted mahogany casket several rouleaux of gold, and placed them on the table in front of the Emperor. Opening two of them, Napoleon handed to Sordi the rixdollars and gold roubles they contained; and as the engineer was expressing his gratitude with profuse salutations, he exclaimed: "Don't thank me, thank the Emperors of Austria and Russia."

The author of this book had many opportunities in his childhood of conversing with some of the old inhabitants of Boulogne, who could recollect having seen the famous pavilion.

It still existed in 1808, but in 1810 only portions of it were left standing.

Napoleon's remarks quoted above, and his behaviour

with respect to its cost, and the payment of the work, have been subject to criticism to which I should like to reply.

It is hardly fair to apply the terms "meanness and sordid economy" to the Emperor's conduct, which was perfectly justifiable under the circumstances. Though given to display, on occasions, from motives of expediency, —in other words, while affecting great pomp and splendour in his character of Cæsar,—the moment he ceased to represent France, Napoleon never forgot that he had not been cradled in a bed of gold, nor been arrayed in lace and fine linen, like the sons of princes.

Though born of a noble race, the son of Charles Bonaparte had experienced poverty and hardship from his earliest years. Indeed his father's income, derived from a small estate, appears to have amounted to about 1,500 francs only.

Such were the limited means of the family, that the Bishop of Autun was approached with a view to obtaining, through his influence, two scholarships for the eldest children, Joseph and Napoleon; and when the latter was sent to Brienne, he had not the pocket-money necessary for all those little luxuries which his schoolfellows were able to indulge in; but this did not make him envious of them. He grew up, but was still familiar with poverty.

In order to help his mother, who had been left a widow, with eight children, the future Emperor, who was then at Auxonne, had undertaken to provide for his brother Louis. His lieutenant's pay, amounting to about three francs a day, was all he could reckon upon to supply the wants of both. We have a description of Louis and Napoleon doing their own cooking and attending to their modest "pot-au-feu." * "If I managed to

* De Coston.

feed him on my pay," Napoleon afterwards told Caulaincourt, "it was only by never setting foot in a coffee house."

In 1792 he was in such a state of destitution that he had to leave his watch in pawn, with a certain Fauvelet.*

As he could not starve, he frequented a cookshop † of the lowest description in the Rue des Petits Pères, where he regaled himself with a single dish at six sous the portion. But keeping up his courage in spite of adverse fortune, he declared that "gloves were quite an unnecessary expense," while his hairdressing was neglected, and "his straggling locks ill-powdered," as the Duchesse d'Abrantès mentions in her memoirs. And this life of privations went on for some years; at one time his uniform was so worn that he was obliged to have recourse to Mme. Tallien's influence, to obtain from the Director of Military Supplies sufficient cloth for a new suit, of which he stood in most pressing need.‡

A whole volume could be written on this touching period in Napoleon's life, during which, though often himself in extreme want, he still found means of sharing his bread with his relations, and, true to his native honesty, performed the remarkable feat of keeping clear of debt, except to the amount of 15 francs.§ And this sum had not been spent on luxuries, but was the arrear of an account due to the proprietor of a small eating-house, who had allowed him credit out of charity, and to keep him from starvation.

These biographical details sufficiently explain and justify the Emperor's remarks with regard to the excessive expenditure on his pavilion. They had reckoned upon a bill of indemnity in playing upon his glory, but

* De Bourrienne.
† The owner of the shop was Justat.
‡ Ouvrard.
§ Chateaubriand: "Mémoires d'Outre-tombe."

he saw through the manœuvre, and declined to be imposed upon; and the spirit of economy which never deserted him in the midst of his good fortune, prevailed over his personal vanity. Though not objecting to the incense of flattery, he was never elated by it, and he retained a clear vision, in spite of the treacherous fumes that would have intoxicated weaker men.

What became of the ground on which the celebrated "Baraque" stood?

In 1854 an Englishman, Mr. Kent, became the purchaser of the plot of land, and later on erected, on the site of the pavilion, a statue in terra-cotta of Napoleon. It was placed on a cement pedestal, and surrounded with artificial rocks. In order to secure its stability—for the weight of the statue with its base was enormous—and perhaps to protect it against the violence of the wind, a trench was opened in the mound upon which the pavilion had stood, and on the very spot which the Emperor's bedroom had once occupied.

The monument, designed by M. Edouard de Bétencourt, represented Napoleon standing with his hand in his breast, and wearing the traditional hat, his gaze fixed towards England. It resembled one of those statues which were placed in succession on the Colonne Vendôme * in Paris. A statue which stands in the niche of the great "Court of Honour" at the Hôtel des Invalides will give one an idea of what it was like.

The ground surrounding the little monument at Boulogne was inlaid with mosaics, representing eagles

* The first statue was put up in 1812, and was the work of the sculptor Chaudet; it represented Napoleon as a Roman Emperor. Taken down at the Second Restoration, this statue was melted down, and recast as an equestrian statue of Henry IV. A second statue, by the younger Seurre, was put up in 1833, and unveiled by Louis Philippe. It was the original of the one at Boulogne, and represented Napoleon in his habitual riding-coat. In 1804 this statue was replaced by a third, sculptured by Damont, in which Napoleon figured as a Roman Conqueror.

and Legion of Honour crosses; it was fenced off by a wrought-iron railing.

The pedestal bore the following inscription :—

TO

NAPOLEON I.

THIS STATUE WAS ERECTED ON THE EXACT SPOT OCCUPIED BY THE EMPEROR'S "BARAQUE" AT THE CAMP OF BOULOGNE IN 1804.

IT WAS INAUGURATED ON THE 14TH JUNE, 1856, ON THE DAY OF THE BAPTISM OF THE PRINCE IMPERIAL.

FOURTH YEAR OF THE REIGN OF NAPOLEON III. AFTER THE SIGNING OF PEACE WHICH TERMINATED THE WAR OF THE EAST, WAGED BY FRANCE AND ENGLAND IN ALLIANCE.

The statue remained standing until 1894; but one night, during a violent storm, and in spite of the iron braces which had been placed for its support, it fell to the ground and was shivered in a thousand pieces.*

The author has seen the opinion expressed by various writers that Napoleon's † house at Longwood was an exact reproduction of his pavilion at Boulogne. On the face of it this seems improbable. One could hardly understand the object or meaning of such an attention on England's part, towards the fallen giant. Whereas, from documents which the author received direct from Saint Helena, and from a memorandum given him by

* This, at all events, is the current version, but to be historically exact, I am forced to admit that the destruction of the statue was planned, and carried out, by the anti-Bonapartists. I could even specify the names of the men to whom they entrusted the execution of their design, and who had to provide themselves with ropes and levers to overthrow the statue, which was firmly supported by four iron braces.

† "Destruction of the site of Napoleon's 'Baraque,'" published by Delahodde.

M. L. Morilleau, the French Consular Agent there, it would appear that the house in which Napoleon lived at Longwood had been built as early as 1743, when Dunbar was Governor of the island. It became the residence of the Lieut.-Governor of the East India Company; and in 1815 the Emperor occupied it, and lived there up to the time of his death, on the 5th May, 1821. This error, however, is easily explained. The house at Longwood, resembling in this respect the pavilion at Boulogne, was single-storied, having but one row of windows, so that there was a slight similarity of aspect between the buildings.

When Napoleon wished to go from his residence at the Tour d'Odre to Pont-de-Briques, and *vice versâ*, or, when he inspected the dockyards in the inner harbour and at Capécure—he had to pass through the fishermen's quarter of the town, as the coast road, since made, was not then in existence.

The fishing quarter was called "La Beurrière," after a much-frequented inn, which stood half-way between the town and the Tour d'Odre, and displayed on its signboard a woman churning butter.

The sign of "La Beurrière" is a very ancient one; it figures in the quaint "register of Saint Wulmer," dating from the beginning of the sixteenth century, in which he describes the arrival of Mary of England,* sister of Henry VIII., and third wife of Louis XII., at

* "In September, year of grace 1514, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, Mary, sister of King Henry VIII. of England, entered the port of Boulogne; and with her came many Princes and Princesses of England, Dukes and Counts, Duchesses and Countesses, and Prelates; she came to wed King Louis XII. of France. Then Mary and her companions left the ships, which were fine to look upon, and landed in the port close to 'La Burrière.' And horses were brought to them, our bay horse, also hacks from the town, because the ships which brought their horses and luggage had not arrived, owing to the bad weather; but they arrived a few days later; and had it not been for the fact that there were some good mariners among Mary's company, she would not have sailed by that tide."

Boulogne: "Flower of Beauty, noble and amiable Princess!" as she is described by the Prior of Boulogne, Laurens Framéry.

Adjoining Napoleon's "Post of Observation" and Bruix's pavilion, was the "signalling terrace," from which the Emperor and the admiral signalled their orders to the fleet.

In the Order of the Day dated 27 Germinal, Year XII., "the captains of the vessels are warned that the flag-staffs placed on the summit of the Fort de la Crèche, and the Mont du Couple, will repeat the signals given by the admiral at the Tour d'Odre."

The Order of the Day of the 27th Prairial prescribes the following regulations, which were to be carried out, without waiting for a special signal:—

"The admiral warns the captains of the ships of the flotilla, that when a boat flying the Imperial Standard at the fore, passes within earshot of their ship, it must be saluted with five cheers of 'Long live the Emperor,' a guard of honour will man the ship, and the drums will beat the salute.

"These honours must be observed whenever the boat passes within earshot."

On March 11th, 1805, Napoleon wrote to Vice-Admiral Decrès:—

"SIR,—The flotilla at Boulogne is composed of eight small squadrons; each squadron has two divisions of shallops, making altogether 36 shallops, capable of carrying 2,400 men. I wish them to be exercised, when the weather permits, and signals must be established to train them to disembark, to come ashore together, to commence firing the howitzers or four-pounders loaded with grape, and to have in the rear a division of gunboats to cover them.

"They must especially accustom themselves to 'obey the signals,' and so to understand them, as to agree upon the exact moment of landing. A division of shallops must be able to land, on signal, at such and such a distance, and to right or left of any given point. The officers in command of the shallops must accustom themselves to 'recognise the signals,' and obey them with promptitude.

"NAPOLEON."

On the same day the Minister of Marine (Decrès) transmitted the following orders to the Commander of the flotilla at Boulogne:—

"*Paris*, 11*th March*, 1805.

"GENERAL,—According to the Emperor's intentions, the shallop divisions attached to the squadrons of the flotilla are to practise the landing manœuvres when the weather is favourable to their evolutions. It is essential that these different manœuvres be indicated by simple signals; these signals, which it is of the utmost importance that officers in command of shallops should learn to obey promptly and without hesitation, must especially comprise signals to come ashore together and in good order, to commence firing the howitzer, or the piece of four loaded with grape; to spread, in order to go and land at such and such a distance, either above or below the point indicated, and to prepare to embark and to disembark.

"DECRÈS."

The Rue Tour d'Odre and the road to the pavilion did not exist in those days; to reach the right camp from the town there was but one way, and that was a road leading out of the Rue des Vieillards; those who are familiar with the topography of the place can realise

what an enormous circuit one had to make, to get down from the camp to the beach below.

Napoleon, out of patience, asked the Maritime Prefect of Boulogne, M. Bonnefoux, to find some practical means of establishing direct communication between the Plateau d'Odre and the beach, to which he had continually to repair.

Sordi, engineer of military communications, having declared the suggestion to be practicable, received the following reply from the Emperor :—

"Adopt whatever means you choose, but in three days' time I must be able to get down to the beach by way of the cliff."

This was short notice. But on the appointed day, however, a road had been cut, zigzag, from the top of the cliff to the base, and the stones with which the road had been paved—to keep it from being cut up by the horse's hoofs—were bound together with iron cramps, so steep was the declivity of the hill.

In organising a general signalling service for the whole of the north, quite distinct of course from the special naval service, the Admiralty had adopted the system of an expert of unquestionable authority, Claude Chappe,* inventor of aërial telegraphy, whose process had been made the subject of a special inquiry, on the part of Lakanal and Daunou, by an order of the Convention (decree dated April 6th, 1793).

Claude Chappe was sometimes dignified with the style of Abbé. He did, in point of fact, terminate his studies at the Seminary of La Flèche, and was made commendatory † abbot ; in other words, he was appointed to two important livings. It is well known that this

* In 1893 a statue of Chappe, by Damé, was put up in memory of the inventor, in the Boulevard Saint Germain.

† A commendam was the usufruct of an abbacy granted by the Pope.

native of La Sarthe had spent years in contriving a system of signalling, which consisted of an apparatus resembling a gibbet with two arms; at their extremity they were provided with moveable pieces, turning on a pivot, the successive positions of which, corresponding to certain words and certain significations, formed a complete language. He had introduced his invention to the National Assembly, under the name of "tachygraphy," on March 22nd, 1792.*

In the speech in which Chappe introduced his apparatus to the Assembly, he pointed out that, thanks to his discovery, it would now be possible for the representatives to transmit their orders to the frontier, and receive an answer during the same sitting; and, further elucidating his statement, he undertook to convey to a distance of fifty miles, within thirty-three minutes, a message of this kind :—"Lukner has advanced on Mons, in order to beseige the town. Bender has moved forward to defend. The two generals are in sight of each other. To-morrow they will engage in battle."

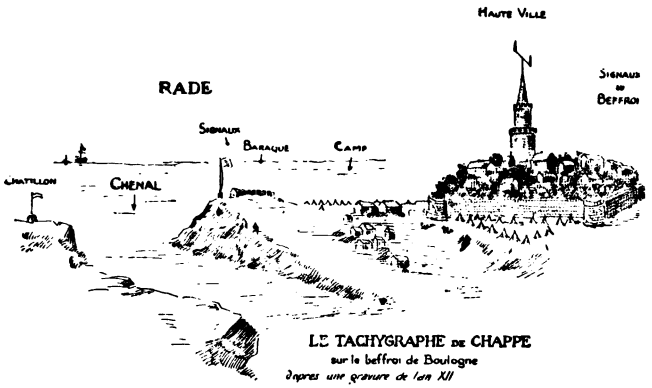
The assembly, of course, gladly accepted the tribute of this discovery, and the experiment proved, moreover, that the idea was practicable. In fact, be it mentioned that, thanks to Chappe, "the Convention received during a sitting the news of the glorious capture of the town of Condé-on-the-Scheldt, amidst scenes of indescribable enthusiasm."

On July 26th, 1793, Chappe had been appointed "Telegraphic Engineer," with the pay of a lieutenant of Engineers; and it was in this capacity that he henceforth affixed his signature to his letters, reports and documents.

From the station, the "watchers" could read the

* The term "telegraphy" given to Chappe's tachygraphy dates from April, 1793.

distant signals with the aid of a telescope, but Chappe, as we can see from his publications in the "Journal of Physics," had already, with his brains of a genius, conceived a clear notion of the possibility of transmitting signs by electricity; and if, in his time, the insufficiency of electric power barred the way to an attainment of perfect results, there can be no question that the principles



CHAPPE'S TACHYGRAPH ON THE BOULOGNE BELFRY.
From an Engraving. (Year XII.)

of the future telegraphy were discovered by this true scientist.

Broken-hearted, on finding that his claim to priority in these discoveries was most unjustly contested, Chappe lost courage; enfeebled by ill-health, he would not survive * his misfortune, but cut short his own life in a tragic manner at the early age of forty-two.

As we have already pointed out, it was not Chappe's business to substitute his invention for the naval system of signalling, carried out by means of flags of various forms and colours; but his practical intelligence suggested many improvements and ingenious simplifications, which

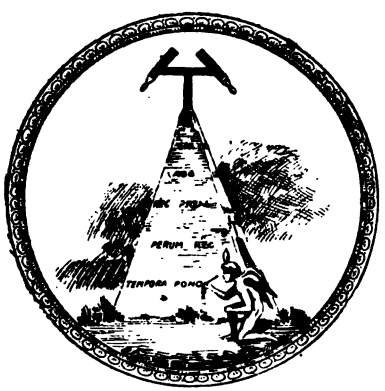
* In 1805 he threw himself into the well of the Hôtel des Télégraphes.

were taken into account when the "Code of Signals" was established, in 1854. This code remained the special language for all the navies up to the year 1901, when the International Code of Signals * proposed by the English Government came into force. The line of telegraphs to Lille claimed Chappe's more especial attention; the system was to branch off in one direction, towards Calais and Dunkirk, and in the other towards Brussels.

Whenever Chappe was able to utilise the top of a house or a structure like the Beffroi in Boulogne † to establish his apparatus, he took advantage of his opportunity; but if the station was placed on the summit of a hill, clear of buildings, he erected a small pyramid, on the top of which the indicators were fixed, on an axle —in the manner depicted in this illustration of a seal, formerly in use in the telegraphic service.

* The international code which has been accepted by thirty-eight different nations, and translated into as many languages, is based on the use of twenty-six flags, corresponding to twenty-six letters, plus the code penant, which has five white and vertical lines. A ship flying the code penant proclaims that her signals are those of the code.

† The old belfry tower of the Hôtel de Ville. (Translator's note.)



TELEGRAPHIC PYRAMID.

CHAPTER II.

NAPOLEON AT THE TOUR D'ODRE—CALIGULA'S LIGHTHOUSE.

Archæological Research and Recollections—The Emperor's Pavilion on the Land of the Tour du Vieil Homme—"The Herring Beacon"—Remains of the Tower at the Epoch of Boulogne Camp.

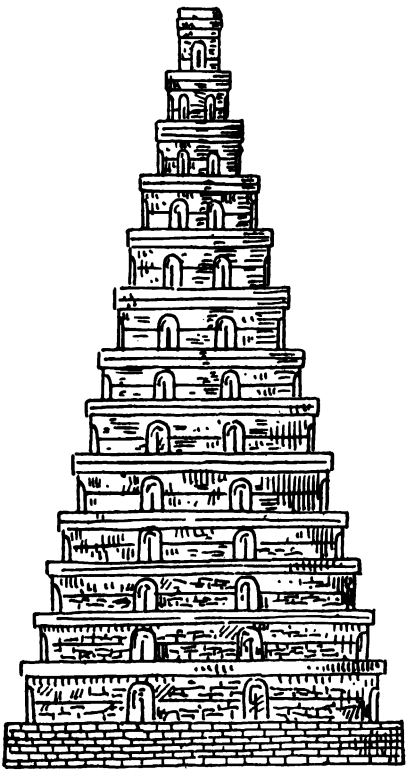
THE enormous Tower of Caligula, or Tour d'Odre, quite close to which the small Napoleonic pavilion was raised, was an edifice shaped like a pyramid. In successive ages, its beacon lights had shone on Roman galleys, Charlemagne's fleets, and the vessels of Philippe-Auguste, till, centuries later, the modern Cæsar came, and erected his temporary dwelling over its ruins.

This memorable monument, which resembled the ancient Pharos—as Herodius describes—consisted of twelve storeys, diminishing in succession, each pierced with numerous windows, and surrounded by an exterior gallery. It was sixty-four feet in diameter at its base, and two hundred feet in height. On the summit, was an octagonal lantern, which was afterwards replaced by a square one, when the top of the tower was repaired. The structure consisted of alternate courses of yellow stone, red brick and grey stone, symmetrically disposed.

The reader will forgive the author for entering into certain retrospective details, which he thinks it necessary to give, for the explanation of various comparisons that occur in the succeeding chapters.

It would, undoubtedly, be interesting to the student

to read an account, however brief, of the visits paid by many sovereigns in succession, to the shores of the Boulonnais; François I., Henri IV., Louis XIII., Louis XIV., Peter the Great and Louis XV., for instance; but we must content ourselves with selecting from the past those points only, which can help to make us understand Bonaparte's projects, when he schemed a renewal of Cæsar's expedition across the Channel. Besides, in retrospecting, the author is not wandering very far from his subject, for Napoleon himself directed the Municipality and the learned men of the town, to place before him the documents relating to the history and topography of the district, which had been made famous by a series of such memorable events. On the 1st Thermidor, XII.,



CALIGULA'S LIGHTHOUSE AT BOULOGNE.
Fell in 1644.
From a very old Drawing in the Louvre.

after holding a military levée at the pavilion, the Emperor received the men to whom he had given the above instructions, and they furnished him with a pertinent and authenticated version of the historical facts he wished to be acquainted with.

This learned report was probably not preserved, but, nevertheless, it is possible to reconstitute its principal features by referring to the authorities at our disposal. According to Buchérius,* each of the eight sides of Caligula's Tower measured twenty-five feet in length.

From other manuscripts,† we gather that "its height, not including the foundations, which were 6 feet deep, was 124 feet, divided into twelve storeys, which became gradually narrower as they reached the top. The first storey was 224 feet in circumference, and each of the sides twenty-eight feet long.

"The circumference of the top storey was forty feet, and it was five feet long at each side; there was a doorway at each angle, making a total of ninety-six doorways, not including the entrance to the lantern. The staircase leading up to the summit was constructed in the interior of the wall. Every night they kindled a beacon in the tower to guide the vessels which were in these parts."

The anonymous author of the "Memoir" in 1650 writes:—

"On the other side of the river bank, on the cliff upstream—that is, towards the north—stood the old Tour d'Odre, called by the English 'The Old Man,' for this reason: that, as they only saw it from a long distance off, it looked like a man, who, from always sitting in that same position, had acquired that name. This tower was a fine structure, of great height, and great thickness, built of stone and bricks both very large and

* In his "Belgicum."

† Cited in "Historical Essay on Boulogne," by Henry (1810).

thick, intermixed with yellow stone, the whole well joined and cemented together. It had eight angles, and eight sides each of 28 feet. It had been built a long way from the sea, more than one bowshot distant from the edge of the cliff, which formed the canal and mouth of the said harbour, in order that the sea should not cause it to fall, because its foundations were not deep in the earth." *

Another manuscript gives still fuller details :—

"This tower diminished by degrees, like all other lighthouses, towards its summit, which was surmounted by arches enclosing a square space for the fire. The tower was built of variegated stone and brick, which formed a blending of colours, and made the total aspect very agreeable. First, there were three courses of stone such as is found along this coast, of iron-grey colour ; next, two courses of yellow stone, and above these two rows of bright red bricks. This tower, before it fell, was also surrounded by a strong fortification in brickwork, well flanked and regularly built, with a very fine exterior, which had been constructed by the English in 1545 ; but this fortification has fallen away on the side facing the sea. It is well established that the said tower served as a lighthouse to guide the seamen during the night ; . . . . but since it fell, the beacon is kindled in a small building which has been erected not far off, and in the same line as the tower."

* "De l'autre côté de la rivière, et sur la falaise qui est vers l'amont, ou vers le nord, était assise la Vielle Tour d'Odre, appelée par les Anglais le 'Vieil Homme' d'autant qu 'à leur égard, à cause de l'eloignement, elle paraissit comme un homme qui, étant en cette assiette toujours de même, avait usurpé ce nom. Cette tour était de très-belle structure, de hauteur insigne, d'épaisseur très-grande, bâtie de briques et carreaux fort larges et épais, entremêlés de pierres bises, jointes et cimentées toutes ensemble. Elle était de huit angles et huit pans, desquels chacun contenait 28 pieds de face. Elle avait été construite fort loin, à plus d'un jet d'arc arrière du bord de la falaise, qui faisait le canal et l'embouchure dudit havre, afin que la mer ne la fit point tomber, à cause qu'elle n'etait point fondée profond en terre."

A document of 1546, an extract from the English State papers,* shows that the appellation of "Old Man's Tower" was the one by which the Tour d'Odre was usually known. We give the text with its archaic spelling :—

"And then, objected we to him (in reply to French allegations about similar unfair fortifications) that we herd they went about to begynne fortifications . . . at Portel, and thhil (the hill) over, against the Old-Man."

Nevertheless, the real name of Tour d'Odre was sufficiently well known, as we may see by a letter dated May 31st, 1548, written by Sir John Bridges to the Lord Protector on receiving a report from two English spies :—

"A fort is to be commenced immediately . . . . towards the Tower of Oder" (*sic*).

In contradistinction, the small fort, or "Fort Rouge," situated between the "Old Man" and the town, was known under the name of "Young Man." The English appellation of Old Man, in designating the Tour d'Odre, is reproduced in foreign maps under certain denominations which leave no room for doubt. For instance, on a Dutch plan, which is preserved in the library at the University of Amsterdam, and is an extract from a work dated 1584, the lighthouse is called "Tour Dordre-Doudeman." There is a Latin copy by Lucas Waghenaer of this exceedingly rare work in existence ; it was published in 1591 by Cornelius Nicolay (Amsterdam), under the title of "Speculum Nauticum."

Again, on a naval map of the Flemish coast, dated 1650, now in the British Museum, the old appellation is still more clearly recalled, for a little to the north of Boulogne we read the words, "d'Oude Man—Tour d'Odre."

* 31 Aug., 1546, from the Privy Council at Wolton.

And lastly we may quote the following extract from d'Ortelins' map, 1588 :—

"Not far from Boulogne, near the sea, there is an ancient tower built of stones . . . . the French people call it the Tour d'Odre, and the English the Old Man."*

The reader will now understand what is meant if, on reading the correspondence dating from the time of the Boulogne camp, he comes across such sentences as these: "The young General had made a point of pitching his tent near the Old Man."

Of course, the fantastic silhouette which, seen from the Channel, seemed vaguely to suggest the profile of an old man crouching, was only the result of the dismantling of the tower and its accessories; for prior to its deterioration, the geometrical lines on which it was constructed would certainly never have lent themselves to this optical illusion.

Strange indeed are the transformations effected by Time! Using his scythe as a rough pointer's chisel, he modifies, stone by stone, the aspect of the most famous monuments.

> Tempus edax rerum, tuque, invidiosa Vetustas,
> Omnia destruitis.†

The original of the drawing of Caligula's Tower was formerly in the library of the Louvre (it has been reproduced in several publications), but it must have been destroyed by fire during the Commune in 1871 according to a communication received by the author from the director of the National Museums.

Caligula's Tower on Plateau d'Odre is undoubtedly the work of the Roman Emperor. His expeditions to

* Non guères loing de Boulogne, auprès de la mer, y a une tour antique bastie de pierres . . . . Les François l'appellent la Tour d'Odre; et les Anglais le Vieil Homme.

† Ovid. Metamorph.

the Rhine and to the coast which "faced Britain" are established facts, fully borne out by the testimony of Suetonius * and Dion Cassius.† The following, however, is absolutely certain :—

"On quitting the Rhine, Caligula formed a scheme for invading Britain, and embarked on the Channel with this intention. Chance, however, having procured him the voluntary submission of the exiled British Prince, he took advantage of this unexpected good fortune to confer on himself the honours of a triumph. Wishing to establish a more lasting memorial of his pretended conquest than the pomps of the Capital, he erected a beacon tower on the cliff of Gesoriacum —since named Boulogne—destined to guide the navigators in the Channel."

There is a suggestive passage in the "Roman de Brut," written by Wace in the twelfth century, which runs thus :—

"A un mult bon angigneor
Fist sor la mer faire une tor.
En Boloigne siet, Ordre a nom
N'en sai nule de tel façon."

Which means, literally: "Cæsar had, by a very good engineer, a tower made by the sea. It stands at Boulogne; Ordre is its name; I know of no other that is built the same."

In the Life of Caligula, written by Suetonius, we read :—

"Caligula, having disposed his troops in order of battle, and caused the engines of war to be placed along the shore, he suddenly ordered the soldiers to fill their helmets and their clothing with shells from the beach,

* In indicium Victoriæ, altissimam turrem excitavit, ex qua ut ex Pharo, noctibus ad regendos navium cursus ignes emicarent (Life of Caligula).

† Hist. rom. lix., 21 and 25.

so that they might carry them back to the senate, and deposit them in the Capitol, as trophies of his victory on the ocean. To perpetuate the memory of his pretended triumph, he caused a very high tower to be erected, to guide vessels navigating in those parts."

While excavating for the jetty works in 1739, they discovered some medals commemorating this event; others have also been found near the Tour d'Odre.

In the course of ages the Tower gradually decayed till it became useless, so much so that in the reign of Charlemagne it had to undergo substantial restoration before it could serve again in its former capacity of lighthouse.

It would seem that the latter appellation of Tour d'Odre was given to Caligula's Tower when the barony of Odre was created, for the ground on which it stood formed part of that territory. This barony was one of twelve in the county of Boulogne. It is mentioned in a Boulogne charter dated 1315, and referred to in a declaration couched in the following words: "C'est ce que je, Pierre d'Ordre, tieng et entens tenir noblement." (And this I, Pierre d'Ordre, hold and intend to hold nobly.)

We may observe that the name is spelt indifferently Odre, or Ordre, in notarial documents and ancient authors. The spelling of Odre, however, would appear to be the more exact, since the tower is called "Odrans" in a manuscript of the tenth century. This same form of spelling is also used by the author of the "Life of Saint Fulcuin."

But what is the meaning of the word "Odre," which describes the historical old tower, and also the ground on which the imperial "Baraque" was raised?

It has been suggested that the name is derived from the word "ardens," in reference to the beacon that

was kindled in the tower; but other philologists are of opinion that the name is really the Celtic word "odr," or "odre," signifying border, boundary, shore, or limit. And this seems far more probable when one takes into account the situation of the tower in this "furthermost land of the Morini." It is this remoteness which would seem to have struck the old authors more than any other peculiarity concerning the ancient inhabitants of the Boulonnais. Virgil, in enumerating the various subjects of the Roman Empire figuring on the shield of Æneas, mentions the Morini as the "most remote of men." * Pomponius Mela calls them "the most distant of the Gauls."†

Pliny states that they are reputed to live at the extremity of the earth; ‡ and Tacitus § points out that the land of the Morini is at the "furthest extremity of Gaul." Ammius Marcellinus calls this country "the end of the world."‖

A topographical peculiarity confirms this etymology, for we see in Malbrancq ¶ "that the ancient gate of Boulogne leading to the shore was called the Gate of the Boundary."

As to the word "Morini"—by which name the ancient inhabitants of Boulogne were known—it is probably derived from the Celtic word "Mor," morass, since Cæsar relates that in his time the land of the Morini was covered with woods and morasses, in which the inhabitants took refuge when they were pursued by the Roman troops. And what still remained of these forests was cut down, for the most part, under the

* Extremi que hominum Morini (Eneid viii., 727).
† Ultimi Gallicarum gentium Morini.
‡ Ultimi hominum estimati Morini.
§ Extrema Galliarum.
‖ Orbis extrema.
¶ De Morini.

Consulate and at the beginning of the First Empire, to organise the defence of the coasts of the Manche.

In the sixteenth century, they used the Odre lighthouse for the winter or herring fishing, and this is why the lights were known as the "herring beacon."* The lights were lit when the season opened, and the town "judged it expedient to kindle the Tour d'Odre beacon from the feast of St. Michael to the following Easter." But, from reasons of economy, it was not kept burning every night. Indeed, every owner of a fishing boat belonging to Boulogne or Outereau had to pay a tax of four sous a year.† Also, in 1564 there was an allowance of "twenty-five loads of wood for the beacon that guides the ships on the sea."‡

Owing to a subsidence of the cliff, the top part of the tower crashed down one day on to the beach below, where the *débris* formed a dangerous reef; and in 1572 we hear that a fisherman of Capécure (Boulogne suburb), named Philippin Begin, was appointed to light a big lantern at the top of a mast, before high tide, to warn the fishing boats off the reef. In exchange for this good office the fishermen had to pay a special tax of "100 fresh herrings."

At the present day one can still see, on the summit of the Odre cliff, the last remains of one of the blocks of red brick work, which for years were taken to be the venerable remains of the Roman tower. The scientists of a more recent date, however, basing their arguments on the difference in the building materials, came to the conclusion that these stumps—undoubtedly the remains of large walls—at the edge of the cliff, were in reality

* "Foyer de la harenguison."

† "Chacun maistre de nef, tant de le Ville que d'Outrea-Aywe, allans en pesquerie était assujetti à payer 4 sols tournois."

‡ 25 sommes de bois à faire feux, pour enseigner les navires et vaisseaux estant sur la mer.

the fragments of a whole system of fortifications, dating only from the sixteenth century, at the time that the English were occupying Boulogne (1544–1559). At this time, as we know, the Tour d'Odre was protected by two separate outworks: first by a rampart of bricks, which itself was surrounded by a bulwark of "earth" of polygonal shape, which was destined to mask the inner batteries.

The author, who has lived many years near the Plateau d'Odre, and has witnessed, therefore, many alterations, is convinced that the mound on which the pavilion was raised (this mound has recently been levelled, but the author can recall its outline between the crest and the new battery) is no other than the "curtain" mentioned above.

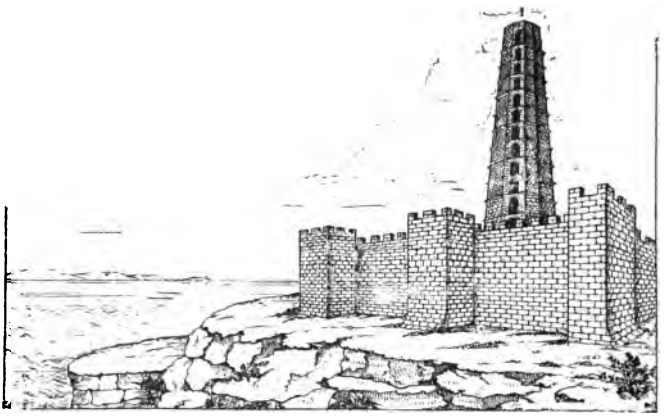
At the time of the First Empire, the *débris* of the lighthouse littered the approach to the beach, and Napoleon saw them there, no doubt, during his frequent promenades along the base of the cliff. An adjutant of engineers, Henry, who wrote a history of Boulogne, declares that at that date he himself saw "the shore, strewn with the *débris* of the Tour d'Odre, and of the rocks which supported the cliff, fifty-five metres high, on which the tower stood." One night, as Napoleon was taking a stroll on the top of the cliff, he saw, in the starlight, two gunners furtively making their way towards an old trench, that dated from the time of the English occupation. He approached them quietly, and surprised them just as they were about to cross swords. The Emperor, who had always looked upon a duel as a mere murderous conflict, devoid of glory, asked them the cause of their enmity; and, constituting himself judge of the case, he pinched the ear of the one who had accepted the challenge, and said: "In the next battle you will not be in the front; you will say that it is by my orders."

And, wishing to aggravate the punishment of the one whom he considered was most to blame for provoking the duel, he added :

" And as for you, you will report yourself ill on that day and go to hospital—do you understand ? "

I wonder whether such a punishment as this would be considered a severe sentence nowadays ?

One must admit that the man who employed such



TOWER AND FORT OF CALIGULA.
From a Drawing in the "Bibliothèque Nationale."

methods of discipline was a genius, and that the men whom such arguments as these could convince were incomparable soldiers.

We have already given an illustration of the lighthouse proper on another page ; but the whole pile, with its dependencies, made a sort of Bastille, or fortress, the ruins of which formed huge heaps of carved masonry most tempting to anyone in want of building material. We can form an idea of the importance of the fortress by glancing at the faithful reproduction of a drawing the author came across in the National Archives.

But it would be useless to make excavations in the cliff, as M. Egger once proposed doing to the Boulogne municipality, for the real site of the monument now corresponds with the edge of the beach, and is buried in a shroud of sand. Experience is constantly proving that the weight alone of masonry work, when placed on certain rocks, is sufficient to cause subsidence within a very few years. But it was another circumstance altogether which especially contributed to the disappearance of these *débris*.

For generations the Boulogne people were in the habit of getting their stone from the base of the Odre cliff in spite of the various attempts made by the municipality to put a stop to this imprudent practice, which was undermining the cliff. But it was in vain that in 1606 "twelve of the windows of the tower were filled in with masonry work for the purpose of consolidating the pile, which showed deep crevices," the precautions were taken too late to avert destruction. From 1640 to 1644 the Tower was gradually undermined by various landslips, caused by the quarrying and springs of the soil, till it fell at last, in the manner recorded by the chaplain vicar of the cathedral: * "This day of Saint Sebastien, 19 January, a portion of the Tour d'Odre fell; a few days later in the same month, a second portion fell; and the third fell on the 30th July, 1644."

The fall of the tower resulted in a curious lawsuit between the Boulogne municipality and a rich landowner in the neighbourhood—the Baron of Baincthun, who, by virtue of an ancient right, was entitled to a royalty of 2,000 salted herrings.

But inasmuch as the land lying in proximity to the tower had also fallen away, the municipality contended that the town was freed of all obligation towards the

* "Ephemerides" National Library. The author died in 1668.

proprietor. Whereupon the Lord of Baincthun maintained that the landslips were due to the negligence of the tenants, and engaged in a long lawsuit to claim his royalty of herrings. The court decided in favour of the claimant, and issued a decree dated July 1st, 1656, whereby the "Messieurs of Boulogne" were found liable for the loss, due to their negligence, and condemned to pay as heretofore:* "Two thousand salted and fresh herrings, to be taken to Arras, Amiens, or any town at a similar distance, according to the wish of the lord of the Manor; or, in default of this, to restore the former state of conditions."

The clause which related to the alternative imposed on the tenants was inserted only that the act might be in accordance with the law of the land, for the damage, of course, was irreparable, and the town had no choice but to pay the tax of herrings "due for the Tour d'Odre."

Needless to say that during the Consular period this feudal tax was no longer in existence, but we read that the town made several distributions of fish among the soldiers of the Right Camp, and though these gifts were purely gratuitous, and assumed a character of liberality towards the soldiers, it is open to us to believe that the municipality was influenced to their action by memories of the past. M. Egger, in his account of "La Tour d'Odre," blames the mayor and aldermen—whose names he withholds out of charity—for having caused, by their carelessness, the scandal of this ridiculous lawsuit.

However, it must not be supposed that the municipal magistrates remained indifferent to the removal of tufa and stones from the tower, for they brought in

* Deux mille harengs, saurés et blancs, portés a Arras, Amiens, et autres villes de pareille distance, au choix du Seigneur; ou à remettre les choses en leur ancien état.

several measures to try and suppress this dangerous practice, notably an edict enforcing a "penalty of banishment and a fine of ten livres" on the delinquents. In 1618 especially, the mayor and aldermen of Boulogne published a resolution which "forbade the removal of stones and tufa in the vicinity of the Tour d'Odre and the Moulin-Wiber."

And we must remember that in those days the anxiety to preserve a dilapidated monument merely for its archæological interest probably weighed very little in the minds of the contemporaries.

Since then, the action of the springs filtering through the shale has never ceased wearing away the cliff, and the reason that Napoleon's pavilion was placed some way back, was, that they wished to obviate all risk of its slipping some day towards the beach.

Napoleon had continually before his eyes the remains of the tower, which explains his remark, cited by the author of the "History of the Boulonnais," "I hope indeed to be Cæsar, but I shall certainly never be Caligula."*

* M. H. de Rosny.

CHAPTER III.

PSYCHOLOGY OF BONAPARTE.

His Visits to Terlincthun—Chapel of "Jesus Flagellé"—Decree of Floréal, Year XII.—The Gardens and Swans at the Post of Observation—Epaulettes, Pigtails, Beer, Barrels.

It has been said of Napoleon that he never interrogated or consulted others, but to make known to them his own irrevocable determination.

Without believing implicitly in his infallibility, he had too much faith in his destiny, and too much confidence in his own judgment (of which he has given so many examples), to play a secondary part among his *entourage*. But there is a distinction to be made. It would appear that Napoleon only consulted his generals and ministers on any question, when he had already formed a mature opinion of his own on the subject; and this opinion he would press home upon them with the strongest arguments.

He went straight to the point with a vehemence which never stopped to consider matters of secondary importance, and he knew how to give his ideas a shape so clear and distinct, that his reasoning became obvious to all. Take, for instance, his proclamations, in which his subtle ability in special pleading is joined to the most captivating eloquence, and in which his convictions are so manifest that the idea which he suggests, or the solution that he proposes, forces itself upon the minds

of others, without their even being conscious of the paradoxes that he concealed with such consummate art.

He solved all difficulties and decided every question; and if he did not always defeat his adversary by the force of his logic, he invariably made a great impression upon him.

But one of his peculiarities has been too much neglected by the historians, for Napoleon, who could be overbearing and self-willed, blunt and imperious with the generals of his army and with high functionaries, who spoke in rough and strident tones suggestive of reproach, was careful to enlighten himself, and to make personal inquiries among the people of the lower classes; and by contact with them, he formed and reformed his own opinions, so that when the time came for discussion he was fully equipped and prepared to argue, on the authority of his acquired experience. Objections? He had foreseen them. Prejudices? He had dispelled them. Practical solutions—those which come readily to the minds of the people? He had already mastered them, made them his own, as it were, and perfected them, of course. And thus it was that the theorists were compelled to yield to the force of his demonstrations, which went straight to the point.

Indeed, we should be underrating Napoleon's intelligence and sagacity if we supposed him to be so unwise as to refrain from taking the opinion of others; but he made his inquiries privately, and only consulted those from whom he felt sure of obtaining some useful information or practical hint. His valet alludes in his "Memoirs" to this custom of Napoleon: "The Emperor was in the habit of saying that he laid before the peasants the difficulties of the State Council, and he gave the Council the benefit of the peasants' observations."

I will endeavour to justify this judgment by general principles and particular episodes.

Napoleon professed the opinion that the head of a State cannot judge of the real opinion of the country, nor gauge the feeling of the people, by studying the police reports. The author may be permitted a short digression, in order to compare the attitude of Napoleon in this respect with that of the sovereigns who preceded and followed him on the throne of France.

For instance, if we read the official reports on the examination which the unfortunate Louis XVI. was made to undergo before capital sentence was passed over him, one thing seems to strike one—and that is the absolute ignorance in which the unhappy monarch was kept by the very men who should have revealed to him the aspirations, and passions, and hatred which surrounded his tottering throne. Undoubtedly, the questions which were put to the monarch during the course of his trial were prompted by the most flagrant and systematic prejudice; but still, the impartial historian, who judges men and events dispassionately, cannot fail to recognise the disastrous effect that was likely to be produced on the biassed judges by the distressing replies which fell continually from the King's lips: "I didn't know. . . . I never heard it mentioned. . . . I was not informed. . . . I was assured of the contrary."

As to Louis XVIII., he would appear to have been very much struck by the state of isolation in which Louis XVI. had been kept, both by his courtiers and by the traitors who surrounded him. His deep knowledge of the history of the Empire prompted him to a close scrutiny and analysis of the causes—secondary, no doubt, but none the less certain—which had contributed to the extraordinary popularity of the Emperor. And

as Louis XVIII, who was a martyr to gout, could not emulate Napoleon's activity, he resolved to follow two courses—to receive every day the reports of the police (which were always flattering), but to credit none of them, unless they could be thoroughly substantiated.

Louis XVIII.'s condition of mind, in this respect, is admirably expressed in Lenotre and Martin's charming work, "Colinette." The following dialogue is taking place between the king and his secretary, d'Albarède, while the latter is reading out to him a confidential report on the state of public feeling:—

"The performance of *Athalie* was marked by an incident which gives substantial proof of the inviolable attachment of the French people to their legitimate monarch. At the moment when the actor who plays the part of Joad exclaims, 'Tis the blood of our Kings!' all the spectators stood up, and, stirred by the most touching enthusiasm, raised their hands towards heaven, and, with tears in their eyes, swore to die for their king and for his august family. The performance was interrupted for several minutes, and all the allusions which occur in the play were received with frantic applause. . . ."

THE KING (*very sceptical*): "And how much do you pay for all this?"

D'ALBARÈDE (*abashed*): "Pardon me, sire, but I don't quite understand."

THE KING: "I merely ask, how much I shall be called upon to pay when a bill is sent in for these insipidities."

D'ALBARÈDE: "I hardly know whether your Majesty wishes me to proceed."

THE KING (*without raising his head*): "You may go on."

D'ALBARÈDE: "Report on the feeling among the peasantry. —The peasants are filled with gratitude towards the august family of the Bourbons. The harvest was carried under particularly favourable circumstances, such as had never

existed under the Government of the Usurper. Providence has manifestly blessed the fruits of the earth; and the King, who is all powerful——"

THE KING: "All powerful! What is this new gasconade?"

D'ALBARÈDE (*continuing*): "A letter dated from Malta gives interesting details on the voyage of Buonaparte. The Usurper is subject to fits of absence, which seem to indicate approaching insanity. He sits on deck for hours, a prey to unhealthy somnolence, the august family of the Bour——"

THE KING: "Your reports bore me! There is not one single word in all that you have read out that is worth listening to."

If Napoleon had recourse to the police reports for the sake of gaining information, he trusted still more to his own personal investigations.

When he came to Boulogne, there were two special places of resort for the sailors and working men, which afforded him an opportunity of coming into contact with them and of gaining information while listening to their talk, or himself prompting their remarks. A certain chapel, much frequented by the pious fishermen, and also the gardens which surrounded the pavilion, allowed of his intercourse with his poorer subjects; and he endeavoured to find out not only what the people thought of his schemes, but also what they thought of his person.

Anyone who is not acquainted with the Boulogne coast would naturally suppose that the shrine to which the pilgrim sailors repair is the Calvary that stands at the top of the cliff and commands the whole roadstead. This is not the case, for it was only in 1838 that the Calvary was removed from the Rue des Signaux and placed in the position it now occupies.

While the revolutionary spirit of impiety prevailed in the land, the Sign of Redemption had been prohibited everywhere, except inside the temples. At Boulogne, at any rate, the removal of the crosses was carried out with marks of respect and even of solemnity. The municipality explained, in the following terms, the reasons which justified their measure and made it necessary :—

"Taking into consideration the fact that the Calvaries were monuments of piety, authorised by the Government in times of peace and tranquillity; that, in these days, when the enemies of our country are doing all in their power to bring it to ruin, it is expedient that these Calvaries be removed and placed inside the churches, for fear they should become a sign of fanaticism and a rallying point. It is decreed, first, that every precaution be taken to remove the said Calvaries, and transport them to the parish church, with all the ceremony due to religious worship; secondly, that the citizen Sannier be entrusted with the execution of these orders; and that when engaged on the work, he be escorted by a detachment of twenty men, who will oppose any movement on the part of the ill-intentioned or misguided citizens to interfere with the execution of this decree; thirdly, that this resolution be sent to the citizen Roche, Curé of this parish, inviting him to take the necessary precautions, in order that the removal may be carried out with decency and tranquillity."

However, another place of worship had lately been re-opened for the benefit of the sailors, not very far from the First Consul's "Post of Observation." This was a tiny chapel which had been in existence ever since the end of the sixteenth century at Terlincthun, a village below the Plateau d'Odre. It was dedicated to Jesus Flagellé,* and was the object of constant pilgrimages, especially on the part of the fishermen.

* Jesus scourged.

This pious tradition has lasted to our time; and before setting out to sea (*al mer*) for the distant fishing grounds, our brave sailors never fail to go and kneel in the humble little sanctuary, to place themselves under the Divine protection, and invoke a blessing on the success of their fishing. Small though it is, at this

CHAPEL OF JESUS-FLAGELLÉ.

time, the chapel was originally only half its present size.* It was given the name of Jesus Flagellé from a black wooden statue which was discovered at that spot, and which was afterwards placed above the tabernacle and religiously preserved.

At the time of the Revolution, the modest little

* The Chateaurenault family enlarged it by one-half in 1862.

chapel escaped destruction, owing, no doubt, to the isolation of the spot on which it stood, and to the fact that it had prudently been turned into a temporary barn and used as a shelter for agricultural implements.

In June, 1803, Bonaparte received a petition from M. Chateaurenault, in which he stated that, "having become the possessor of the land on which the chapel stood, he solicited the intervention of the First Consul towards re-establishing, in its former state, the worship of Jesus Scourged, so dear to the inhabitants of the district."

A few days later, in agreement with the diocese, an official licence was granted for the celebration of Mass in the chapel by any ordained priest, on Sundays and ordinary feast days, the principal feast days excepted; the said chapel to be considered private. The petition, which was presented by Portalis, in the name of the Bishop of Arras, is in the archives of the Episcopate of Arras, and in the following terms :—

"CITIZEN FIRST CONSUL,—

"Monseigneur the Bishop of Arras begs for the necessary authorisation to celebrate Mass in a private chapel at Terlincthun, in the parish of Wimille.

"I have the honour, Citizen First Consul, to beg of you to accept my salutations and respect.

"PORTALIS."

"Approved 30 Floréal, Year XI.

"THE FIRST CONSUL,

"BONAPARTE.

"*For the First Consul,*
the Secretary of State,
"HUGUES B. MARET."

Towards evening, Napoleon might often be seen

wending his way, without an escort, towards the little edifice at Terlincthun, wrapped in a big cloak and a soft felt, of irregular shape, which readily lent itself to various guises. And strolling about in the little hamlet, Napoleon was sure of coming across a group of men, exchanging ideas after a day of feverish activity, imparting to each other their hopes and fears, and discussing the events of to-day and the plans of to-morrow. Napoleon took a keen pleasure in mixing with these men, and listened to their remarks and forecasts and criticisms, with all the more attention, that their quaint and peculiar language was unfamiliar to him.

Sometimes he was looked at with suspicion by the inhabitants, who asked themselves who this stranger might be.

On those occasions, he had recourse to an expedient by which he quickly dispelled their doubts and gained their confidence. He no sooner guessed that the people about him were beginning to wonder whether he was, or was not, a "friend of the flotilla," than he at once took the offensive; and, leading the attack in the dialogue as he would have done in the field, he forced a question home upon the man who seemed disposed to question him. Then, aided by his marvellous memory, he would quote the exact names, and give categorical details, of men and events concerning this region, till they were compelled to yield, and forced to acknowledge that in these matters he was better informed than the oldest inhabitants in the district.

His great amusement was to prove to his hearers that he was as intimate with the history of the ships on which they served as they were themselves, and that he not only knew the names of the captains who commanded them, but was acquainted with the memorable particulars which had brought honour to their flag.

But when he considered it necessary to remove all suspicion for the sake of gaining information by their confidences, he would reveal his identity, smiling at their embarrassment; and if they tried to excuse themselves for treating him unceremoniously, he would reassure them good-naturedly, and take his leave, perhaps, with one of his brief sayings, which had the effect of stirring enthusiasm among all those with whom he came in contact.

During his childhood, the author often heard some of the old men say that whenever Napoleon arrived near the chapel, and before going away, he used to put his hand slowly up to his hat, and remain solemnly standing for a few minutes. Was he praying? Perhaps not; but at all events it was an unmistakable sign of respect, which had all the appearance of sincerity.

The gardens which surrounded the pavilion also afforded Napoleon much opportunity to converse familiarly with the working men and sailors, for the sentries had received orders to relax their strict watch at certain hours of the day, and to allow the passers-by to enter the gardens, provided they did not come in groups. These gardens had been laid out on the south side of the pavilion, and connected the Plateau d'Odre with a portion of the land afterwards bought by Louis Nicolaÿ. The boundaries consisted of ditches, low walls of loose stones, and live and artificial hedges. The large expanses of lawn were cut up by alleys and paths of yellow sand; and here and there they had planted clumps of small shrubs, and surrounded them with hardy flowers. Napoleon's garden has long since been levelled, in the cultivation of the land; it is only here and there that a vestige has been found to indicate the place it once occupied.

The engineers had made an artificial pond in the

park,* to relieve the monotony of the grounds, which, truth to tell, presented a somewhat barren aspect; and two black swans, which had been presented to Napoleon, were kept on the ornamental sheet of water.

It is said that Napoleon often stood contemplating them for a long while. His persistence in watching the movements of the majestic birds was certainly not due to lack of occupation on the part of the man who was planning an invasion of England. How, then, can we explain it? In the first place, those who are preoccupied with absorbing questions, experience from time to time an instinctive desire to distract their thoughts by fixing them on some other matter, precisely in order to bring about a favourable reaction. And if we sometimes see a scientist, a philosopher, or the head of an army loitering over trifles and apparently wasting time over occupations unworthy of their great intelligence, it is only that they may rest their brain from the grave problems which govern them. Napoleon watched the swans in his garden as Charlemagne before him had amused himself with a monkey, and as Richelieu would spend his leisure moments playing with a favourite cat.

But how was it, that Napoleon had this unusual present of a couple of swans made him?

It is true that on his journey to Boulogne he had already had four swans "of dazzling whiteness" presented to him by the town of Amiens, and which were afterwards sent to the Tuileries.

"When Bonaparte came to Amiens," writes Paul Roger, "the Mayor made him a gift of swans, according to an ancient custom, and said to him:

"Citizen First Consul, accept this token of our admiration, respect, and love, while receiving this gift

* The water of the lake was afterwards appropriated by the Compagnie Prévoyante.

of swans; it is the gift our forefathers have made at all times to the head of the State; the wise Louis XII. received it in kindness, the brave Henry IV. condescended to accept it. To discharge our debt to you, we have doubled the usual number of swans."

We may, therefore, suppose that the inhabitants of Boulogne were desirous of following the example set by Amiens; especially as we learn from local history that the hospitality and courtesy of the town towards illustrious personages willingly took the form of gifts of rare animals and rich victuals. On one occasion, in 1731, the Cordeliers, in the name of the town, offered to the "Gentlemen of the law: sheep, goats, hares, leverets, turkeys and chickens," on another, in 1768, they sent the King "a present of six brace of woodcock at 36 sous, and three brace at 38 sous," and later still they offered some "superb fish caught in the Channel, to Louis XVI."

Various municipalities had already paid a graceful compliment to the First Consul by presenting him with sundry animals, that is to say: "On the 6 Messidor, Year XI., in the presence of the Municipal Councillors of la Somme, one of the Mayors of the County presented himself before Bonaparte and offered him a dove holding an olive branch, meaning thereby to imply that France hoped, at that time, that he would become the peacemaker and restorer of the country."

But there was a special reason for the presentation of swans in this case, it was an allusion to the arms of the town of Boulogne in which a swan is represented.

Ill-natured people have been known to assert that the bird on the coat of arms really represents, not the graceful animal which in all ages has been thought worthy to adorn the royal lakes, but the very silliest of all farmyard birds, the vulgar goose with its waddling gait.

The learned of the district, however, have protested against this insinuation, and have established the historical fact that already in 828 the town had presented to the Abbey of St. Medard at Soissons, a banner of field sable, on which were represented a swan argent crowned, a quiver argent, "or," and two arrows the same, crosswise, and underneath the legend "Boulogne-sur-mer."

There is another point in the character of Napoleon which the author wishes to lay stress upon, for if this remarkable man liked to interrogate men of the humbler classes for the sake of gaining information, he also gave unfailing attention to small matters, often making apparent trifles the object of his closest observation.

The Romans used to say of the Praetor that he had no concern with secondary matters: *de minimis non curat.* Napoleon, on the contrary, either as general, consul, or emperor, paid the minutest attention to details which he rightly considered to be of the utmost importance: whether it was a question of clothing or feeding the troops, of military articles that were defective, or of precautionary measures required by hygiene. One day, he had barely reached Boulogne, when he rode to the Right Camp and suddenly appeared among the soldiers at drill. Making a sign that the exercises were to go on, he stood there, attentively watching all the proceedings. When the men were at ease, the superior officers came up to salute the Emperor and stood around him.

The soldiers' drill had been performed with exceptional regularity; imagine therefore the astonishment of the officers when the Emperor remarked sharply: "If you want to have efficient regiments, you must look after your men; don't you observe anything?"

Everyone looked, but saw nothing.

"Don't you see," continued the Emperor, "that seven or eight out of every ten men standing at ease,

keep putting up their hands to their neck! Everyone of them at the same spot, as if they had a sore . . . . Look at them."

The officers all tried to explain that there was nothing significant in this; "it was a mere coincidence; besides, none of the soldiers had ever made a complaint"—an unfortunate remark which only served to further annoy Napoleon.

"My soldiers never complain; but if they suffer without complaining, they suffer none the less . . . . Bring me six of your men in succession, the first that come."

This was done, and the Emperor asked each one of them in turn the cause of the gesture he had observed.

But in answer to their Chief—to their great Chief especially—the soldiers made a point of declaring gaily, and even with a certain amount of boast, that there was nothing that hurt them in the regulation uniform.

The men returned to their places, and the officers were already congratulating themselves on the result of this summary inquiry, when Napoleon directed his aide-de-camp to tell the same men that they were to appear before him again the following day.

On returning to his pavilion, Napoleon ordered a soldier's uniform to be ready for him that same evening. At dawn next day a private soldier left the pavilion, ... it was the Emperor, who was anxious to make a personal experiment, in order to see whether he had been mistaken. He was first observed to walk at a moderate pace in the alleys of his garden, then he changed into quick time, and having prolonged this exercise for some time, went in and took off his borrowed uniform.

At the hour of drill he went to the same spot where the incident of the previous day had occurred, and found the six soldiers drawn up in a line according to his orders. Napoleon dismounted, and going up to them, opened

their tunics, and called the attention of the anxious officers to the sores which existed in each case at the same place. Some of the soldiers had a wound which was only half healed, while others had abrasions of the skin. Napoleon had guessed rightly, the defective adjustment of the straps passing over the epaulette had galled the shoulder and caused open sores. The Emperor said nothing, he merely called the attention of the officers to the drops of blood showing on the men's chests, and dismissed the soldiers. Then, turning to the officers, he addressed to them this memorable reproach: "Ask her sons to shed their blood for the glory of France, and they will do it, but don't let my soldiers bleed shamefully, like ill-harnessed mules; steel alone makes honourable wounds."

On another occasion, when he was out walking, he passed a canteen where several troopers were drinking beer at a little table placed outside. The Emperor, happening to catch sight of one of the men making a grimace over his glass, went up to them, and addressing them cheerfully, produced from his pocket a small silver goblet, which he asked them to fill with the tawny liquid they had before them. His request was promptly complied with, and the troopers watched the Emperor as he sipped the wretched beverage without flinching, until, to their astonishment, he had drained the cup. Then, still preserving his composure, he sent for the canteen keeper. "And so, to make a few sous more profit, miserable man, you would poison my soldiers!" he exclaimed; and he gave orders strictly prohibiting all further traffic with this unscrupulous purveyor, who had made the most of his opportunities at the expense of the soldiers' health.

At the time when the Boulogne Camp was first formed, many of the soldiers still wore their hair dressed

in two long plaits ("cadenettes"), which started from the middle of the head and were then caught up and secured beneath the head-gear. Those who still adhered to this singular fashion, would not stand any joking on the subject, and more than one duel was fought for the honour of the "cadenettes." During one of the brilliant reviews which Napoleon held at the camp, he was struck by the incongruous appearance of these powdered heads; he therefore issued orders whereby the soldiers were compelled to give up powdering their heads, and were made to wear their hair "à la Titus." It was a question of cleanliness as well as of appearance.

The Emperor's order raised a good deal of feeling; some of them grumbled, some even spoke covertly of resistance, but they all submitted, more or less willingly, in the end.

The official correspondence of the time, proves also that the Emperor concerned himself a good deal with the hygiene of the troops; at least, as far as was consistent with the habits of the period.

Of course, the modern antiseptic treatment was utterly unknown in those days; in the hospitals, as well as in the camps, the agglomerations of humanity bred general sickness, and special diseases, for want of proper precautions, which the few military doctors were quite unable to cope with: in those times the doctor was really the surgeon.

Now the disease which gave the commanding officers most cause for anxiety (the reader will forgive these inelegant details) was a certain form of itch, which is frequently mentioned in the reports which were submitted to the Emperor on the sanitary condition of the troops. Notably, on March 8th, 1805, Marshal Soult, in a report concerning the health of the men at Boulogne, Wimereux, and Ambleteuse, writes:—

"In most regiments, a number of men whom it was not possible to treat during the winter, are suffering from itch, and this cruel disease is spreading all the more rapidly from the fact that, independently of the contagion—difficult to avoid among men of the same company—the men returning from the fleet bring the infection with them.

"In order to arrest the contagion, it has been thought indispensable to reduce the number and strength of the detachments on board the flotilla, so that the ships may be disinfected by fumigation; at the same time the men in camp who are afflicted with the disease will be subjected simultaneously to a severe treatment. In this manner, we may be able, I hope, to extirpate this terrible malady within six weeks, and then it will be possible to reform the detachments in the flotilla: but to obtain this result, it will be necessary to slightly increase the expenditure with respect to heating and medicines; however, as the advantage thus obtained will more than compensate for the expense incurred, I shall address a request on the matter to his Excellency the directing minister."

From la Malmaison on March 21st, 1805, Napoleon wrote to Vice-Admiral Decrès:

"SIR,—There is not a moment to be lost, to start the works for clearing out the harbours of Boulogne and Ambleteuse; spend, if necessary, a sum of 400,000 francs for this object. I am informed that it will be a matter of thirty to forty days' work to restore the harbours to their former condition."

Then, after giving general orders, Napoleon enters into a series of apparently futile questions—unworthy of him, it would seem, but which must be recorded to

his credit. He is not content with merely stating, as they do in official reports, that there are so many thousand rifles in the arsenals, so many barrels available. What would be the use of that, if the rifles are defective and the barrels useless? Napoleon, therefore, makes remarks like the following, of which I give the text :—

"A good many of the barrels have wooden hoops; they leak, 400 of them must be provided with iron hoops. A certain number of barrels is still required to complete the water supply for the transports and the men-of-war. This matter is a very serious one, see to it without delay. Some of the ships have no guard-rails, let these deficiencies be remedied. "NAPOLEON."

In conformity with the Emperor's instructions, the "Master Coopers of Boulogne" were required to inspect the barrels used for military purposes, and within a few days all the barrels on the "Iron Coast"—gunpowder barrels, fire-barrels, and water barrels—had been closely examined, and those that were defective, had been made good.

To conclude this chapter, I quote a letter from Bonaparte showing how, even in those days when he was only First Consul, he did his best to secure what little comfort he could for his men.

"*To* GENERAL DEJEAN,

"MINISTER OF WAR.

"BOULOGNE, *November 16th*, 1803.

"CITIZEN MINISTER,—

"I send you a requisition in respect of the 36th regiment. The regiment's effective should be 1,800 men; it must be supplied with 200 more great coats. The men of the wrecked gun-boats are in need of a new outfit; please give it them.

"Only 5,000 water-bottles have come to hand. It will be necessary to send a good many more, as each of the soldiers must have one.

"Only 10,000 blankets have arrived.

"I have reason to be satisfied with the shoes I saw in the stores, and with the blankets and kettles. But I am not equally so with the camp tools, which are not of the slightest use; they are mere store remnants, and not worth the transport.

"I am fairly content with the biscuit; tolerably so, with the bread and meat; and, thanks to the extraordinary measures which were taken with regard to the forage, I am satisfied with that. Altogether I notice a great improvement in the quality of the supplies, and it is only fair to attribute it to the zeal you have displayed.

"BONAPARTE."

So the greatcoats, blankets, shoes, water-bottles, and the food, claimed each in turn the attention of this many-sided genius. The soldiers were perfectly well aware to whom they were indebted for the care of their comforts—relatively speaking—and the feelings with which they regarded their Chief, amounted almost to adoration.

CHAPTER IV.

A "GOLD MINE" IS OFFERED TO THE "GRAND ARMY."

Psychology of Popular Feeling—Story of a Potter: his reception at the Pavilion—The Boulogne Ship-boy and the Emperor.

IF, in these days, a man happened to discover a great treasure, his first impulse would hardly prompt him to go to the sovereign, or the chancellor of the exchequer, to say that he rejoiced in having found a means of financing the budget, and that the joy and satisfaction he experienced in helping his country were sufficient to compensate him for his act of patriotism.

The increasing tendency of politics to become international, the cosmopolitan nature of fashions and customs, and above all the egoism of pleasure-seekers, who would sacrifice their country for the amusement of an hour, have all contributed to destroy, it would seem, the love of the native soil. Indeed, in society, even in the highest set, it is considered broad-minded to affect admiration for the avowed enemies of their country.

In spite of his faults, Napoleon had managed to arouse the public spirit to such a pitch of generosity and self-abnegation, that, at the time of which I now write, there was not one man, even among the poorest, but would have been proud to give the great chief a proof of his devotion and admiration.

The following anecdote is worth recording, as it justifies the foregoing remarks.

At the time of the Boulogne Camp, there was a poor man living at Wissant,* who, in spite of hard work, barely earned enough to keep his children clothed and fed. He was a potter, and provided the inhabitants with bricks, coarse drain-pipes and pantiles, which he manufactured from excellent clay found on a common near by, called in the district the "clay-pit," from which anyone had a right to take clay according to his wants.

When digging, the potter had often come across some brilliant substances, which, on being struck with a hammer, were flattened into a compact mass. Sometimes, also, he would find lumps of metal ore that glistened; and he asked himself whether this might not be the gold of the tradition of the country,† for it was whispered that there was gold at Wissant, for those who had the luck to find it; and the old people would often tell their sons: "Remember, my boy, there's gold at Wissant; if you dig your field carefully, you may find some treasure."

But the young people only thought that their parents' advice was given so as to stimulate their zeal in cultivating the land. "A gold mine?" they reasoned. "Why, the gold mine is in their stocking, when it is filled with the money we have earned for them."

One day, however, the potter noticed that there were some particularly fine specimens of the stone that contained the glittering ore, in a certain barren little ravine, in which the cattle of the very poor were allowed to graze.

* To explain the origin of the name Wissant, etymologists have tried Celtic, Greek, and Latin meanings, but the most probable explanation is the English one, White Sand; especially if one takes into consideration the proximity of this little beach of fine sand to the chalky headland of Blanc-Nez (White Point). We must add that the old spelling of Wissant was, in 1036, Witsand.

† In an excursion to Wissant in 1904, the author found some beautiful specimens of this sulfuret of iron ore shining like gold.

No one came to the spot, except the few children who now and then led a cow or a goat to feed on the meagre pasturage among the bent grass.*

The inhabitants of Wissant have always had to struggle against the encroachment of the sand over their land; for centuries, indeed, the bailiff † and nobles in the district kept a workman specially to plant bent grass over the sand-hills, to prevent the shifting of the sand, which threatened to bury the town.

Except, therefore, for this workman and perhaps now and then a child, no one visited the ravine, which to this day is known as "the gold mine."

The potter now resolved to bore a well in the place where he expected to strike a vein of the precious metal. He was anxious, of course, not to attract attention, and therefore determined to carry on his operations at night; and in order to obviate all risk of discovery and competition, he planned a mode of concealing the opening to his "mine" during the daytime. He would lay boards over it, and cover them with earth. For a whole fortnight the honest potter spent his nights in feverish activity, working at the fulfilment of the plan which he had before him—to dig until he came upon the gold, and go straight to the Emperor to tell him of his portentous discovery. Then, thanks to poor Jean, the fleet would be properly equipped, 200,000 men landed on the English coast, and he and Napoleon, between them, would achieve the conquest of England, and Jean thought of the white outline of cliffs beyond the sea, that looked like a rampart, perpetually defying all attack.

Making use of some planks he had picked up along the shore, Jean contrived a rough scaffolding, which

* In the Boulonnais great importance was attached to the cultivation of bent grass, among the sand hills along the coast; and the planting of bent grass is frequently mentioned in old historical documents.

† Bailli.

enabled him to work inside the well, for it had already reached a depth of several feet below the surface.

As he penetrated deeper into the earth, he fancied the particles of gold became more frequent. Perhaps a very little more digging would disclose the treasure. In his ignorance, he expected to come upon a whole bed of the metal, of which he had already collected numerous samples; and so great was his excitement that he paid no heed to his bleeding hands; for the skin, softened by the constant contact with damp earth which his trade necessitated, had very soon blistered in the handling of his rough wooden tools.

Just as he was about to come up to the surface, carrying round his neck the sack he had filled with samples of the glittering metal, a plank gave way, jerked out of its place by an incautious movement on his part, and the whole of the scaffolding fell on the top of the inexperienced well-sinker. To make matters worse, the sand, which there was nothing to hold back, suddenly gave way on all sides, and buried the unfortunate man up to his armpits. To call for help was the last thing he thought of doing, for his secret would then have been betrayed; besides, there was no one to hear him. By dint of much struggling, he managed at last to extricate himself from his lamentable position, and reached the level in a half-fainting condition. After ascertaining that his precious sack was still fastened to his neck, he rose from the ground, to return to his cottage. But his ankle had been fractured by a falling plank, and so great was the pain caused by the injury that the poor man had to drag himself on his knees to reach his dwelling. During the days of pain and insomnia that followed, Jean was buoyed up with one grand thought: as soon as he was well enough, he would present himself at the Imperial Pavilion and ask for an audience of the Emperor.

Accordingly, on a certain market-day, the potter who was then convalescent, was driven to the little town of Marquise in a neighbour's waggon, and there he had a choice of vehicles to take him on to Boulogne, for there was a continuous traffic of carts between the quarries at Marquise and the works that were in progress at Boulogne. He was accommodated on one of these, with a bundle of straw placed between two blocks of stone; and in this manner he performed the journey of several miles, which lay between him and the realisation of his dreams. When he reached the Plateau d'Odre, he left the cart and made his way, still limping from the effects of his accident, to the pavilion.

There he presented to the officer on duty a letter addressed to the Emperor, and requested to be admitted at once into his presence, as he had a most important communication to make to his Majesty.

Hearing that the man came from Wissant, the Emperor granted his request. On being introduced the potter lost no time in preamble, but went straight to the point. "Sire," he began, "I feel very happy, for I have discovered a splendid gold mine; and it's all for you, and for the army. For myself, I want nothing—absolutely nothing!" And, trembling with excitement, the amateur miner drew out of his pocket several pieces of shining metal, and displayed his prize before the Emperor.

As soon as Napoleon had the samples in his hand, he detected the man's error; the glittering particles were not gold-dust, but merely a kind of pyrite, of a metallic, golden brilliancy.*

* In 1870 a manufacturer came to Wissant to examine the ore, and the result of his investigations was that the metal at Wissant is the same as that found in the mines at Folkestone, which were started in 1810. There is still to be seen a large mound of refuse from the shafts and galleries of the mine, which is now deserted.

The potter, who had not yet recovered from his injuries, still experienced some difficulty in standing, and looked about for something to lean against. "Excuse me, sire," he said simply, "but I broke my foot in looking for your gold, and I can't stand upright very well."

"How was that?" asked Napoleon, with concern.

In a few words the potter told his story, adding: "But all that is a mere trifle; the only thing of any consequence is that I have found the gold; and there's plenty of it, too, I can tell you! It's lying about as thick as pebbles, and when they open the trench they will only have to bend down to pick it up."

Napoleon, whom his enemies have accused of being cruel, could be considerate, nevertheless—especially towards the poor and humble. He could not deal a blow to the man who had given such proof of patriotism and self-abnegation, by telling him that his discovery was worthless, his dreams mere delusion. Concealing, therefore, his own impressions, the Emperor cordially thanked the potter, and added that the engineers would carefully examine the ore, and that he fully appreciated the generosity and devotion of which he had given such manifest proof.

He then gave orders that the poor man's return journey should be made as comfortable as possible, and told him that he would go himself and visit Wissant, which was so full of historic interest.

It was owing, no doubt, to the kind reception given to the potter, that the inhabitants of Wissant made overtures to the Emperor, with a view to inducing him to visit their district, and to "restore their ancient port to its former splendour."

And their request was not so extraordinary, for we must remember that, even if Wissant was not the

"Portus Itius" from which Julius Cæsar started for the conquest of Britain, it at any rate became, in the Middle Ages, one of the chief ports for crossing over to England; and the "Chanson de Roland" shows that the locality was already famous at the time of Charlemagne and his twelve peers. Louis d'Outremer, St. Anselm of Canterbury, Henry II., Plantagenet, St. Thomas à Becket, and many other illustrious personages visited the town.

Who would believe it nowadays? Formerly, Wissant had an upper and lower town, a strong citadel, many fortifications, and an important garrison. But in the eighteenth century—notably in 1773 and 1777—a portion of the town, including the town hall, was buried under the shifting sand.*

Wissant was not only an important seaport, but it was the great depôt for the wool trade between England and Flanders.

It would appear that Napoleon was too much occupied with pressing events to gratify the wish of the inhabitants by going to inspect their town; he had been there once, when he was First Consul, but had merely passed through on his way from Ambleteuse to Calais.

I must mention here a little episode which is not without savour.

On leaving the pavilion, after dismissing the potter, Napoleon was still holding in his hand the finest lumps of the pyrite, when he happened to see a sailor boy, who had slipped through the sentries into the grounds. Not knowing quite what to do with the bits of copper, the Emperor addressed the boy, and without much weighing his words, said, "Here, boy, would you like to have some gold?" and handed him the bits of metal.

* Not very long ago, as a result of a landslip, the window of an old house emerged, and on a shelf stood a candlestick.

The child no sooner held the pieces in his hand than he started off at full tilt across the cliff, clearing boulders, mounds, and morasses in his anxiety to show his parents the gift that had been made him.

Then, suddenly, Napoleon was seen following him down the path, and calling out to him to stop; but the boy, feeling convinced that his prize was in danger of being wrested from him, only ran all the faster, till at last he slipped on the grass and fell.

Napoleon, whose agility was proverbial, caught him up before he had time to escape again; and seizing him by the arm, told him to give up the bits of copper, which he was holding, tightly clenched, in his fists.

"Give me back those bits," said the Emperor. "They are not gold, but only copper."

But a sailor's hand is short and thick, and strong as a vice; and the boy, standing upon his rights, would not let go, and said, resolutely: "If you don't let go, I'll shout."*

Napoleon soon felt that he was getting the worst of the struggle; he relaxed his hold, and holding a big silver coin before the eyes of his little antagonist, "Give me back the copper," he said, "and you shall have this in exchange."

"No, I prefer the gold," the child replied, with perfect logic.

"But it is not gold."

"Yes, it is gold; you told me so yourself."

Meanwhile, the officers who were standing at the top of the cliff looked on at this strange scene, and wondered what it meant.

The incident threatened to prolong itself and to become ridiculous, when the Emperor put an end to

* In fishermen's language, "Si t'enne veux pont m'quitter-aller, j'gueule!"

it by taking a bright "Napoleon" out of his pocket. "Here, take that," he said. "There is no doubt about that gold, and you will find that the shopkeepers will prefer it to the other."

The boy was at last convinced by the justice of this remark, and seizing the "Napoleon," he then gave up the copper without making any further difficulties.

A few minutes latter, Napoleon entered Admiral Bruix's pavilion and told the story to those who were present. One of the officers expressed surprise at the importance the Emperor had attached to the incident.

"You must know very little of men," said Napoleon in sharp and abrupt tones. "The child would certainly have said, 'Here is the gold the Emperor gave me.' And naturally he would have been told that the Emperor had lied. Do you think, gentlemen, that this is of no importance?"

CHAPTER V.

BONAPARTE'S INSPECTIONS ON THE IRON COAST.

The Batteries of the Iron Coast—Bonaparte and the Battery of "Monsters"—The Forge at Wimereux—The "déjeuner" at Ambleteuse: M. d'Offrethun's Snuff-box—The Grand Army and St. Peter's Well—The First Battery at Gris-Nez—The "i" Division at Calais.

THE name of "Iron Coast," which was given to the shores of the Boulonnais, was fully justified by the large number of batteries which had been put up along the coast for the defence.

It is possible to trace the position they once occupied from their few remnants, and especially, of course, from the plans of the period.

First of all, to the south of Boulogne Harbour there were three batteries in close proximity along the Capécure beach, beyond the point of the old jetty called Le Musoir. These defended the entrance to the Channel.

Two batteries were placed at the commencement of the Portel Cliff range,* one at the base, the other at the summit; and along the plateau extending to the fishing village of Portel were four more batteries. A few hundred metres inland from Portel, in the direction of Outreau, there is a range running parallel to the line of cliffs, between the spot called Ave Maria and the hamlet of La Salle. This was occupied by the Left Camp.

* The ground has been altered very much since then by the works of the Portland Cement Company.

The big fort de l'Heurt, standing in front of Portel, was built on a reef of rock, and armed with very powerful ordnance. Further on, Cape d'Alprech was defended by three batteries for plunging fire.

A little to the north of the harbour, a battery was placed half-way up the slope, very near the spot at present occupied by the Hôtel Imperial; a second

RUINS OF FORT DE L'HEURT.
(Built in 1803.)

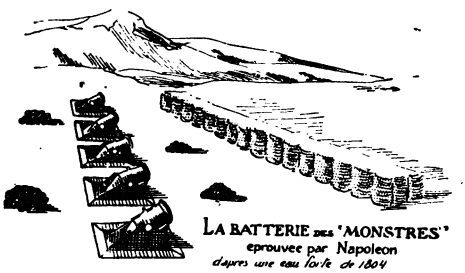
crowned the highest part of the range at the Tour d'Odre.

The formidable battery of Tour d'Odre consisted of six mortars, and twelve 24-pounders. These six mortars —which were of the largest calibre ever cast—were 16 inches thick; they fired a charge of 45 lbs. of powder, and could carry a 600-lb. shell a league and a half. Each shell fired cost 325 francs. These formidable weapons were nicknamed "monster" and "mignonette" by the naval and military gunners respectively, and to fire the piece a linstock 12 feet long was used. The experienced gunner would crouch down, shielding his

ear with his shoulder, and did not rise until some moments after the discharge.

Napoleon wished to "baptise" this battery by discharging the first "monster shell." He fired it, but the blood at once started from his ears; he was completely deaf for two days, and his temper, it is said, was insupportable.

Another battery was placed near the Moulin-Wibert, and farther on still to the north was the "battery of the Republic," its armed front extending over a headland which guarded all access to the Boulogne port. This headland, which has since totally disappeared through the action of the waves, stood just opposite the little monument of the Legion of Honour which now exists.



The Battery of "Monsters" tested by Napoleon.

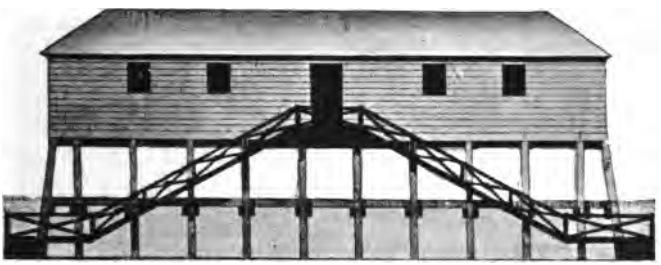
From an Etching, 1804.

Opposite the Point of La Crèche, an advanced fort was constructed in the sea, on the rock; it was itself protected by a battery on land. The sea gradually demolished it, and as its ruins were becoming dangerous to navigation, it had to be entirely removed. Close to the entrance to the harbour stood the "Wooden Fort"—a huge piece of timber-work, erected by the First Consul, because the sand on which it was built made it impossible to put up a stone structure.

This fort, which was commenced on 1st Fructidor, Year XI., was armed with eight 24-pounders, and two long-range howitzers; it was to be kept supplied with

rations of biscuit, drinking-water, brandy, and cheese sufficient to keep fifty men for six days (Soult's report). It supported the flotilla vigorously on many occasions, and inflicted so much damage on the English, that they stipulated for its destruction in 1814, and inserted a special clause to that effect in the treaty of peace. The town of Boulogne has preserved the memory of the Wooden Fort, by giving the name to one of the picturesque streets in the fishing quarter.

This famous fort occupied very much the same



THE TERRIBLE "WOODEN FORT."
The Allies exacted its Demolition in 1814.

position as that of an ancient boom, which was placed there towards the end of the third century by Constantius Chlorus, to blockade the entrance to the harbour.

Eumenius,* in his "Panegyrics," describes this erection, consisting of "beams driven into the earth in the form of stakes, and connected with each other by large piles of stone."

At that period, in fact, Constantius Chlorus had been sent to Boulogne with the title of Cæsar, by Diocletian to wage war against Allectus, the sovereign of Britain.† The town was invested by land and sea;

* Secretary of Constantius Chlorus.

† Allectus, a former lieutenant of Carausius, had murdered the latter, in order to be himself proclaimed sovereign of Britain. He was vanquished and killed at Boulogne by Constantius Chlorus.

and among other details given in the "Panegyrics," we read that the British fleet brought by Eumenius consisted of an "incalculable number of ships."

To return to the period which interests us at present (1803–05), we may remark that there was also a well-armed rampart to the north of the Tour d'Odre, near the farm of Honvault, and on an islet was the Tour de Croy.

As for the port of Wimereux, of which I am about to speak, it was protected by two military works, to right and left of the pile stockades. And the armament of coast batteries was continued, in this way, at every favourable point along the coast, between Etaples and Cape Gris-Nez, a strategic point of the utmost importance. So important, indeed, was it considered by Bonaparte, that he gave it his first consideration, and ordered the most powerful pieces of his coast artillery to be placed in the Gris-Nez battery.

The powder magazines stood at the far end of the Boulogne harbour, behind a wooden bridge, called the "Service Bridge." At nightfall, no one was allowed to cross the bridge without giving the password to the second sentry—for the first one allowed people to go by without challenge; but if the passer-by was ignorant of the password, he was pushed back towards the first sentry, whose orders were to thrust his bayonet through the body of the man who was foolhardy enough to venture on to the bridge.

These precautions were essential, for one spark of fire would have sufficed to blow up the whole of the stores of gunpowder.

Constant writes:—

"At night, a heavy chain was drawn across the entrance to the harbour, and the quays were lined with sentries at fifteen paces from each other. Every quarter

they shouted their alert 'Sentinels, attention!' and they were answered by the sailors in the tops with 'Good watch!' uttered in drawling, lugubrious tones. Nothing could be more dismal and monotonous than this roll of voices all shouting in the same key; all the more so as the men who uttered these sounds endeavoured to make them as alarming as possible."

Enormous sums were expended on excavating and enlarging the harbours of Wimereux and Ambleteuse. The wooden quays and jetties constructed in those days can still be traced, and many a tourist has been to sketch the picturesque and interesting remains. During the summer of 1804, the harbour of Ambleteuse could only accommodate 50 ships; but Napoleon wanted it to shelter the Batavian fleet; and so, for the year 1804 alone, 942,000 frs. were spent upon deepening the channel and building quays. As many as 2,000 men are said to have been employed simultaneously in the works.

As for the port of Wimereux, by the end of the summer it could hold 129 ships; and this number was increased to 237 ships, able to leave the harbour with two tides, and without too much crowding. The harbour was defended by a battery of mortars placed at the extremity of a jetty, west of the channel. But the constant repairs and works necessary to prevent the silting up of sand inside the harbour, were a continual source of outlay and expense. It was self-evident that the Boulogne roadstead could not shelter the whole of the flotilla; and therefore the works begun at Boulogne on February 12th, 1800, were supplemented by other important works at Etaples, Wimereux, the mouth of the Slack, etc.

On September 21st, 1803, the Boulogne camp ex-

tended as far as Wimereux, and on October 6th Bonaparte wrote to the "citizen admiral Bruix" from St. Cloud :—

"General Soult has sent me a sketch of the river at Wimereux. When the works at Boulogne are completed, on the 1st brumaire, I intend to make a small harbour at Wimereux, capable of holding two divisions of the flotilla." (Archives of the Empire.)

On October 21st, 1803, Bonaparte's scheme was put into execution by decree. The size of the new harbour—which was to accommodate 150 ships—was "4 hectares and 24 ares"; and it was excavated by the soldiers of the first and fourth division, converted into "navvies" for the occasion. The Rochette Cliff protected the harbour from the guns of the enemy's fleet. On March 12th, 1804, the new harbour was inaugurated by Marshal Soult and Rear-Admiral La Crosse, in the presence of the assembled troops.

And when, on July 25th, 1805, the 175,000 men were waiting for the signal to embark, and when no less than 2,300 ships of all kinds were collected along the line of coast at Berck, Etaples, Boulogne, Ambleteuse, and Wissant, it was the harbour of Wimereux which was considered the most easy of egress; but then the sand, formerly obstructing the mouth of the Wimereux river, had been removed, or pushed back beyond the two pile stockades which formed the channel.

According to the plans for the great expedition, 14,000 men, commanded by Lannes, were to embark at Wimereux, and 16,000 at Ambleteuse under Davout. As for the quays, they were built of wood, as may be seen from the 200 great piles still visible at the present time. A fort was constructed on the beach, and was armed with powerful guns. Nothing but ruins are left

of it now, and before long the sea will have carried off its last remains.

Sundry medals which have been found in the sand at Wimèreux * prove that it was formerly a Roman town at the time of Julius Cæsar's occupation of the coast of the Morini in 55 B.C.

Adjoining the battery at Wimereux were the military forge and grates for the heating of shot; and sometimes Napoleon used to go and see the men at work. On one occasion, one of the workers picked up a red-hot cannon ball, with the long pincers, and showed it to Napoleon: "Look here, Citizen General," he said; "it is just like one of those plums we used to send them at Fort Mulgrave."

"Oh, it is you, is it?" replied the Emperor, who remembered seeing the man at Toulon; then, not wishing to encourage the familiar language to which he was no longer accustomed, he added: "Your shot isn't red enough; it ought to be nearly white, and scintillate like stars, all over."

Before leaving, however, he directed that a gratuity should be given to the man, and ordered double rations of wine and brandy to be distributed among the workmen; then he went down to the shore.

Ambleteuse, which, we have every reason to believe, was the "portus citerior" of which Cæsar speaks, lies at a distance of two and a half leagues from Boulogne; the numerous objects discovered there, and which are known to have been in use among the Romans, would seem to prove that the bay of Ambleteuse was one of the places in Morini where they were quartered.

* The origin of the name of Wimereux has been discussed; but if we remember that the river which gives its name to the place was formerly called "Vime," and that its banks were overgrown with rushes, we can trace the name to the Latin word Vimen, signifying rush, osier, and to the old word, "rieu," river—thus obtaining a satisfactory meaning for the name.

For many centuries the port of Ambleteuse was rather an important one; and in 1544 the English made it one of their strategic positions by establishing a redoubt called the Red Fort; but they were driven out by Henri II. The harbour, however, was allowed to fall out of repair; so much so, that it disappeared almost entirely, and the sand silted up to such an extent at the mouth of the Slack, that the waters flowed back towards Marquise and turned the river meadows into a lake. This is the lake of Raventhum, alluded to in the Archives of Notre Dame, of Boulogne. As it became difficult to distinguish the river from the lake, it was finally known as the "Slack," a word which appears at first to be a foreign name.

Towards the end of the seventeenth century, Ambleteuse came very near towards regaining its former importance, for at the time that Louis XIV. was anxious to establish a strong position on the Channel, as a menace to England, he came with Colbert to inspect Ambleteuse, amongst other places; and the result of his visit was that Vauban was instructed to plan and carry out important fortifications. But these ambitious schemes were only partly realised. Nevertheless, Ambleteuse remained a fortified place till the period of the French Revolution; and when the English made an attempt to land there in 1708, they were forced to abandon the scheme.

Napoleon, realising the advantages of the position, as Cæsar, Charlemagne,* and Louis XIV. had done before him, was anxious to make the harbour of Ambleteuse serve his purpose; and so it became one of the chief points of concentration for the flotilla.

Monseigneur Haffreingue,† who was born in 1785,

* Charlemagne went to Ambleteuse in 792 to organise the defence of the coast, and to repel the Norman invasion.

† Born 1785, died 1871.

at Audinghen, quite near Ambleteuse, was better acquainted than anyone with everything concerning the encampment of the Grand Army on the Boulonnais coast, for he was about twenty at the time of which I write. We, who for several years were among the pupils of this good priest—as remarkable for his deep faith as for his lofty ideals—frequently had the opportunity of listening to the reminiscences of his childhood.

Amongst other facts concerning Ambleteuse, Monseigneur Haffreingue related that on one occasion, in 1804, Bonaparte instructed the engineers to carry out

BAY AND FORT OF AMBLETEUSE.

certain works necessary to the preservation of the "spring of St. Peter d'Ambleteuse," which was said to be miraculous by the inhabitants of the country.

Later on, a chapel * was built over the well. This edifice can still be seen standing at the base of the cliff at Ambleteuse; the tradition attaching to it is closely related to our subject, as will be seen by the following:

The inhabitants of Britain had embraced the Christian faith in the second century, and they retained their religion in peace till the fifth century. Then followed the conquest of Britain by the Saxons, and the new

* M. Hamy, Curé of Ambleteuse in 1845, erected a small Chapel in the place. He was presented with a relic of St. Peter of Ambleteuse, for the shrine, by the Abbé Leroy, professor at Monseigneur Haffreingue's College at Boulogne.

invaders drove back the inhabitants, destroyed their churches, and built temples to their own gods. Pope Gregory the Great, having at heart the conversion of the Anglo-Saxons, sent some monks to their island with the illustrious St. Augustine; and among these missionaries were Laurence, and Peter, who became St. Peter of Ambleteuse. The new apostles established themselves at Canterbury, where, by their piety and charity, and their continual preaching, they made so deep an impression on the inhabitants, that on Christmas Day, 597, Augustine baptised over ten thousand English heathens.

At that time, Ambleteuse was such an important place that most travellers bound for England sailed from this port.

Peter was subsequently made abbot of the monastery at Canterbury, founded by St. Augustine; and a few years later he was sent as Ambassador to the French court by King Ethelbert, who placed great reliance in his wisdom and prudence. But while on his way to execute the mission with which he had been entrusted, his ship foundered, when only half-way across the Channel, and went down with all on board, on January 6th, 608. The body of St. Peter was washed ashore at the base of the Ambleteuse cliffs. According to the tradition, a spring gushed from the spot where his body was found; it was looked upon as miraculous by the inhabitants, and became a favourite pilgrimage resort for those afflicted with "malignant fevers." In a manuscript by Feramus, dated 1687 (Archives of Notre Dame, of Boulogne), we read that "the inhabitants went to drink the water from this spring, which cured those who were afflicted with fever; and the pious custom lasted up to the time of the capture of Boulogne by the English."

The body of the holy abbot was taken to Boulogne, where it became an object of the greatest veneration.

The information and details given to the author by Monseigneur Haffreingue concerning the spring at Ambleteuse are confirmed by an interesting document found in the archives of the church at Audinghen, a village close to Ambleteuse. This is a report, drawn up by Monsieur Haffreingue,* curé of that parish, and addressed to M. Lecomte, the vicar-general, who had been directed by his Eminence the Cardinal de la Tour d'Auvergne to attest the authenticity of the relic † found in a wall of a house in Boulogne, where it had been concealed in 1793 to shield it from desecration at the hands of the Revolutionists.

"*To* M. THE VICAR-GENERAL.

"SIR,—

"I enclose, together with the report forwarded me by you, a Life of St. Peter, Abbot, which contains all the information that the bishop requires, concerning the origin of the worship of that saint in the district. The celebrated spring, alluded to by the author of the Life, was re-discovered in 1791 or '92. I was at that time a child of eight or nine, and remember going over to Ambleteuse, with my brothers, on the day which had been appointed for the clearing away of the sand which covered the spring. I remember, also, the delight of the inhabitants when it was disclosed, and how they pressed forward to drink of the water, which was very plentiful; so plentiful is it, that at the time of the Boulogne camp it more than sufficed for the needs of the soldiers, for whose use it was exclusively reserved. To protect it from another encroachment of the sand,

* Brother of Monseigneur Haffreingue.

† A portion of the femur—"pars femoris sancti Petri Ambleteusis."

Napoleon had it surrounded with a high wall. . . . You will gather from the letter of M. Hamy, curé of Ambleteuse, how devoted his parishioners are to the worship of St. Peter, who is the object of their highest veneration. If his Eminence deigns to establish the authenticity of the relics, after satisfying himself that the proofs are sufficient, the joy of the people will be unbounded.

"I seize this opportunity, sir, to beg of you to accept the assurance of my profound respect, with which I remain,

"Your most sincere, humble, and obedient servant,

"HAFFREINGUE.

"*Audinghen, July 6th,* 1845."

It is an established fact that the supply of water was so abundant, that it sufficed for the requirements of the flotilla and of that portion of the army which was encamped on the plains of Ambleteuse—that is, from 20,000 to 25,000 men.

Between the spring and the sea, was a military earthwork, which Bonaparte included in the system of defence he organised at the mouth of the Slack. This work was called "St. Peter's rampart."

There is no doubt, therefore, that Bonaparte did order the engineers to construct important works round the reputed miraculous spring. It has been said that if a general, in our days, gave proof of such independence of spirit, he would certainly be charged with inveterate clericalism.

But Bonaparte went his own way, and setting aside all fear of the world's opinion, only considered the one thing of importance—to secure for his soldiers a supply of pure water.

The First Consul appears to have been at Ambleteuse on more than one occasion; but we have a record,

at all events, of his being entertained at a *déjeuner* given in his honour by M. d'Offrethun, a fine old man of eighty-nine years of age, in the "Government House," now the "Chestnut Villa." On taking leave of his host, Bonaparte expressed his satisfaction at the cordial reception he had met with, and presented Mr. d'Offrethun with a gold snuff-box * in remembrance of his visit to Ambleteuse.

In connection with this, the author must be permitted a slight digression.

It was Bonaparte's habit, not only to constantly take snuff himself, but to give a snuff-box when he wished to make a present to anyone. What was the reason of this custom? For it is more than probable that he had some ulterior motive in this respect. If we inquire closely into the many little originalities and idiosyncracies—not to say tricks—peculiar to illustrious personages, we may find that they were really deliberate acts, done expressly to serve a purpose; and, looked at in this light, we find that they are proofs of discernment and skill. Napoleon's snuff-box is an instance of this. Shrewd as he was, he fully realised the value of a pinch of snuff, opportunely offered or taken. When offered in the course of an interview, it was an easy form of politeness, which served not only to flatter the man he was addressing, but also to baffle him at the right moment, or even to cut him short altogether. And when he conversed with men of the working class, he delighted them with this mark of familiarity; it was as pleasing to their pride as his mode of addressing them with "thee" and "thou," which contributed so much to his popularity.

On the other hand, a pinch of snuff taken with

* This snuff-box must have been round in shape, as it had sometimes been mistaken for a watch.

apparent nonchalance, gave him an opportunity for gaining time, when he wanted to collect his thoughts before making a decision, which was always final, or when any impetuosity or anger made it necessary for him to recover his self-possession.

Many a time did he offer a "courteous pinch of snuff" during the debates in the Council of State. When the Emperor saw that a proposal he had laid before the Council was not "going as well as he wished," he betrayed a nervous impatience in all his movements, and had recourse to ingenious methods of distracting attention from his person.

On such occasions, if he noticed that the attention of a Councillor was fixed on himself, he would make him a sign and stretch out his arm, moving his finger and thumb, which implied, "Give me a pinch of snuff." The member, of course, would hasten to pass his snuff-box to the Emperor, who would take a pinch, and then toy with the box, scattering the powder about.

The box generally found its way into the Emperor's pocket, for in his pre-occupation he forgot to restore it to its owner; sometimes three or four disappeared in this way at one sitting, and it was only on leaving the Council that he discovered what he had done in his absent-mindedness. Needless to say, the snuff-boxes were returned without delay to their rightful owners. Sometimes, in fact, they underwent an agreeable change on leaving the Imperial pocket, and the member who had perhaps lent a modest little tortoise-shell box received in exchange a gold one, ornamented either with diamonds, or his master's miniature. When anyone had done him a great service, Bonaparte did not content himself with offering a pinch of snuff; he made

special gifts of costly snuff-boxes, which were ordered expressly for presentation purposes. Their value was such, that they were simply regarded as precious trinkets; for the exquisite miniature, set in diamonds, which generally appeared on the lid, made the recipient forget the powder that was inside.

And besides the artistic merit of these gifts, there was a personal interest attaching to them which made them doubly valuable. For instance, when, in 1803, the First Consul was desirous of rewarding the guardian and watchman of the Gris-Nez battery, near Ambleteuse for the zeal they had displayed, he simply gave them each a present of money, just as in 1804 he thanked the Boulogne pilot Fournier, who had saved the lives of eleven shipwrecked soldiers at the risk of his own, by awarding him a certificate of honour and a sum of 500 francs, to which Bruix added another 200 francs. But when Napoleon wished to treat anyone with distinction, he would give him a snuff-box as a token of his personal regard.

The cost of these gifts was generally between 2,000 to 3,000 francs each; but those he intended for important personages cost a great deal more.

We know that Napoleon, while in camp at Boulogne, was making preparations for his coronation, which was to give the supreme sanction to his title. The establishment of the Empire had already been approved by a suffrage of three and a half million of votes; * but this did not suffice the modern Charlemagne, and on December 2nd, 1804, he was anointed at Notre Dame in Paris, by Pope Pius the seventh, who was surrounded by his cardinals. . . . . And what do we see in the archives? Napoleon, no doubt,

* Only 2,579 voted against the Empire.

hardly liked to make a present of a snuff-box * to the Pope; but he ordered five snuff-boxes at 30,000 francs apiece, for the five cardinals.

In the record of presents given, mention is made of many other snuff-boxes, which had cost 7,599 francs, 10,773 francs, 11,615 francs apiece, etc. In fact, the bestowal of these special gifts, as a form of diplomatic compliment, assumed an official character, for when Bonaparte was First Consul it had already been decided, at his instigation, that the presents given in the name of the French Government should be caskets of gold, worth 15,000 francs for the ambassadors; worth 8,000 francs for the ministers plenipotentiary; and 5,000 francs for the *chargé's d'affaires* (Nat. Arch.). In November, 1800, a gold snuff-box, set with diamonds, worth 8,000 francs, was presented to Boccardi, ex-plenipotentiary of the Ligurian Republic. Another was given to the Marquis of Musquiz, ex-ambassador of Spain; this one cost 15,000 francs (April 18th, 1801). On September 29th of the same year, the sum of 72,719 francs was raised on the Treasury diamonds, in order to pay for the setting of seven choice snuff-boxes. The Bey of Tunis received in December, 1802, a snuff-box worth 10,266 francs; while Ali Effendi, ex-plenipotentiary of the Porte, was presented with one costing 15,000 francs. And when Napoleon became Emperor, he established a credit of 380,688 francs in favour of the jeweller Marguerite, for a hundred snuff-boxes set in diamonds. Lastly, in the Emperor's will dated April 15th, 1821, at St. Helena, he mentions, among other legacies, two

* The present to the Pope consisted of a tiara costing 180,000 francs and of a rocket of lace costing 20,000 francs, given by the Empress. Napoleon, unwilling to lead the Pope into expense, directed Talleyrand to write to M. de Cacault, French Ambassador in Rome, to this effect, "that the presents of the Pope would give great satisfaction, if they consisted of a cameo, for each of the plenipotentiaries, of a casket without a single diamond, and of a few rosaries" (chapelets).

small mahogany cases, one of which contained three snuff-boxes, and the other thirty-three bonbonnières or snuff-boxes; and he writes: "I desire Marchand, my head valet, to give these to my son when he reaches the age of sixteen."*

But to return to Ambleteuse. After presenting his snuff-box to M. d'Offrethun, the First Consul received several of the inhabitants, and then went to inspect the fortifications of the little harbour; subsequently he continued his tour of inspection all along the coast, passing through Audresselles, Gris-Nez, and Wissant, till he reached Calais at 7 o'clock in the evening (12 Messidor, Year XI.).

When the Emperor had completed his plans with respect to the flotilla, he ordered the first battery to be placed at Gris-Nez, which was one of the most important positions along the coast. The author has seen various letters among the "Emperor's correspondence," in which he insists on the exceptional importance of this strategic point, in preventing the enemy from doubling the Cape. Another formidable battery had been set up close to Blanc-Nez, south of Sangatte, the earthworks of which are still visible.†

In order to reach Calais, *viâ* Gris-Nez, and Wissant,

* It has been said that among the many legacies mentioned by the illustrious exile in his will, he omits all objects of a devotional character. Misfortune, they say, had not reawakened Napoleon's religious feeling. This is an error. There is, on the contrary, a clause in Napoleon's will, in which he desires that "The sacred vessels in use in my chapel at Longwood be taken care of by Abbé Vignali, who will deliver them over to my son, when he reaches the age of sixteen." And is it necessary to recall to memory the terms in which the exile makes his profession of faith at the head of his testamentary dispositions: "I die in the Roman Catholic Faith, in which I was born over fifty years ago."

† It is at Sangatte that a French Company some years ago proposed starting the submarine tunnel under the Channel; it was to traverse the chalk strata of Blanc-Nez. Scientifically, the scheme is quite practicable; but it is only natural that, from political reasons, England should not be much in favour of the plan.

Napoleon had to cover a distance of 40 kilometres. He performed the journey mounted on a small grey horse, and never dismounted—except for the halt at Ambleteuse—till he reached Calais. He habitually rode grey horses, in spite of the tradition which generally represents him mounted on a white charger.*

In certain places along the coastline, the cliff drops away precipitously from the edge; but inasmuch as the whole of the Iron Coast was armed with guns, Napoleon had to ride along the border on his tour of inspection. But, as we know, every horse intended for Napoleon's use was carefully broken in; he insisted on having horses he could trust, and never mounted any that had not been thoroughly trained. For instance, flags were waved, swords were flashed in front of them; shots were fired close to their ears; fireworks were thrown between their legs; and they were taken at a gallop up to the edge of a precipice and pulled up short.

When Bonaparte arrived at Calais on July 2nd, 1803, he went to a celebrated inn kept by M. Dessin, a highly intelligent inn-keeper, who had succeeded in making his Hôtel d'Angleterre a place of much interest. His ingenuity in devising means of attracting customers surpassed that of the cleverest hotel managers; for instance, he had set up a small theatre, in one of the outbuildings belonging to the inn, which became a useful advertisement for his establishment.

Lord Cornwallis stayed there when he came to France to negotiate the Peace of Amiens; and, as I quoted above, in 1803 the First Consul went there also, his mind filled with the warlike plans which the rupture of that frail treaty had prompted.

* (Nat. Archives.) Napoleon's horses are quoted in the following manner: Trout grey, dark grey, slate grey, dirty grey, pale grey, flea-bitten, dapple grey, spotted grey, light grey, mouse-coloured, ash grey.

A former Government official living at Calais discovered an original document, in the archives of the office, containing a series of Italian proverbs which the illustrious Corsican was fond of quoting when conversing with the members of his family,* or with the Italians he came in contact with. And also, when under the influence of some dominating idea, he would pace to and fro, one arm behind his back, according to his habit, uttering short pithy phrases and impetuous aphorisms, stamping on the floor in rhythm, so as further to emphasise his words. The document in question was probably compiled by the collective efforts of the officers of the Italian Division then quartered at Calais, under the command of General Trivulsi—at least, this is the prevalent idea. But a Corsican writer—a great authority on the history of the First Empire—wrote in reply to the question I had submitted to him on the subject, that, after carefully considering the matter, he thought it probable that the author of the document was a Corsican called Morini, who was given the command of a battalion at the Boulogne camp on his return from Italy, and who afterwards became a baron of the Empire.

The Italian Division was familiarly termed the "division of the i's," on account of the typical termination of the officers' names. For instance, there were Ferreri and Palliotti, Commissaries of War; Bonfanti and Calori, Lieutenants; Bianchi, Jacapeti, Lonati, Bejani and Bianchi-Dada, Captains. The commanding officer's name was Mazuchelli; then there was another Bonfanti who was Major-General; and Trivulsi was

* Joseph Bonaparte, Colonel of the 4th Line Regiment, had his pavilion in the left camp, at Chatillon, between Boulogne and Portel—that is, exactly opposite his brother's pavilion at the Tour d'Odre. Prince Joseph Bonaparte was with the second division commanded by General Vandamme, whose headquarters were at Outreau.

General-in-command. This one-rhymed litany fully justifies the name by which the Italians were known.

The following is an abstract of Napoleon's favourite proverbs. Taken as a whole, they are of the greatest psychological interest, for it would be easy—if one had leisure—to trace their influence in many an act and episode taken from the life of the man who made use of these adages in his hours of ease.

According to information gathered in Corsica, it appears that these proverbs are still in common use in that country.

Il mondo è di chi se lo piglia.
The world belongs to him who knows how to seize it.

Bisogna navigar secondo il vento.
The sail must be set according to the wind.

Cento non ne valgon uno.
A hundred men may not have the value of one.

Il timor del uno, aummenta l'ardir dell'altro.
The coward increases the courage of his adversary.

Anche delle volpi, sene pigliano.
Foxes may be cunning, but they are caught all the same.

Chi non risica, non rosica.
Who risks nothing, gets nothing.

La pratica val più della grammatica.
Practice teaches better than books.

Chi pecora si fà, il lupo se la mangia.
Who makes himself a sheep, is devoured by the wolf.

Non è uomo chi non sa dir di no.
He is not a man who cannot say no.

Chi fa buona guerra, ha buona pace.
Who makes a good war is assured of a good peace.

Chi vuol fuoco, ha da patir il fumo.
Who wants fire must put up with the smoke.

Chi non arde, non incendie.
Who has no zeal, makes no zealots.

Uomo assalito, è mezzo preso.
A man surprised is half captured.

È meglio esser capo di gatta, che code di leone.
Better be the head of the cat than the tail of the lion.

Chi non sa far, non sa commandar.
Who cannot perform, cannot command.

Chi la dura, la vince.
Who is firm, prevails.

Fidarsi è buono, ma non fidarsi è meglio.
Confidence is good, mistrust is better.

La gamba fa quel che vuol il ginocchio.
The leg does what the knee wills.

Do not these adages seem to reflect Napoleon's most private thoughts ?

A Corsican friend of the author has sent him the following remarks with reference to the Corsican proverbs :—

"Many of the common sayings in vogue in our island are of Italian origin. The local dialect modifies them but slightly. For instance, the infinitive form of the verb which is given in the proverbs, is abbreviated in the Corsican lines.* Bonaparte and his Corsican officers naturally spoke pure Italian, because they had been educated in Italy, as was the fashion at that time among those of the upper classes. The priests also preached in Italian."

These proverbs are introduced into many a Corsican popular song, of which they are the theme ; and their spirit has inspired many a verse in those popular ballads which lulled Napoleon to sleep in his childhood.

* Thus, Avé is said for avere, fa for fare, guvernà for governare.

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"Lulled to sleep" is hardly the term to apply in this case, for a cradle-song is essentially a song of poetry, gentleness, and love. But the Corsican verses breathe a very different spirit; they glow with hatred, implacable revenge, and with praise of death.

In fact, none but the Corsicans have taken such sinister delight in extolling death, in courting it, in singing its praises, as they have done, from time immemorial, in those funereal "voceri" that are sung, like hymns, around the hearth; while the children's minds are trained to consider the vendetta as the will of God, and the only recourse of outraged men.*

It was in these surroundings that Napoleon first began to acquire a "contempt of life," though he did not give way to the feelings of revenge which were cherished by his countrymen.

It is quite disconcerting to our notions to read of a mother exhorting her sons, as though she were bidding them fulfil a sacred duty, to make secret preparations for dealing a mortal blow to the enemy of the family —or even to his descendants, for vengeance is hereditary —in order to requite an injury to a kinsman, perhaps long since in his grave.

On September 29th, 1803, Bonaparte wrote to the citizen Melsi, Vice-President of the Italian Republic, saying:—

"My reasons for wanting to have an Italian corps, are that I am anxious to instil a feeling of military spirit and pride among the youths of Italy (the only thing wanting to enable them to beat an equal number of Austrians). That they should have even the appear-

* In the archives of Genoa, it appears that, between 1683 and 1715, the number of murders in Corsica amounted to 28,715—*i.e.* to an average of 900 a year for a population of 150,000.

ance of being well-armed would suffice me; but they should be perfectly well-equipped."

And it appears that the Italian soldiers did make use of their arms, even against the worthy peasants who had given them shelter under their roof.* And there was nothing the Calais people dreaded more than having these "villainous Sisalpins billeted on them, who were always fighting by day or by night, either in the fields, or the fortifications, or even in the houses; who constantly indulged in brawls that were always followed by duels; and who, after they had killed their victim, were not ashamed of stripping him of his clothes."

The author found one of these billeting papers among his own family archives; it is signed by Mazuchelli, chief of the staff of the Italian Division in France, at headquarters in Calais.

One can well understand the inhabitants of the town retaining painful memories of the Italian Division, and rejoicing when it was replaced by the dragoons of the reserve, who encamped on the Eastern Glacis, or "Plain of St. Peter."

On August 26th, 1804, the permanent Court Martial at Valenciennes, presided over by Colonel Bertoletti, condemned a Corsican, Jean Armoni, aged twenty-five, to be shot. Armoni, a sergeant-major in the 2nd Battalion of the 1st Regiment of the line, garrisoned at Calais, was accused of the "premeditated murder" of Captain Gerlini and of assault on a superior. He was shot on the beach, at 6 o'clock on the morning of September 11th, at the base of the cliff near the Eastern Glacis at Calais.

The first Italian regiment left Calais for Ambleteuse on November 20th, 1805, and they signalised their departure by another crime.

* Rheims Histoire de Calais.

While the soldiers were on the march, four drummers, who were drunk and lagging behind, met a carter on the road—a certain Defosse, from Marquise—whom they tried to compel to give them a lift in order that they might rejoin the column. Defosse refused, explaining that his cart was already overladen; whereupon one of the Italians raised his musket and stretched the man dead at his feet.

CHAPTER VI.

VARIOUS VISITS OF BONAPARTE TO THE BOULONNAIS.

The First Consul at Etaples ; he Visits the Château d'Hardelot—The British Sailor—Bonaparte Falls into the Harbour—His Wardrobe at the Tour d'Odre—He visits the Hospital—Sister Louise—The Emperor Returns to Boulogne After the Coronation : Enthusiastic Reception.

NAPOLEON, having left St. Cloud at 4 o'clock in the morning of December 30th, 1803, reached Etaples unexpectedly early on the following day. The moment he arrived he went to inspect the bay and the encampments ; then he resolved to go on to Boulogne, following the coastline, in order to ascertain exactly what were the conditions of the armaments of the coast batteries between the two towns.

The Minister of War had especially called his attention to the fortress of Hardelot, which stood near the forest of that name to the north of Etaples.

This historic château was built upon ancient fortifications, probably dating from the time that Julius Cæsar was preparing to invade England. It was a fortress strongly protected by towers, drawbridges, and deep moats, which were filled from the neighbouring lake of Claire-eau. At a later period the château, which was considered impregnable, was used by Régnier, Count of Boulogne, for the detention of prisoners of war (890–916) ; * and in 1544 Henry VIII. only succeeded in

* In Hardrei locum incarcerat.

capturing it after a long and tedious siege.* In short, the opinion was held at the War Office that although the fortress had become the private property of M. de Châteaubourg since 1783, it might well be made to serve for present military purposes.

But after a rapid inspection of the lie of the land, the First Consul soon came to the conclusion that the fortress was too far inland among the sand-hills for the guns ever to be within effective range of an enemy's ships.

He therefore continued his course through the Condette sand-hills—where rabbits swarmed—and reached Boulogne at 10 o'clock in the morning, fully determined to concentrate his operations around that town by establishing a whole series of works, which, taken in their entirety, constituted the Iron Coast. The name of Hardelot recalls a rather pleasant anecdote narrated by various English and French authors, and which has every appearance of truth. It may be mentioned now, though it really took place some months later.

While Napoleon was at Boulogne, a young English sailor, a prisoner, managed to escape, and hid himself in the Hardelot forest, where he lived for some time enduring the greatest privations. By dint of much labour he constructed the framework of a tiny boat, fashioned from branches which he bound together with flexible bark he had peeled off the trees. He had also contrived a covering for his frail skiff, made out of canvas with a coating of resin, which could be used when required and gave the boat the appearance of a canoe.

It was by these primitive means that the daring young fellow hoped to reach the open sea, and he

* "And if your Majestye wolde cause the Castle of Hardelo to be taken" (Letter of the Duke of Norfolk to Henry VIII., July 24, 1544).

anxiously awaited a favourable moment for the execution of his plans.

Perched in the top of a high tree, he would eagerly scan the horizon, till one day he sighted an English brig. Without losing a moment he climbed down, shouldered his skiff, and ran down with it on to the beach. But just as he was about to launch it, the coast-guards caught sight of him, and he was taken back to Boulogne. The story of the sailor's rash attempt spread quickly. The Emperor wished to see the skiff and the prisoner, who then explained ingenuously how he had intended getting over to England. His scheme seemed well-nigh impossible, and yet the only boon the prisoner craved was that he should be allowed to carry out his design. Napoleon, admiring his courage, said to him, "Are you so anxious, then, to return to your country?" "Yes," he replied; "I want to see my poor mother, who is old and ailing." The Emperor was struck by his filial devotion, and gave him his liberty, providing him with money and clothing, for he was almost naked.

As I have already mentioned, the First Consul reached Boulogne from St. Cloud on December 31st, 1803. The following day was devoted to a general review of the flotilla. Bertrand writes, in his "Précis of the History of Boulogne":—

"While Bonaparte was crossing the harbour, his horse stumbled over a cable, causing the First Consul to fall in the water; but as it happened to be shallow at that spot, he laughed and exclaimed: 'It's only a bath!'"

It was not the harbour proper that Napoleon was crossing on this occasion, but the inner harbour above the bridge; in other words, the bed of the Liane, which he was able to ford. Apparently, this was an easy thing

to do, for nowadays even a child could cross the stream without any danger when the tide is out. On a previous occasion he had already "crossed the Liane by going up to his knees in water."* But at the time of which I now speak, the waters of the Liane were kept up, by means of the sluice-dam, to the level required to keep the "floating powder magazines" afloat; these were moored in the middle of the inner harbour, in order to prevent a catastrophe in case of explosion, for the arsenal and naval barracks stood between the Château de Capécure and the river bank. The powder magazines were securely fastened with cables and chains, for fear of their being carried adrift with the tide. In addition, and above the floating magazines, was a rear-guard of boats, also secured with strong fastenings; and it was against one of these fastenings, hidden under water, that the First Consul's horse stumbled. "Some gunboats, used for powder magazines, were moored on the Liane, at the foot of St. Leonard's Hill, and a chain was drawn across the river to intercept all communication."†

According to the plans that were drawn up at the time, there were boats of this description anchored all along the river from the bridge to St. Leonard.

The author of the "Histoire de Boulogne" adds that, immediately after the accident, Bonaparte, who was wet through, "ran up to the Tour d'Odre to change his clothes," and then returned to his inspection, which was continued as far as the roadstead.

This incident leads us to the subject of Napoleon's wardrobe.

The Emperor was usually in uniform, especially when at the Boulogne camp. On Sundays, and on levée days, when, for instance, he received the commanding officers at the Tour d'Odre, he wore the uniform of the Foot

* Bertrand. † Loc. cit.

Grenadiers of the Guard—a blue coat with white facings. On week days he wore the uniform of the Mounted Chasseurs of the Guard, which consisted of a green coat lined with scarlet cloth, the cape, facings, and pipings of the same colour. The price of this uniform varied from 200 to 240 francs, not including the epaulettes.

As for the grey riding coat ("redingote grise"), it corresponded to the officers' great-coats of the present day, and was worn in cold or wet weather; if it presented that "bulky" appearance which foreign caricaturists loved to exaggerate, it was because he never removed his epaulettes, for which reason his tailor was instructed to "cut the armholes very large."

As an example of the Emperor's expenditure on his wardrobe, I quote the following tailoring account:—

For the months of Vendémiaire, Brumaire, Frimaire, Nivôse, and Ventôse, Year XIII.—Sixty-six waistcoats and sixty-six pairs of breeches of white kerseymere, at 90 francs the waistcoat and the pair of breeches.—Enlarged and repaired various uniforms of the Guard.—Supplied one grey riding coat in Louviers cloth, 200 francs.—One pair of embroidered velvet breeches, 120 francs.—Four silk wadded waistcoats, 192 francs.—Twenty-four pairs of linen drawers, 480 francs.—Three uniforms of the Guard, lined scarlet, at 250 francs, and three pairs strong epaulettes at 150 francs the pair.—Twenty-four pairs of drawers at 20 francs.—Replaced buttons on the eagle and on a uniform of General-in-Chief, etc. etc. In April (Germinal).—A hunting coat, braided, 550 francs.—A hunting overcoat, 200 francs.—A brown twill coat with plated buttons, 190 francs.—A twill lilac grey coat, plated buttons, 190 francs.—A uniform of the Guard with strong epaulettes, 400 francs.—Making an embroidered purple poult-de-soie coat, 5 francs.—Twenty-four pairs of drawers at 20 francs.—Thirty white kersey-

mere waistcoats and pairs of breeches at 90 francs.—Fourteen badges at 60 francs apiece.—Four white silk breeches.

In a consignment to Milan, the following items are mentioned: Sixty-two waistcoats and sixty-two breeches at 70 and at 90 francs (waistcoat and breeches respectively).—Six pairs of trousers and six waistcoats at 100 francs.—A green uniform of Chasseurs of the Guard, with epaulettes and badge with massive silver eagle (70 francs), 470 francs.—Then in Thermidor, Bonaparte ordered a supplementary outfit in view of his approaching visit to Boulogne, for although it was the height of summer, still, it was always fresh up at the pavilion on the summit of the cliff, and he would require special protection for his excursions, in wind and rain, along the coast, and for his inspections in the roadstead. He ordered, therefore, four grey riding coats, so that he might be sure of always having a dry one to change into, if perchance he was soaked with the sea or rain. The following items were delivered to Bonaparte at Boulogne: "Nine green coats (Mounted Chasseurs), at 210 francs—a pair of epaulettes, 150 francs—and badge of the eagle, 70 francs.—Four grey cloth riding coats, at 200 francs.—Enlarging sleeves of two quilted robes, re-lining sleeves of a coat (of the Guard), changing the lapels and facings of another, etc. etc. Total, 32,167 francs. Reduced to 29,000 francs, after checking."

We see by these lists that the number of breeches required by Napoleon was considerable; in fact, judging from the few tailors' accounts that have been found, the total appears incredible. And yet these garments were carefully mended as well, for we find the following quotations: Mending twenty-seven breeches at 1 franc each; and replacing silk buttons to ten breeches. But

to account for this profusion we must remember not only that Napoleon was constantly in the saddle, but that he was a very poor rider as well, and the moment his mount increased his pace, Napoleon "skated" in the saddle.

When disengaged from his inspections in the Right and Left Camps, Napoleon found time, during his short leisure moments, to check all the items of the robes to be worn by him and the Empress at the coronation—a solemnity which to him was an affair of State.

The few items quoted here are extracts from a memorandum submitted to the Emperor by the chief purveyors of the period. Picot, embroiderer to the Emperor and Empress, Rue St. Thomas-du-Louvre: "The large imperial mantle of purple velvet, embroidered gold, strewn with bees, 15,000 francs.—Mantle of lesser state, purple velvet, white satin facings, gold embroidered, 10,000 francs.—Coat of purple velvet, embroidered, with waistcoat of white velvet, and embroidered garters, 3,500 francs—the belt, cord, and button, shoulder belt of purple velvet, gold embroidered, and a second pair of garters, 1,200 francs.—Total, 29,700 francs; reduced to 26,000 francs."

"Madame Vve. Toulet, furrier. Fur for Emperor's mantle, 18,220 francs; and for fur on Empress's mantle, 12,460 francs." Madame Toulet's account was substantially reduced, and she received 27,680 francs.

"M'elle. Fouret, embroiderer. One pair white gloves, and one pair white silk stockings embroidered in gold, 94 francs."

The embroidery on the robes had been made by Picot, but the materials were paid for separately.

"Vacher, silk mercer to their Majesties. For the coronation robes: white satin, white velvet, crimson

velvet, Tyrian purple velvet, etc., 2,515 francs.—For the mantle of the Empress: 22 metres of Tyrian purple velvet, 614 francs" (Nat. Archives).

"Poupart, special hatter to the Emperor. Two hats with feathers, one embroidered in gold, 1,020 francs."

"Jacques, special bootmaker to the Emperor. One pair white velvet shoes, embroidered in matt gold from a design by Isabey, 400 francs."

"Biennais, goldsmith to the Emperor, Paris, Rue St. Honoré, 'Au Singe Violet.'" His account for items supplied for the ceremony of anointing and for the coronation amounts to 36,342 francs.

A crown of laurels, 8,000 francs.—Case for crown, 1,350 francs.—Gilt sceptre, surmounted with an eagle holding a thunderbolt, 3,500 francs.—The Hand of Justice, ivory and silver gilt, 2,800 francs.—Orb, silver gilt, 1,350 francs.—Case for the three, 400 francs. The Collar of the Grand Order, 5,000 francs.—Braid for his Majesty's hat in chased gold, 290 francs.—Maces of the ushers, silver gilt, 2,400 francs.—Eight swords, at 150 francs, for the valets.—Two salvers, silver gilt, for the offerings, 930 francs, etc.

As for the estimate submitted by Mme. Raimbaud, the celebrated dressmaker of the period, it was accepted in principle, save for the reduction which the Lord Chamberlain Charles Maurice (Talleyrand) was instructed to make on all accounts sent in to him for payment. A credit of 650,000 francs had been opened for the costumes of the Emperor and Empress and the officers of the Crown. With regard to what concerned the Empress: "Model of mantle, purple velvet, 800 francs.—Embroidery of Imperial mantle, making, and clasps, 16,000 francs.—Court train, white velvet, embroidered gold, 7,000 francs.—Coronation robe, white satin, richly embroidered and trimmed with fringes, 10,000 francs.—

A garniture in chenille blonde, 240 francs.—Court train, velvet, embroidered with silver convolvulus, and skirt of silver tulle and satin, richly embroidered, 12,000 francs.—Court train, pink velvet, and skirt of satin and silver tulle, 12,000 francs.—Another court train, white velvet, embroidered with bunches of violets; and with a border embroidered in gold, strewn with emeralds, and trimmed with fringes; the skirt in gold tulle, very richly embroidered, 12,000 francs, etc. The account, amounting to 74,346 francs, was reduced to 60,000 francs (Nat. Archives).

The extraordinary activity which Bonaparte displayed was the object of everyone's admiration. For instance, on the occasion of his visit to Boulogne on June 29, 1803, we read in Bertrand's account that, having reached his destination at ten o'clock at night, he worked with Decrés, Minister of the Navy, till one o'clock, when he took a bath and went to bed. By a quarter to three at dawn he was already on the ramparts, accompanied by Generals Soult and Lauriston. He visited the harbour, inspecting the guns, and giving orders, as he went along, that certain angles of houses should be demolished, as they obstructed the view. Then he stepped into a boat, after arousing the sailors who were asleep in it; paused for a while to watch the workmen, of whom there were 1,500 employed in the docks; and made inquiries as to which of the forts had most distinguished itself in repelling a recent attack. Then he went down to the beach, mounted his horse, and rode towards the Fort de la Crèche; surveyed the plain on which the Right Camp was afterwards situated; rode over the surrounding country, north, east, and west; had a target set up at sea, the shot heated, and tested the range of the guns. After this, he went over to the cliffs on the western side;

visited the plateau at Outreau, where the Left Camp was situated; and came back to the town at ten o'clock in the morning. One day in the following year, the Emperor was reviewing the Left Camp (situated between Chatillon, Outreau, and Portel), when he was addressed by a woman from Portel, named Marianne Renard, who threw herself at his feet, crying, "Justice! Monsieur Bonaparte, justice!" Her attention was called to the fact that it was the Emperor whom she was addressing, whereupon she exclaimed: "Justice! Monsieur l'Empereur! The English have destroyed my house with their bomb-shells; you are the cause of it; you ought to pay me." "How much did your house cost?" "Fifteen hundred francs." "You shall have them." "But who will give them to me?" "This gentleman," said the Emperor, pointing to General Guyot; "come this evening, and you shall be paid." The woman went to headquarters, according to the instructions given her, and the promised sum was handed over to her. Even when he was First Consul, Bonaparte had already given orders that the inhabitants whose houses were shelled should receive an indemnity.

Although Napoleon devoted most of his energies to the Iron Coast, he did not neglect, whenever he had a few hours of comparative leisure, to visit the strategic points of the district, or the arsenal and reserve stores. He even found time to go to the hospitals, where the sight of him was like a ray of sunlight to the wounded and sick.

There must be many Boulonnais who still remember Sister Louise, late Superior of the Hospital Sisters, as late as 1865, and who have heard her relate how, in her youth, she often saw Napoleon when he came to visit the patients. He would sit in the dispensary, and converse familiarly with the relations of the sick men,

and inquire after their wants.* Sister Louise also mentioned the following circumstance: "The Emperor took a great deal of snuff; and he dropped so much of it on the ground while talking and gesticulating, that after he had left I always had to sweep the floor around the chair he had occupied during his visit."

In fact, we can form a very good notion of the enormous amount of snuff the Emperor consumed, by taking, at random, a few items from the Imperial accounts. On various dates we find that the following quantities were supplied in earthenware jars:—

Tobacco powder supplied to his Majesty by Ancest: 166 lbs. snuff at 3 francs, 498 francs. Other delivery: 20 kilos snuff at 6 francs 80 the kilo, 136 francs.

It has been estimated that the Emperor consumed on an average 84 lbs. of snuff a year.

This custom of "scattering" his snuff seems to have been habitual, according to his valet Constant's account. He writes: "It has been said of the Emperor that he took a great deal of snuff, and that in order to get at it more easily he used to keep some in his waistcoat pockets, which were lined with soft leather, for that purpose. These suppositions are erroneous. The Emperor never kept snuff anywhere but in his snuff-boxes, and though he wasted a good deal, he absorbed very little. He would hold the snuff to his nostrils as though he were merely smelling it, and then let it drop. The ground was strewn with it wherever he happened to be standing, but his handkerchiefs were scarcely marked, although they were white and of the finest cambric. These are certainly not the signs of a great snuff-taker. Very often he merely passed the open snuff-box under his nose, contenting himself with the scent. His boxes

* Napoleon III., when he came to Boulogne, also expressed a desire to visit the hospital "as his uncle had done."

were narrow and oval, and had hinges; they were made of tortoise-shell, lined with gold, and ornamented with cameos or antique gold or silver medals. At one time he had round snuff-boxes; but as it was necessary to use both hands to open them, and that, in doing so, he generally let fall either the box or the lid, he gave them up. The snuff he used was ground rather coarse, and was a mixture of various kinds of tobacco. At St. Cloud he often amused himself by giving it to his gazelles to eat.

"The Emperor only once attempted to smoke a pipe, and it happened in this wise. Someone had presented him with a very fine Oriental pipe, and one day his Majesty was suddenly seized with a fancy to try it. But at the very first puff the smoke went down his throat, and instead of expelling it from his mouth it poured from his nostrils. 'Take it away!' he cried, the moment he recovered his breath. 'It's absolute poison! Oh! the swine! I feel quite sick!' And, sure enough, his Majesty felt incommoded for at least an hour afterwards. He resolved, of course, never to adopt the habit of smoking, which, he said, 'was merely fitted to while away the tedium of the slothful.'"

Constant also adds: "When the Emperor had finished his toilet he was handed his snuff-box, a handkerchief, and a little box filled with liquorice, flavoured with aniseed, and very finely cut."

The amount of snuff that Bonaparte absorbed—or rather scattered—led people to suppose, as I mentioned above, that his pockets were filled with it. This is what M. de Menneval has to say on the subject in a letter to Isabey, the painter:—

"I cannot understand how the story has got about that the Emperor took snuff from his pocket. Because the Great Frederick was in the habit of doing this, people

seem to suppose that the Emperor must have done it too. But though Frederick was a very great man, he was also a very dirty one; while Napoleon, on the contrary, was scrupulously clean. He always had in his room ten boxes filled with snuff, and as he emptied one he took up another. The very idea of taking snuff in any other way would have disgusted him."

When Napoleon went to visit the hospital, the first thing he always did was to ask the doctor how "his" soldiers were. He remembered their names with extraordinary exactitude, and always inquired after each one personally. He expressed the opinion that men feel proud of having an individual name, and that they are distinguished by having an appellation personal to themselves. He would have been indignant at the new methods of classing each poor patient under a number in the hospital, like galley-slaves or convicts in a cell.

He knew that Jacquemin had broken his arm during a manœuvre on board ship; that Leduc had cut his toe with an axe; that Delattre had been struck by a ricochet shot, which necessitated a painful operation; that another soldier had had his foot crushed under a gun-wheel, and that amputation was inevitable. And he would sit by the bedside of these victims of duty and address them as "thou," encouraging and comforting them to such an extent, that the brave fellows forgot their pain, and seemed almost grateful for their accident, though it might prove fatal, since it had gained them the kindness and sympathy of "their" Emperor.

He would make inquiries concerning the medical attendance and daily food of the patients, and very often would order some little extras to be given them as an improvement on the regular diet.

One day, as he was about to leave the hospital, a soldier was carried in on a litter, his arms hanging loosely

over the sides, and swinging with the movements of the bearers.

Napoleon saw the piteous group, and made a gesture signifying: "He is dead, isn't he?"

"No, sire," replied one of the soldiers, who was helping to carry the litter. "I think our comrade is only partially paralysed."

Napoleon approached; the poor fellow instantly recognised him, and fixed his eyes on his master, trying in vain to speak.

"Come, be quiet!" said the Emperor, seeing his agitation and the useless endeavours he was making to say something. "I shall hear all about it; but first of all he must be put to bed at once, and while the doctors are being fetched, one of you will tell me what is the matter with him."

"Well, it was like this," said one of the soldiers questioned by the Emperor a moment later. "Last night he was sent out on the cliff opposite Fort Croy, on sentry, in a small ditch overlooking a landslip, because they were afraid that some of the enemy might climb up that way, some night, and spike the guns of the batteries.

"Sentinel Legris had concealed himself so effectually, and it was so dark, that it was impossible to find him to relieve him. But he was faithful to his watch, and in spite of the pouring rain, remained all night in the ditch, lying first on one side, then on the other, on the soaking ground. In the early morning, when found, he was lying perfectly still, clutching his gun with his numbed fingers. They thought him dead at first; but when he heard his name mentioned he opened his eyes, and then the news was taken to the nearest guard-house, and the officers gave orders for him to be brought here—and here we are."

While the soldier was telling his story, a hot drink was given to the patient in order to revive him, and the doctor on duty prescribed a general friction of his body, to start the circulation in his numbed limbs. Seizing a hot towel that had just been brought for that purpose, Napoleon set to work to help the orderly in his task.

"Friend Jean" (that was the orderly's name), "you are not rubbing fast enough, or hard enough. Here—look! Do as I do—rapidly; don't jerk—keep time." And the illustrious visitor, entering into the work with the will and untiring perseverance he displayed in everything he undertook, gradually increased the rapidity of his friction; while the orderly, on the contrary, bathed in perspiration and well-nigh exhausted, slackened his speed more and more. Although Napoleon pretended not to notice anything, he found it hard not to smile at the sight of Friend Jean, who was panting and breathless, and would have asked for mercy, had he dared, but was ashamed to admit that he could do no more. The scene had already lasted a quarter of an hour when Napoleon, who never liked being beaten, and was always anxious to show his superiority, even in the most ordinary circumstances, remarked, in an off-hand way: "If we persevere in this way for an hour or so, we shall bring him back to life again, you and I. What do you say, Jean?"

But this was too much for the unfortunate orderly, who plainly showed his discouragement, whereupon the Emperor added: "Come—go and sit down. You are tired out; I can manage without you perfectly well."

And Napoleon went on with his energetic rubbing for many minutes, working mechanically, and conversing gaily all the while.

Was he actuated by any desire of showing off, on

this occasion, or was it solely sympathy and fellow-feeling for a brave man that prompted him to act as he did? It doesn't matter; the patient, at all events, benefited so much by the treatment, that at one moment he was able to raise his arm, and detaining the Emperor's hand for a few seconds, he raised it to his lips and murmured brokenly: "Thank you. Thank you. I feel better now."

Napoleon, pleased with the success of his efforts, gently withdrew his hand, and said: "Good-bye! I will come again and see you."

Nevertheless, it would appear that Napoleon was somewhat relieved when the incident drew to a close, for he, too, had almost reached the limits of his powers of endurance, and had the scene been prolonged he would have been compelled to give in; and this, no doubt, would have mortified him greatly. He went again, according to his promise, to see his patient, who was able to leave the hospital in course of time fully cured; but the cure was only temporary, for a short time after the soldier was struck down again with partial paralysis.

I must add another instance of the veneration in which Napoleon was held by the inmates of the hospital. Though they did not attribute to him the power of healing the scrofulous,* for instance, their worship of the hero led them to make the following remark, which became traditional in the hospital: "People may say what they like, and may laugh if they choose, but it's the fact all the same. The side that is paralysed is not the side 'he' treated." Expressing, as it does, a great

* There was a belief in former generations which attributed to the Kings of France the power of healing the scrofulous. Jean Hendricq writes: "When Louis XIII. came to Boulogne he was asked to lay his hands on those afflicted with scrofula. He had arrived from Calais the day before. He confessed himself, took Holy Communion, and then laid his hands on those that were afflicted. The crowd was so great that many of the sick could not penetrate through to the King."

deal of gratitude, with a touch of fetishism, this popular sentiment is an interesting one.

In Boulogne, as almost everywhere else, during the revolutionary period, the churches and chapels were threatened with being given over to the military authorities for the purpose of being transformed into barracks, artillery depôts, or reserve stores.

BOULOGNE CITADEL.
Used as a Storehouse for the Grand Army.

Although the special worship of Nôtre Dame de Boulogne was only re-established in the Church of the Annonciades in 1809, the public worship had been restored as early as March 1st, 1803, and then the parish of St. Joseph of the Haute Ville was established in the old Chapel of the Annonciades. Soon, however, the military administration obtained the bishop's sanction to use this chapel for military store purposes; the parish services were therefore transferred to the Church of the Civil Hospital in the Lower Town.

When the First Consul came to Boulogne, full of his scheme to collect 200,000 men along the coast, one of his first cares was to discover whether any of the premises in the town could be utilised as an arsenal or for reserve stores, and whether there were others that might be appropriated for the use of the army.

He went first to the citadel. This fine structure was built in 1231 by Phillipe Hurepel, son of Phillipe Auguste and Count of Boulogne. It is situated to the east of the ramparts and is of octagonal shape ; it has six towers, and is partly surrounded by a moat.

Below the surface of the enclosure of the citadel are the vast subterranean passages of La Barbiere ; these vaults were specially suitable for the storing of arms and ammunition.

Napoleon's visit to the Upper Town on this occasion was marked by a curious incident. As he was crossing the " Place," his horse struck his foot so violently against a peg driven in the ground, that Bonaparte was very nearly thrown. He reined in the animal with a vigorous hand, and looked back to see what had caused the stumble. When he found that it was a wooden peg, sunk deep in the very middle of the road, he lost his temper, and remarked that as men and horses were constantly going over the ground, it might lead to an accident—perhaps fatal. He demanded an explanation, and was told that this peg was the remnant of a small fence that had been placed round the site on which a Tree of Liberty had once flourished. The tree did not live long, owing, no doubt, to the poverty of the soil, and the municipality were obliged to remove the dead wood ; but not wishing to lay themselves open to a charge of " anti-patriotism," they were careful to enclose the spot from which the stump had been removed, in order that the higher authorities might be satisfied

that the tree had not fallen a victim to popular vengeance. These particulars are vouched for by an official report drawn up on December 9th, 1795, in which it appears that three inspectors of forestry (requisitioned by the Boulogne municipality), aided by two municipal officers, solemnly stated that "the tree of liberty which fell the night before last, died its natural death."

To make themselves quite secure (for at that time it would have been dangerous to leave room for any suspicion of ill-will on their part), the town councillors deposited the old tree trunk in some municipal store-house, "so that it might be produced if necessary," and the little fence was put round the place it once occupied.

The report of December, 1795, adds: "The tree, which is now absolutely dead, and rotten at the trunk as well as in the branches, was once a lime tree." What was the point of making this apparently futile statement, and why specify the nature of the tree—poplar, beech, or oak?

It was because at that period an amusing anecdote was being told all over France.

It appears that an official delegate had been appointed to inaugurate a certain Festival of Liberty by performing the usual ceremonial, and by delivering a speech in the redundant and bombastic style so much in vogue among the orators of the period. The delegate, who for want of any real gifts had let his fancy run riot, did his very utmost to reach the summit of eloquence, and wishing to close his discourse with a peroration worthy of the occasion, he exclaimed: "Citizen friends, we must not think of ourselves only. We must think of the future, and we must sow for the future generations. To-day we are planting a tree, but our grandchildren will eat of its fruits." Now the tree was an oak! The

story and the orator's speech spread all over the country, and therefore when any municipality was anxious to plant a Tree of Liberty in the town, the councillors took good care to choose a tree which did not lend itself to such an equivocal interpretation. Thus the particular mention of the Boulogne lime tree in the document I quoted above was prompted by a desire on the part of the authorities to give no opportunity for irreverent jests.

Needless to say, the First Consul ordered that the unlucky remnants of the Tree of Liberty should be instantly removed.

Napoleon was no sooner invested with the supreme power than he at once resolved to hasten the execution of his plans for the invasion of England. For this purpose he lost no time in coming to Boulogne, and an official visit was accordingly fixed for July 19th, 1804.

The town made preparations for a magnificent reception of the new Emperor. The streets were hung with flags and banners, displaying allegorical emblems; all the houses were decked with draperies, flowers, and tapestry. The municipality had erected three arches decorated with trophies of war, intended to represent the Bridge of Lodi. On the top of the principal arch they stationed some musicians and young girls, who were to throw flowers to the Emperor as he passed. There were twelve other arches, at a distance of 60 metres from each other, all along the Rue de Brecquerecque, which then took the name of Rue Impériale. The name of one of Napoleon's victories was inscribed on each of the arches :—

For Italy.		*For Egypt.*	
Montenotte.	Arcole.	Alexandria.	Jaffa.
Mondovi.	Cremone.	The Pyramids.	Mount Thabor.
Lodi.	Marengo.	Cairo.	Aboukir.

A little farther on, appeared a portico intended to represent the entrance to a temple dedicated to Immortality. The Rue de l'Ecu, then called Rue Napoléon, was also decorated with arches, shrubs, and garlands intertwined across the street. Lastly, on the quay facing the Custom House, they had erected an obelisk surmounted with a crown, and bearing the following inscription on each of the sides of the pedestal :—

NAPOLEON I.,
EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH.
THE TWO WORLDS CLAIM FROM YOU THE LIBERTY OF THE SEAS.
FROM THE STREAMLET OF THE LIANE * WILL START THE AVENGING THUNDERBOLTS.†

Thousands of flags were flying from the masts, tops and yards of the numerous ships, the whole length of the quays, and the tricolour waved above the town, from the Right and Left Camps on the summit of the cliffs.

The Emperor drove through the suburb of Brecquerecque amid the acclamations of a dense multitude; and from St. Leonard, till he reached the foot of the cliffs, he passed between a double line of soldiers and sailors who received him with vigorous shouts of "*Vive l'Empereur!*"

A salute of 900 rounds was fired from the forts and from the warships moored in line.

Without wasting a minute, the Emperor rode along the beach with the Prince de Neufchâtel, Prince Eugene, the Ministers of War and of the Navy, Marshal Soult,

* The port of Boulogne was the estuary of the Liane. (Note of translator.)

† "NAPOLEON ier,"
"EMPEROR DES FRANÇAIS."
"Les deux mondes te demandent la liberté des mers.
Du ruisseau de la Liane partiront les Foudres vengeresses."

Admiral Bruix, and a staff of generals. He asked for a boat, and went to inspect the Forts de l'Heurt, du Musoir, de l'Expédition (wooden fort), and La Crèche; and ordered the guns of each fort to be fired, that he might test the range for himself. Then he went into the offing, and ordered the fleet to perform various evolutions in sight of the English.

The Imperial standard immediately became a target for the guns of the enemy's squadron, the shot rained round the Emperor, who nevertheless continued his inspection with the greatest coolness. As he was landing at Fort la Crèche, a shower of grape fell quite near him. When he came ashore he mounted his horse, and galloped up the hill till he reached his pavilion.

The next morning, at seven o'clock, he was already in the roadstead, directing the manœuvres of the fleet. The English division sailed nearer, and seemed disposed to attack the line. Several of the French warships tried to engage in action; but the enemy, who had not been very successful so far in engagements of this nature, decided to return to their stations.

At midday the Emperor returned to the Tour d'Odre, and worked till four o'clock; then he visited in succession the arsenal, the artillery positions, and the various works that were in progress in the harbour, overlooking no detail in connection with them. Nothing escaped him; his ceaseless activity seemed to keep everyone at attention.

On the 21st there was a violent storm, of which I shall speak more fully in the chapter relating to Admiral Bruix. On the 22nd Napoleon was occupied all day in the transaction of business.

On the 23rd the Emperor spent most of his time following the field practice in the First Division camp; on the 24th he held a review on the Plateau d'Odre, which was followed by a reception at his pavilion;

it was attended by M. de la Chaise, prefect of the Pas-de-Calais, and Mgr. de la Tour d'Auvergne, Bishop of Arras, who were admitted to pay their homage to the Emperor.

On the following days the Emperor reviewed the other divisions of the camp and those of the flotilla; he usually started the exercises at six o'clock in the morning, and did not cease till towards five or six o'clock in the evening.

He liked being among the soldiers, and always listened kindly to any of their requests; he would ask them what battles they had fought in, and make inquiries concerning their years of service.

On August 6th he left Boulogne, inspected the coast between Etaples and Dunkirk, and the camps at Montreuil and St. Omer.

The longest stay that Napoleon made at the Boulogne camp was from August 3rd to September 2nd, 1805. It would be easy to devote a whole volume to describing the innumerable and minute inspections made by this indefatigable organiser. For instance: On one day he spent twelve hours consecutively in reviewing 112,000 infantry from all the camps, drawn up in echelons, covering a distance of four leagues, from Alprech Point to Cape Gris-Nez. On another day he reviewed the flotilla, boat by boat; and on the following days he reviewed the soldiers in detail, division by division. He presided over a Grand Council at General Berthier's (Minister of War), at Hesdin l'Abbé. He ordered a general rehearsal of the embarking of all the troops on the boats of the flotilla—the operation took two hours. And Napoleon displayed this unremitting activity up to the very time when cruel disappointments and new complications on the Continent forced him to turn aside from his projected plans, to carry his victorious arms elsewhere.

CHAPTER VII.

NAPOLEON AT LA POTERIE AND WIMILLE.

A Visit to the Loppes—The Royalist Wimillois—Curé Patenaille —The Wimereux Spy—An Original Expedient.

WHEN the Grand Army was encamped at Boulogne, the headquarters were at Pont de Briques or at the Tour d'Odre; but there were other staff centres as well. The first division was encamped at Wicardenne, under the command of St. Hilaire; the second was at Outreau, with General Vandamme; the third at Ambleteuse, under General le Grand; and the fourth, encamped at Wimereux, had its headquarters at Wimille.*

The camp at Wimereux required special attention; first, because the depression in the coast at that part made it a favourable point for possible attack on the part of the enemy; secondly, because the coast formed a natural cove, in which a portion of the fleet was able to shelter. The Emperor therefore one day determined to go and visit the officers at headquarters at Wimille, in order to ascertain what measures had been taken to provide against all eventualities.

After conferring in the little town with Suchet, general in command of the Fourth Division, Napoleon was returning to Boulogne by La Poterie, when he suddenly remembered that he had omitted to give an

* Suchet, General of the Division; Compans and Walhubert, major-generals; Ricard, chief of the staff; Fruchard, artillery commandant; Gaudin and St. Cyr, majors.

order of some urgency, concerning the neighbouring hillock of La Trésorerie, a position of strategic importance, as it commands the high road between Calais and Boulogne, above Wimille. He walked into a house at La Poterie to write the note for immediate despatch.

"Whose house is this, my good people?" he asked, crossing the threshold, for the door was wide open.

"This house belongs to the Loppes," * the woman answered firmly. "And what do you want of them, sir (*mon officier*)?"

The woman had recognised the Emperor perfectly; but she was deeply attached to the late monarchy, and as she looked upon the new Cæsar as an usurper, she mischievously pretended not to know who it was that was addressing her.

"Could you give me the necessary things to write with?" said Napoleon with intentional civility, for he saw at once that his presence was exciting no particular enthusiasm.

"Now, if you would only ask me for a jug of milk, or a dozen eggs, you would have them at once," she answered vivaciously, rummaging about among the shelves of the large cupboard. "But a sheet of paper? There is no sign of such a thing; just see for yourself." And with deft hands she picked up the sheets, placed one over the other, unfolded them, and put them back tidily on the shelf. Then she attacked a pile of towels, which careful ironing had made as stiff as cardboard and as shiny as a mirror; and emphasizing each syllable of her words with a sharp tap of her hand on the board, she exclaimed: "All this is the fault of the Revolution.

* M. Loppe, a farmer at La Poterie, was Mayor of Wimille for forty-seven years. He married Rosalie Delahodde, and died in his little domain at La Poterie, in 1855, aged seventy-eight. His wife, who was born in 1770, came to live at Wimille, when she became a widow, and died, in 1864, at the age of ninety-four.

If it hadn't been for that, you would have had what you wanted long ago."

"I don't quite see the connection."

"Why, of course. Under the pretext that we were not good patriots, according to their notions of patriotism, the official procurators came here three times, and turned everything topsy-turvy in our house, from cellar to garret: staving in old barrels, ripping up bundles of straw, emptying chests, drawers, and cupboards, turning even our very pockets inside out, in hopes of finding some sort of scribbling, I suppose, which would give them an excuse to treat us as suspects. Well, as I didn't know whether it might not occur a fourth time, I have hardly taken the trouble to put things straight; and then, too, for months and months one was asking oneself: 'Is it my father, or my brother, who will be denounced next, and packed off to that committee of assassins at Arras? You can understand that I had other things to do than to think about providing myself with good writing paper."

Just as she was folding some handkerchiefs during her talk, two sheets of paper slipped out and fluttered to the ground close to where Napoleon was sitting. He picked them up instantly, exclaiming: "Ah! that is what we are looking for." And seeing that one of the sheets was clean, he placed it in front of him on the table, and handed the other to Mme. Loppe, remarking that the paper was printed. As she took it she made a movement which did not escape her visitor's notice.

As soon as the Emperor had written and signed his letter, he found he had nothing to close it with. He folded it twice, and asked his hostess to sew it down with a piece of thread, tying it himself afterwards with a double knot. At that moment he caught sight of a yellow wax taper, fastened to the wall near the por-

trait of a young man; it had a piece of braid round it forming a ring. He rose, and deliberately took down the taper. "I think we shall be able to seal with this, for want of something better."

But, quick as a dart, she seized the taper, and drew it hastily away from the Emperor. "No!" she exclaimed, reverently placing it in its former position. "No one must touch that. It is the last taper that burned at the bedside of one of our young relations, before he was taken to the cemetery. The poor boy was taken home, mortally wounded by a bullet. As for the stripe, he earned it fighting as a good Frenchman should do. You see, it is a precious relic for us all."

Then Napoleon looked reverently at the taper to which these memories were attached, and, assuming that fascinating manner of which he was such a consummate master, said, gravely:

"The order contained in this letter is given in the interest of France. Had I made use of that wax, which is a memorial to your family of a touching and glorious action, I should not, believe me, have slighted the memory of the brave man for whom you mourn, and whom I now salute in your presence." And well Napoleon knew how to use expressions of real eloquence, all the more impressive because there was nothing conventional in them; and they were uttered spontaneously with a conviction which sincerity alone can inspire.

No one could resist this influence; it moved, and touched, and captivated even the least susceptible.

Having delivered his order to an officer for immediate transmission, the Emperor, who was interested in what he had already heard, determined to take advantage of the situation by making inquiries concerning the popular feeling in the district. This shrewd woman,

no doubt, would be able to throw a clear light on the subject. Napoleon therefore began: "Our conversation just now appeared to stir up very deep feelings in you. What occurred, then, in your quiet little Wimille?"

Madame Loppe, encouraged by this friendly invitation to converse, was only too ready to say everything she had on her mind. She told the Emperor that the inhabitants of Wimille enjoyed the reputation, in the district, of being hard workers, very religious, peace-loving, and so quiet that, up to that time, there had not been a single public ball in the commune.*

"And you are all irreconcilable Royalists?" asked the Emperor.

"Irreconcilable? Oh! we wish no harm to anyone. We even forgave some bandits who denounced us to the Arras Committee, presided over by Lebon—a strange name, isn't it, for an assassin? Oh, the monster a hundred times over! It is abominable, all the same, the amount of misery that the Revolution caused!"

Continuing her talk, she explained that ever since 1782, Wimille had had the same worthy man, Abbé Cossart, for a mayor, curé, and representative at the National Assembly; and that in 1790 Mgr. Asseline, Bishop of Boulogne, had addressed a pastoral letter to him, as well as to the rest of his clergy.

"But, indeed," she added, "read this paper which you picked up a moment ago; I have a notion that it will tell you much more than any amount of talk would do from an ignorant woman like myself." And so saying, she handed the following letter to the Emperor, of which the author has seen a copy among the archives of the parish, for the curé had his letter of protestation printed in order to distribute it among his parishioners.

* The first village ball was given in Wimille after the Revolution of 1830.

"*Reply of the Curé, Mayor of Wimille, to M. Blanquart de la Barriere, Procurator Syndic of the district of Boulogne.*

"MONSIEUR THE PROCURATOR SYNDIC,—

"I have received, in my capacity of mayor of the parish, your two letters, dated 2nd December, in which you instruct the municipality to notify to me, the other in which you notify to me yourself, on behalf of the directory of the district, that I am forbidden to read in the Church the pastoral instructions of Monseigneur 'ci-devant' Bishop of Boulogne, under penalty of being specially prosecuted; and also that I am to give the municipality an acknowledgment for these letters.

"I send this acknowledgment to you, and I hereby consent not to read in the Church the above-named instructions, not from any fear of the special prosecution with which you threaten me despotically in your letters, but from a desire for peace, from patriotic zeal, from love of the public weal; seeing also that my superior, the Bishop of Boulogne, has not directed me to give this reading, and that it is not absolutely necessary to the religious instruction of my parishioners, who are most of them perfectly well acquainted with the articles of their faith. Your prohibition is impolitic, unconstitutional, illegal, and very much wanting in respect towards a prelate whose wisdom, moderation, and kindness have won him the admiration of the whole of France, and who is described as 'a marvel of the new Constitution.' I do my best to excuse you in the eyes of my parishioners by telling them that, most assuredly, you had no time for reflection before you dictated your letter. Their reply is that 'they cannot forgive you for pursuing with so much rigour the writings of a bishop

so truly apostolic, when at the same time you send them prospectuses of incendiary works, in packages sealed by your orders and forwarded to the municipalities.

"I have the honour to be, monsieur,

"Your very humble and obedient servant,

"COSSART

"(*Curé-Mayor of Wimille, Assistant-deputy at the National Assembly*)."

When Madame Loppe took the paper from the Emperor she added:

"Fortunately, there is now no need to fear a recurrence of the frightful days that I have been through, alas!"

This expression, "there is now no need to fear," made a deep impression on the Emperor. Without being aware of it, probably, she had touched a most sensitive chord, and with these few simple words she secured Napoleon's sympathy, to which her straightforwardness, her dignity, and independence had given her a claim.

It is incumbent on us to try to realise what was Napoleon's state of mind at this period.

After the 18th Brumaire, Bonaparte had announced: "The Revolution is over." In 1802, at the time of the Peace of Amiens, France flattered herself with the hope that the wars of the Revolution were over; the extension of her territory on the Continent had been sanctioned; England had given back the French colonies, and had ceased to cause complications and trouble by restoring Malta to the Knights of St. John and the Cape to the Dutch; lastly, the English aristocracy appeared to have laid aside their traditional animosity. The First Consul himself had hoped, at that time, for a permanent peace. "At Amiens," he afterwards said, "I believed in truth that the fate of

France and of Europe, as well as my own, were fixed. The wars once over, I meant to give myself up entirely to the affairs of France, and I believe I should have worked wonders." *

Would that he had kept to this determination!

But when the rupture of the Peace of Amiens occurred (after the English Government had ordered the seizure of 1,200 French and Dutch ships without declaring war), Bonaparte realised that this renewal of hostilities would upset the whole political system which had been constructed so laboriously, and at so great a price. He therefore wrote to his Minister: "England compels us to conquer the world!"

At any rate, we can understand that Napoleon, foreseeing that he would inevitably be involved in a whole series of warlike enterprises, was glad to learn, from the mouth even of a woman, that the country people, royalists and others, had faith in his power to avert a renewal of internal revolutions.

Instead of taking his departure, therefore, he called a gunner who happened to be passing in front of the Loppes' house, and ordered him to go to headquarters and to address himself to a lieutenant, whom he mentioned by name (we know how fond Napoleon was of proving that he knew even the minor officers personally), and to say that if any of them had a communication to make to the Emperor, they would find him for the moment at La Poterie.

"And what was the effect of the Curé-Mayor's letter in the district, Madame Loppe?" he went on.

"As soon as the Procurator had read it, he flew into a passion, and complained to the Revolutionary Committee. So then the parishioners decided that Monsieur le Curé should leave Wimille secretly (because

* J'aurais enfanté des prodiges.

you know what a denunciation meant in those days), and join his Bishop in Germany. He was provided with a coarse suit of peasant's clothes and a great plough-horse, to the tail of which they tied a foal. Thanks to this ruse, he was able to reach the frontier."

"And then?"

"Then a Cordelier from Boulogne, named Patenaille,* was sent to our parish as constitutional priest. But no one would have anything to say to him; he was shunned as though he were a leper. Priests who had not taken the oath to the Constitution used to come to our houses at night to baptise the children and administer Extreme Unction to the dying; Monsieur l'Abbé Blin, the former curate of Monsieur Cossart, came back to Wimille, and remained in hiding in the neighbourhood. One day, just as he had finished celebrating Mass at the Château de Lozembrune, on the banks of the Wimereux, he was captured and taken to Arras, where he was detained till liberty of worship was restored in France. All this while the intruder Patenaille was left all to himself in church; and when he insisted that the coffins should be carried up to the altar, only the bearers came in with the corpse—the whole family remained outside.† He sent round the men employed in the service of the church to visit his so-called parishioners, but all to no purpose. No one paid any more attention to his civilities than they did to his threats. As you can imagine, it was not very long before Wimille

* The Father Guardian of the Cordeliers, Patenaille, was appointed to the living of Wimille by the Bishop "intruder" Porion.

† In a Memoir written by Achille Delahodde on the Wimille Church there are proofs that Curé Patenaille himself stated at the foot of several death certificates that the family had abstained from entering the Church. There is nothing surprising in this, as we see, for instance, in the Memoirs of d'Auribeau that on the day that Father Poirée, a "sworn" preacher, took possession of the large parish of St. Sulpice in Paris, he only found five or six worshippers in the church, in spite of the pressing invitations to attend that had been sent round in the district.

was denounced to the Boulogne Council as harbouring numerous fanatic 'suspects.' . . . . Twenty-six of the most respectable and worthy old men in the place were arrested and taken to prison, at Boulogne. The oldest of them all, M. Delahodde de Grisendalle, was dragged through the streets on a tumbril, and exposed to the insults of an odious mob, who pelted him with filth from the gutter."

The archives of the Pas-de-Calais, kept at Arras, confirm the foregoing account concerning Curé Patenaille in the following terms:—

"On the 28th Brumaire, Year II., Citizen Claude Patenaille, ci-devant monk of the Order of the Cordeliers and priest of the Catholic faith in Boulogne, was introduced at a meeting of the departmental council * at Boulogne. He laid on the table all the titles he had received from various ecclesiastical orders, and also the document proving his appointment to the living at Wimille, by Bishop Porion, and he declares 'that he willingly sacrifices these title-deeds to the Nation, and is prepared to see them burnt in the presence of the popular Society; and further, that he gives up the stipend he has been receiving from the Nation in his capacity of priest of the Catholic religion.' . . . . The Assembly welcomed this declaration, and the president gave the citizen curé a fraternal embrace."

The preceding document is instructive, inasmuch as it reveals the character and import of the "Civil Constitution of the Clergy," which many consider was brought in merely as a police measure, or as a political safeguard devoid of all anti-religious significance.

And no doubt the formula of the civic oath which was imposed by the decree seemed acceptable enough at first. It ran thus:—

* Conseil Général.

"I swear carefully to watch over the congregations committed to my charge. I swear to be faithful to the Nation, to the law, and to the King. I swear to uphold the French Constitution, with all my might, and especially those decrees relating to the Civil Constitution of the Clergy."

As the Assembly had repeatedly declared that it had no intention of interfering with the spiritual side of the question, we can understand how it was that on the very first day of the adoption of the measure, fifty priests took the oath, and in doing so were persuaded that their action was purely patriotic and meritorious.

But when it became customary later on to exact of priests, in proof of their adherence to the new Constitution, not only the civic oath, but other acts far more serious—such as, for instance, the burning, or tearing up, of ecclesiastical documents which established their claim to priesthood on the late canonical authority—then many of them retracted their former acquiescence. Besides, in the eyes of the congregation the civic oath appeared an apostasy, and as such caused scandal, although in his secret conscience the constitutional priest had no deliberate intention of being "schismatic," as it was termed in Picardy and elsewhere.

However, Patenaille was not really a bad man, for very soon he grew ashamed of his weakness; and giving up the Church—for want of a congregation—he became a clerk in one of the bureaux of the municipality. While earning a precarious livelihood, he had time to reflect and to repent of the scandal he had caused; so much so, that after the signing of the Concordat, he regained the favour of the episcopal authorities and became Dean of Desvres, where his ministry was above all reproach.

In 1802, the former curate of l'Abbé Cossart,

M. Blin, who had devoted himself to his parishioners during the revolutionary ferment, at the risk of his own life, was appointed Curé of Wimille.

As Napoleon was about to leave the house of Madame Loppe to return to Boulogne, there were sounds of great commotion outside, and fierce shouts of "Drown him! Hang him! Death to the traitor!"

The Emperor at once went to the door and saw a mob of peasants, soldiers, and sailors vociferating round an individual, and shaking the life out of him. The man was panting and bathed in perspiration, and seemed only too well aware that a word or movement on his part might provoke a fatal blow from one of his captors.

"Be quiet, all of you, and explain!" exclaimed Napoleon imperiously, moving towards the howling pack. Then, addressing one of the two Chasseurs d'Hautpoul who were escorting the prisoner: "I wish to hear all about this man instantly."

The Chasseur, somewhat disconcerted, related the following:—

"My comrade and I, we were patrolling the district, when we distinctly saw an individual, concealed behind a stone wall and crouching on his heels, spying with a glass various points in succession. We watched him very carefully, and found that it was not the beach that he was spying so attentively, but the new defence works at the entrance of Wimereux harbour, right and left of the Channel. We concealed ourselves as best we could behind a rise in the ground, and were able to follow his strange movements. Shortly afterwards he stood up and walked towards the headquarters at Wimille, repeating this manœuvre twice, and hiding himself, as he went, behind a trench or a heap of stones, and every now and then crouching down as though he

were writing on his knees. All our doubts vanished; this was an English spy, studying our positions and the military works. And we said to each other, I and my comrade, that we must capture him at all costs, dead or alive. We first began by enlisting the services of a few peasants who happened to be working near there, and organised, under their directions, a sort of circular *battue* so as to completely surround him between ourselves and the river, which cut off his retreat towards the north. As soon as he realised that he was discovered, he crawled along the ground behind a hedge to try and escape us; but our measures had been properly taken, and by closing in upon him we very soon had him at our mercy. We aimed at him, and called out to him not to attempt to move, or we should shoot him dead. I was very pleased at our capture, though I was asking myself how we were to get any information out of him, as neither my comrade nor myself, nor any of the peasants, could speak a word of English; and so we were much relieved when we heard our man say, in perfect French and without the slightest accent: 'Well, what is the matter? Can't a man gather camomile in the fields nowadays without running a risk of being shot?'

"'You go and tell that to others,' replied my comrade, seizing him by the collar. 'You are nothing more than an infamous spy, and we have already caught hold of twenty others of your sort between Etaples and Gris-Nez.'

"'I, an Englishman! Why, I hate them more than you do. Here, let me go! Napoleon's soldiers have better things to do than to track out poor devils like myself, who have nothing to be ashamed of.' . . .

"'What do you say?' I said to my comrade. 'Shall we let him go?' And, in truth, I felt rather ashamed

of our mistake, and was quite prepared to release him, when the veteran here cried out, '*Mille tonnerres!* Can't you see that he is humbugging us? What about the spy-glass? Isn't that enough to give him away? Here, search him, and we will soon find him out. Ah, my good man, in spite of your fine talk I think they will soon settle you, with half a dozen bullets to put a little lead in your head.'

"'Here, I have had enough of this. What is all this about a telescope? Search me at once, and you will soon see whether I am lying.' He kept on repeating this with furious persistency. We searched him, but found nothing suspicious about him—a pipe, a purse containing nothing but French coins, a bundle of thick string, and some crusts of dry bread.

"'Now are you satisfied that I am neither an Englishman nor a spy?' he cried out indignantly.

"We were beginning to think that we really had made a mistake, and were just on the point of letting him off, when that woman there, who had joined the little crowd that was beginning to collect, cried out:

"'Don't let him go! I recognise him—I am sure he is a spy.'"

The peasant woman was pushed forward in front of the Emperor, and on his inviting her to speak, she told the following story:—

"I am certain I met this man a few days ago, in the neighbourhood of Portel, where I went with my big boy to gather mussels. On that day he was dressed like a peasant, and carried a big hamper on his back; he was staggering along the road as though his load were very heavy. But as soon as he saw us coming along, he dropped his burden—which turned out to be an empty basket—slipped between the big rocks at the foot of the cliff, and finally disappeared. This seemed

to us so strange that, on meeting some soldiers a little further on, coming from Outreau——"

"Of Vandamme's Division!" interrupted the Emperor.

"We told them what we had seen. They immediately set themselves in pursuit of the stranger, who must have escaped. On another occasion I met the same man quite near here, at the Chapel of Jesus Flagellé, where he was pretending to pray. That day he was dressed as a fine gentleman, and I noticed that he was unfolding a kind of map. As soon as he saw me, he hastened to put it away in his pocket, and made off through the fields; but I recognised him perfectly. That's the fellow; there is no doubt about it!" And she added, in the typical language of the district: "That fellow, my boys, you may all of you kill him like a mad dog; I'd buy the rope myself to hang him with!"

"Scoundrel! bandit!" shouted the peasants, shaking their fists at the wretched man. "Who knows but what he is the man who spiked the howitzer below the signals?" said one. "As for me," said another, "I bet it was he who was staring at the wooden bridge yesterday, meaning to set fire to it, as someone has tried to do several times already." And they were all making the most varied suggestions and accusations, when a child was seen running up, quite out of breath, and brandishing the incriminating spy-glass, which she had found near a blackberry hedge, where the spy had no doubt thrown it as soon as he realised that he was being closely watched. It was impossible to doubt any longer, and before the Emperor could stop them, the peasants made a rush at the man. The garment he still retained was torn by the rough hands that tried to clutch at him. Then, to the astonishment of all, they discovered, between the lining and the material

of his waistcoat, a white leather skin, on which was a topographical map.

"All right; the game is up," muttered the Englishman with the greatest unconcern. "There's twenty guineas gone."

Napoleon bade them be silent with an impatient gesture, and said sharply: "Give me the map."

He examined it carefully, smoothing it out in order to see all the marks and signs inscribed on it. "Everything is down on it," he murmured, trembling with rage. "Everything—even the new battery, which is scarcely finished; even my huts at the Tour d'Odre. The plan is so exact, that I shall keep it. Take the prisoner to General Suchet," he added aloud.

Twenty minutes later, the Emperor reached his quarters, and addressed one of the officers. "Take a sheet of paper and write:

"'Arrest any suspicious-looking individual seen on the roads, in the fields, and especially along the coast. He must be carefully searched, and taken to the nearest headquarters, Calais, Ambleteuse, Outreau, Wicardenne, Tour d'Odre, or Pont-de-Briques, and brought before the general in command, or in default of him the major-general, who will send me a detailed report by special express. At night the posts must be doubled. By order of the Emperor.'"

In a few minutes ten horsemen were riding at full speed in all directions to transmit the orders.

CHAPTER VIII.

MILITARY ESPIONAGE.

The Beautiful English Spy—An Interview at the Pavilion—The English Prisoners—The Intelligence Department: Ruses and Methods—The Cross of the Legion of Honour.

IN spite of all the precautions taken, English spies were constantly slipping into Boulogne. They were given no quarter when they were discovered, and yet some of them were sufficiently daring to brave the police and attend the theatrical performances. On one occasion two small boats, covered with tarred canvas, were found on the beach. They had no doubt been used by some of these spies.

In June, 1804, eight well-dressed Englishmen were arrested, and on being searched it was discovered that they had certain sulphur appliances concealed about their garments, for the purpose of setting fire to the shipping. They were shot within an hour.

On another occasion a schoolmaster, secret agent of Lord Melville and Lord Keith, was found making telegraphic signals with his arms from the top of the cliff and close to the Right Camp. He was instantly arrested, and protested his innocence; but on his papers being searched, it was found that he had been in correspondence with the English. He was court-martialled, and shot the next day.

The feminine element, of course, was not neglected

in the system of espionage by which Bonaparte was surrounded.

One day, a very beautiful young woman presented herself at the Château de Pont-de-Briques, and asked to be admitted, as she had been sent on a very important mission.

She was a fascinating Englishwoman, about twenty-five years old, of engaging manners and well-bred assurance; she had large blue eyes, a small red mouth, a milk-white and pink complexion, and golden hair. Altogether, she was personally charming and alluring, such as the daughters of Great Britain alone can be—as Britons aver, when they wish to excite the jealousy of their European rivals. Her disposition seemed to be a delightful blending of gaiety and sentiment, and none but an ill-bred man could have been guilty of impertinence towards so peerless a creature.

The sequel to the story will explain the meaning of the last remark; and before condemning the alleged impertinence, it is necessary to know the anecdote in all its details.

The elegance and air of refinement which distinguished the lady facilitated her entrance to the château; but as the name she gave was not known, the Emperor sent word that he could not grant an interview without first knowing the object of her visit. Whereupon the lady mentioned the name of some ambassador to whom, she said, she was related, and persisted in asking to be received, declaring that she could confide her business to no one but the Emperor.

The message was taken to the Emperor, who was also told that the fair stranger spoke with a slight British accent, which she vainly tried to conceal.

After a moment's hesitation, Napoleon said: "Tell her that I will see her to-morrow at the Tour d'Odre,

but not here this evening." Then, turning to the officer who had seen the visitor: "What do you think of her?"

"Sire, she looks almost like a Princess."

"Or even like an adventuress—eh? Remember this, young man; there is a Corsican proverb which says, 'A very handsome messenger may bear an ugly message.' Bear that in mind for the future."

Meanwhile, inquiries had been made concerning her, in Boulogne, where she was known to be staying. A summary report drawn up, as a result of these inquiries, described her as a probable spy, whom it was all the more necessary to mistrust as her arrival had been mysterious, and the poverty of her lodgings contrasted strangely with the elegance of her attire; also, some unknown and suspicious-looking individuals had called on the fair traveller, who, in any case, was unaccompanied by any members of her family who might have allayed suspicion. The report added that it would be more prudent to deny her access to the Emperor. As the officers around the Emperor were urging this point, he laughed and exclaimed:

"There is no doubt about it! A price has been set on my head, and I, poor Holophernes, am to fall a victim to this new Judith. The Boulogne camp replaces the camp of the Assyrians at Bethulia, and my head is to be taken from the Tour d'Odre to the Tower of London, and exhibited in a glass case in the New Babylon! Only, Nebuchadnezzar's general had allowed himself to be inebriated by Manasseh's widow."

Among the many subjects that Napoleon had studied, history had always been the one which particularly attracted him; and he constantly made pertinent allusions to historical facts in his writings and conversation. It has even been said that he had had but little other schooling than that of history; and the more we analyse

the psychology of Napoleon, the more we realise the justice of this remark.

The Emperor went on :

" How the English would laugh if they imagined that I was afraid of a girl ! I will see her."

The following day, at the appointed hour, the petitioner presented herself at the pavilion. When admitted to the Emperor's presence, she found him writing at his table. She was moving forward towards his armchair when, without interrupting his occupation or even laying down his pen, he stopped her with a motion of his left hand.

" Pray sit down, madame. I am listening——"

" Mademoiselle," she hastily corrected, in offended tones.

" Very well. I am listening."

" Sire, it is unnecessary for me to express my admiration for——"

" Quite unnecessary, as you say," he interrupted, maintaining a distinctly negative attitude.

" You must first hear who I am," she added, moving her chair noisily, to attract his attention.

" I am waiting for you to inform me on that point."

She then arose, and coming nearer the table, said, softly :

" I don't know whether your Majesty has ever seen me before——"

" Pray remain seated, mademoiselle," and without so much as looking in her direction he pointed to the seat she had just vacated.

At these words she drew herself up resolutely, and restraining herself with difficulty, said :

" Sire, I am surprised at your strange reception of me, since you granted me an interview, and consented to listen——"

"I am listening; and am still awaiting your explanation."

The Emperor's sarcastic speech was also probably accentuated by a certain nervous movement familiar to him, and which consisted, as has been recorded by his valet, in the rapid and frequent raising of his right shoulder; those who did not know him often interpreted this as a sign of disapproval or annoyance.

And then a strange duel began between the vanity of a coquette, exasperated to find that her charms were not only powerless, but totally ignored, and the determination of a great man, who loved to draw a distinction between himself and the ordinary run of mankind, and who persisted all the more in his indifference as his attractive visitor tried to force herself upon his attention.

It was this very intention, on her part, instantly perceived, which prolonged the scene, and turned it into a kind of wager between them. But it was idle to suppose that Napoleon, thus challenged, would ever give in.

It must be added that the Emperor, wishing to prove to his *entourage* that he was perfectly able to retain his *sang-froid* in every assault, whatever its nature, had taken care to leave open the door leading to the rotunda, so that the officers present could hear all that was said, and were able to follow the humorous scene that was taking place in the "Big Box," as they familiarly termed the Imperial pavilion.

"Mademoiselle, I can only give you one minute more," observed the Emperor, who was beginning to ask himself whether the scene would terminate in an outburst; "I am going out riding immediately."

Suddenly she sprang up from her chair, and slipping in the narrow space between the table and window,

she came and stood on the other side of the desk, so as to face the Emperor.

Napoleon, no less obstinate than she, and determined to play his part to the end, kept his eyes fixed on the map; and gradually raising it, with apparent carelessness, held it so as to make a screen between himself and the lady.

The Emperor's intention was so evident that the visitor realised that her little manœuvres had but small chance of success. But unwilling to admit her defeat, she collected herself with admirable adroitness, and said:

"Sire, I was given a letter of introduction, which would, no doubt, have disposed you kindly in my favour; but in my hurry I forgot to bring it. Permit me to retire, and to-morrow, if you will allow me——"

Napoleon, who was only too pleased to accept this surrender, replied:

"Certainly; there will always be some one of my officers to receive you." Then, calling to his aides-de-camp who were in the adjoining room, he added, in tones of perfect courtesy: "Will one of you gentlemen escort Mademoiselle out?"

The lady retired, full of mortification at the thought that Napoleon had never looked at her once during the whole of this strange scene.

As for Napoleon, he was manifestly pleased with his little victory; it had not cost one drop of blood, but only a few tears from a coquette.

The number of English prisoners captured at sea by the privateers and the fleet, as also along the coast, which swarmed with spies, increased so rapidly that it became necessary to organise a regular system with regard to prisoners.

Amongst other orders issued to meet the case were

the regulations of the 10th Thermidor, Year XI., which I have before me as I write. They were issued by Berthier, Minister of War, and Dejean, Chief of Administration, and established a method of universal supervision.

Depôts were created in many district centres, where the prisoners were taken on being captured, and a "review" was held on the arrival of any new batch.

During the first six months the prisoners of war had to answer two calls a day—at eight o'clock in the morning and at four o'clock in the afternoon. During the next six months they were subject to three calls—at six in the morning, at midday, and in the evening. It was assumed that the desire to escape increased with the length of their detention.

If a prisoner was absent from call, he was incarcerated for a period varying from twenty-four hours to eight days, and the term was much longer if there was insubordination as well.

The English officers were not subject to the call, but were on parole to go no farther than a distance of two leagues (Art. VII.). In case of an officer forfeiting his parole, the mayor—or, in a serious case, the Minister of War—was to place him under arrest.

The prisoners of war who had a trade, were allowed to exercise their craft by engaging themselves with any employers (Art. X.). Private people were authorised to retain these men in their houses as workmen, "on condition that they produced them on demand."

They were only allowed to correspond by open letters, sent to the Minister of War for transmission to their destination. Every ten days the mayors went to visit the prisoners, for closer supervision.

In 1804 there were but very few Frenchmen who could speak English, therefore Article 32 provided that "any non-commissioned officer prisoner, knowing how

to speak and write both languages, might be placed in charge of the Register, with the pay of 73 centimes a day for this office."

The product of the prisoners' work was remitted to the commandant of the depôt, to go to the general fund for the supplying of their needs.

The non-commissoned officers and men had one ration of bread per day, distributed every four days.

The prisoners were provided with a blanket and straw mattress for every two men, "if there were any available, belonging to the Republic" (Art. LII.).

Every four months the straw was to be changed, at the rate of 15 kilos per mattress. If there were no mattresses, each individual was given, once a fortnight, 5 kilos of straw, supplied by the forage contractor.

Fuel was paid for out of the general fund, as well as the firing required for cooking purposes.

These regulations were published under the following title :—

RULES AND REGULATIONS

FOR THE POLICE AND THE MANAGEMENT OF DEPÔTS OF THE PRISONERS OF WAR.

The following was the form of the orders for bedding :—

MILITARY DIVISION.

Name of Town .....
English prisoners of war.

Name of Depôt .....
Commanded by .....

ORDER for ..... bundles of straw of 5 kilos each for bedding, for want of a mattress, for ..... prisoner of war.

At..... Date.....

Commandant of the Depôt.

The orders for bread were given in the same form, and represented a ration weighing 7½ kilos.

The prisoners' registers, of which I give a specimen, had to indicate the place where the prisoner had been captured.

Name and surname of prisoners, and of their parents.	Wolf (John), son of Peter Howard and Jane Barron, living at.....
Birthplace and age of prisoner.	Dover—36 years.
Name of ship or corps to which they belonged.	Frigate, *La Seine.*
Rank.	Sub-lieutenant.
Corresponding rank in French Army.	Lieutenant.
Date on which they were made prisoners, and name of place.	20th Thermidor, Year XII., on board, before Dieppe.

Where were the prisoners sent?

As far as possible from the ports, where it would have been easy for them to reach the English ships, that were only too ready to give them shelter.

The author has found an old Call Sheet of English prisoners who were sent to Nancy (Year XI.) from the coasts of the Boulonnais, where it would have been imprudent to keep them.

The principal headings of this Call Sheet are the following :—

CALL SHEETS. 4th Military Division.

To be given by the Commandant of the Depôt to the Commissioner of War at the time of Inspection.

English Prisoner of War.

DEPÔT OF NANCY.

Commanded by Citizen Jean Forget,
Captain of the 75th Semi-brigade of the Line.

Muster-roll of English prisoners at this depôt on 1st Fructidor, Year XII., at the time of the inspection ordered by Citizen Barbier, Commissioner of War.

In another sheet, called the "Balance of the Review of Prisoners," we see that the effective of a single detachment, which arrived at Nancy on 9th Fructidor, Year XI., was "116 English prisoners of war," Nancy being one of the principal depôts for the detention of those captured on the waters or along the coast of the Channel.

The many spies and snares by which Napoleon was constantly surrounded, made him fully alive to the advantage that would accrue to France by organising "an intelligence department"—a polite and discreet phrase, but still sufficiently denoting mere military spying.

We can learn a good deal by reading, in works of foreign authors, the methods employed by commanders to enlighten themselves by means of "military informers."

Colonel Klembowsky, general staff officer in the Russian army, has written a work full of authenticated cases on the subject of these "confidentials," as they are courteously termed in the land of the Tsars.

He writes: "On September 20th, 1797, Bonaparte sent the following order from Penariono to General Dumas: 'Send spies to Gorz, Trieste, and Laubach to discover the names of the cavalry regiments and infantry battalions that are now in those regions. Let them also observe whether works are being carried on in the citadel of Gorz, and whether it is being armed with guns.'"

According to Colonel Klembowsky, spies may be classed in four categories: the voluntary and compelled; the temporary and permanent; the mobile and stationary; and the single and double. This last category requires a little explanation.

The "double agents" are those who serve both parties simultaneously, for the sake of making larger profits. They may be very dangerous, inasmuch as they are constantly tempted to betray one nation to the advantage of her adversary. Besides, the very infamy of their calling makes their communications untrustworthy. The only advantage to be derived from the employment of "double agents" is to use them to give false reports to the enemy.

As for the Germans, it appears that their favourite system is this: to build a factory close to a fort, or some other position of strategic importance, and to fill it with a large staff of Germans; then, while keeping up a strong competition with our trade in time of peace, they explore the country, watch, and take note of the defence works along our frontier, and dispose their own constructions in such a manner that they may instantly be transformed into barracks, reserve stores, or temporary fortifications, on the breaking out of hostilities.

Military spies receive a very high salary in Germany, in conformity with Frederick the Great's advice in his

"Instructions to the Generals": "Bear in mind that a man who, through you, runs a risk of being hanged, deserves a good reward."

The methods of transmitting intelligence are ocular signals and written correspondence, either in cipher or conventional writing.

For instance, a spy may give information by kindling a certain number of fires, laid out according to preconcerted arrangement. This expedient is not easy to adopt in cases when the enemy is near, as it would arouse suspicion. But perhaps in this case the spy could utilise houses seen from a long distance, and cause lights to appear and disappear from the windows; open and close shutters, all of which signals have a meaning for the parties in collusion, and form, sometimes, a complete code.

Again, the spy can convey intelligence to the troops by, for instance, binding branches together, or breaking them off; by burning patches of grass; making chalk or coal marks on trees and walls; or he can do as the Pyrenees smugglers do, place small stones on rocks, trunks of trees, or mounds of earth; the number of stones, and the mode of their arrangement, are as good as an alphabet.

Very often, some written matter which appears insignificant to the uninitiated, has a very special meaning when read in the manner it is meant to be read by the person for whom it is intended.

I must here cite a historical fact which gives a good example of the combinations which can be obtained by this system.

In 1560 the Prince de Condé, who had been imprisoned for taking part in a plot against the Guises and Catherine of Medici, received a strange communication, which began thus:—

"Believe me, Prince, prepare to face death. Indeed, it would ill become you to defend yourself. Those who would compass your destruction, are friends of the State."

There was nothing in the straightforward reading of this letter to arouse suspicion, but when Condé made out the sense of it, according to the instructions of the key, which was perfectly simple, it read thus :—

"Believe me, Prince, prepare to defend yourself."

The second line was to be skipped, and the real meaning was contained in the above sentence.

No doubt Napoleon, in common with all other chiefs, had made use of these useful and despised auxiliaries, the "military informers," from the commencement; but the number of British spies discovered in the Boulonnais was so considerable, that he determined to organise a whole system of secret service, from which he afterwards reaped considerable advantages.

In our time, as soon as a new military work or a strategic road is begun, the staff is at once informed of it, and within a few days the necessary modifications or additions appear in the official maps.

At the time of the First Empire, on the contrary, military geography was very inadequate to the needs of the army, and the very best officers were in want of the technical or local information, which is now common to anyone, thanks to the special publications and to international communications.

Ever since the year 1800, Napoleon had made use of a certain man Schulmeister, who afterwards played an important part, from 1805 to 1809, as appears from many reports in the War—and the National Archives.

The author has read some very interesting accounts * of this extraordinarily clever man, who was a veritable Proteus for his infinite resourcefulness ; he spoke French as perfectly as German ; he could alter his physiognomy as easily as he changed his name ; and he took the name of Burgermeister, or Charles, or M. de Meinau, or Frederick, according as it suited his purpose.

If we read his life, we find him penetrating into camps and following army corps, disguised as a sutler and selling spirits, sausages, or tobacco.

And once, when he was on the point of being captured, he walked straight into a house and made his way up to the very top of the stairs ; there he divested himself of his coat, which he flung into the garret, then rapidly covering half his face in a soap lather, he quietly went downstairs, begging the soldiers who were searching for him to be careful not to knock up against him, for fear of cutting themselves against the razor he had in his hand. And they made room for him to pass.

On another occasion he donned a general's uniform, and exacted military honours from the advanced posts whom he went to inspect audaciously.

The house which he occupied was once surrounded, and he was summoned to open the door. In a few moments he had transformed his appearance so completely, that he could himself admit, with perfect safety, the men who had come to seize him. As there was nothing in him that corresponded to the description which had been given to the agents, they never doubted but that he was the servant.

" Where is your master ? "

" In the room on the first floor," answered Shulmeister, feigning great alarm. " Oh ! don't harm me. I am prepared to tell you everything, if you will only

* " Schulmeister," by Paul Müller.

spare me. I am only a poor servant. Wait till my master is in bed—he is undressing now—and then it will be quite easy for you to seize him. But for Heaven's sake let me get away first, because he swore that if he was caught I should die ! "

And he was given a pass by the very men who had orders to bring him back, dead or alive.

The resources of his imagination were endless. But I must cite one more example. A price had been set on his head, and to elude his pursuers he took refuge in a hospital ; he escaped thence in a coffin, with the help of an attendant whom he had bribed. In other words, he feigned death to save his life—and the trick succeeded admirably.

At the outset of the campaign of 1805, this emissary of Napoleon displayed extraordinary activity, while the Emperor was purposely prolonging his residence in Boulogne in order to conceal his projects.

Indeed, at that time Napoleon was setting in motion a body of 30,000 men to watch the movements of the Austrians—so he said—while in reality he was advancing seven army corps on the Rhine and the Danube. And at the same time that his secret agents were keeping him informed of the enemy's movements " day by day and regiment by regiment," Napoleon wrote to the Minister of Police :—

" Forbid the newspapers to mention the army, any more than if it did not exist."

And this is how it was that the Coalition never fully realised the advance of the French army till the belligerents came into contact, so to speak.

The value of Schulmeister's services was recognised in various documents which are still in existence ; notably in a report addressed to the Prefect of the Lower Rhine,

and which is preserved in the National Archives. It commences in the following manner :—

"MONSIEUR THE COUNCILLOR OF STATE,

"I have the honour of informing you that I have authorised the Prefect of the Police to deliver a passport to Ch. Schulmeister. I hear, through General Savary, that he has been usefully employed with the Grand Army, and that the services he has rendered . . . ." etc.

He was known as "Napoleon's Spy." At all events, Napoleon certainly owed him his life on more than one occasion, and we read in various accounts that he "knew how to reveal at the right moment the conspiracies directed against the Emperor's life."

We know—and Constant mentions it also in his memoirs—that Bonaparte used to say "that he had no time to think about protecting his own life, and that it concerned those who were appointed to take measures for his security."

And one day the First Consul was heard to make the following remark to Fouché, then Minister of the Police :

"You tell me that I am in danger, but it is your business to watch over my safety ; as for me, I cannot and must not be troubled with it."

Though Schulmeister was handsomely rewarded for his services, he never obtained the Cross of the Legion of Honour, the one thing which he coveted above everything else.

One day that he had given proof of more than his ordinary skill, the Emperor, who was in high good humour, said to him : "Come, I can refuse you nothing. What do you want ? "

"Sire," he replied in tones of entreaty, "I beseech you to remember the precious reward you granted at Boulogne to those who had served you faithfully——"

"What! The Cross for you? Oh, no—never!" answered the Emperor. "Money you can have—as much as you want of it; but the Legion of Honour I reserve for my brave fellows."

CHAPTER IX.

ADMIRAL BRUIX IN COMMAND OF THE FLEET.

Appreciation and Biography of Bruix—His Pavilion—Naval Incidents—English Fire-ships and Catamarans—The Attack of October 2-3, 1804, on the Ships of the Line—Memorable Scenes between Bonaparte and Bruix—Parallel between the Two Chiefs—Death of Bruix—The Meaning of the Expression, "Sent to the Admiral."

IF Napoleon valued Admiral Bruix so highly that, in spite of the violent contentions which sometimes arose between them, he had wished to have the Admiral's pavilion close to his own on the Plateau d'Odre, it was because he recognised in him a man of exceptional ability.

The author was fortunate enough to discover in the "Bibliothèque Nationale" various interesting studies and notices concerning Eustache Bruix; and also a personal appreciation of the Admiral, written by Mazière, who was his private secretary as late as 1805. We could not, therefore, quote from a better authority; and we are surprised, at first, to read the biographer's praise of the remarkable kindliness of this man, who yet did not hesitate, when necessary, to withstand Napoleon's masterful spirit with the most superb *sang-froid*.

Allowance must be made, in the following extract, for the literary style of the period.

"You all who were his friends," he writes in 1805, the very year of his death, "mourn above all the loss of

so gentle a soul; your grief will be only too well founded. I knew this man, and loved him with all the strength of a sacred friendship; I had the advantage of sharing all that was most brilliant in his mind, and the privilege of being enlightened by his wisdom. I was the confidential friend of his thoughts, and witnessed his soul's innermost impulses. I have, so to speak, lived in his very consciousness. In our intimate conversations he was as full of kindness as he was keen of wit, and never did greater intellect exist beneath such captivating charm."

The reader will understand, on looking through the following short biographical notice of the great sailor, why it was that Napoleon felt such a strong personal regard for him.

Though descended from a noble family of the Béarn, Eustache Bruix was born far away from the mother country, at St. Domingo, in the Maribaroux quarter, in 1759. He retained all through life an affection for the land of his birth, a sentiment shared by Napoleon with regard to his beloved Corsica. Bonaparte's parents had hoped to make a sailor of their son, while it was the ambition of Bruix's that he should be a brilliant cavalry officer. But Fate had decided for the reverse in both cases.

After going through the elementary schooling which was given to young creoles in those days, young Bruix was sent to school, where he very soon pined for the free life in the open, which he had hitherto led.

Though gifted with a good memory, imagination, and a quick intellect, he spent most of his time in organising games for his school-fellows during playtime; and in school hours he would invent new athletic contests and feats of agility for climbing masts, or boarding ships, etc.

ADMIRAL BRUIX.
Commander of the Fleet.

Young Bonaparte, too, as a schoolboy, took the lead among his fellows, forming barricades and bombarding the rival camp with snowballs—until the time came when he should use cannon-balls on the Continent, or bombshells from the military forges at Ambleteuse. There was another similarity between the characters of the future admiral and the boy Napoleon; both took advantage of the influence they possessed over their fellows to protect the weaker boys, or to take the part of those who might have been too harshly punished by the masters.

When he had been through his course of studies, Bruix had not acquired much knowledge. His family, realising that he was bent on being a sailor, sent him to Brest, where he set to work at last in real earnest.

However, when he was going up for the naval entrance examination, his masters declared that his study of mathematics had been so slight that he could never hope to pass without going through very special preparation. His alleged deficiency in this particular science was so universally believed in, that Professor Besout declined to examine him in this subject. The candidate insisted, saying that he had the right to be examined as well as his comrades, and Besout consented, for the sake, no doubt, of putting this presumptuous lad to confusion. But it was he who was astounded by the clearness of Bruix's definitions and the rapidity of his solutions; for, like Bonaparte, he was particularly gifted with regard to mathematics; if he had taken very little trouble to study them at school, it was because he understood them, as it were, by natural instinct.

Bruix entered the Corps of Marine Guards, and distinguished himself by his learning and also "by clever practical jokes, for he was always the ringleader in any smart trick played at Brest."

His own comrades admitted that Bruix, like Bonaparte, exercised an irresistible fascination over all those he came in contact with. "He was a sort of enchanter," Mazière says of him; and adds that this man of refined and brilliant intellect was impelled more than once "to forget the barbarous vocabulary of the navy in order to clothe his graceful fancies and subtle thoughts in the elegant language of poetry; his verses recalled the careless ease of Chaulieu, and sometimes the ready wit of Voltaire."

So great, indeed, was his reputation for readiness, that his friends would come and ask him for biting epigrams or well-turned madrigals, and were always sure of finding his Muse inexhaustible and attuned to the high pitch required by good taste. In 1782 he wrote an opera called *The Wolf Hunt*.

Bruix was firm in his friendships, and never forgot those who had done him a service. In this respect again he resembled the man with whom we are establishing this comparison. From the day that Bruix was given a command, he determined to put theory into practice in the smallest details. "Very soon there was not one of the ship's boys who could take in a reef, or furl a top-gallant sail, better than he; or run along a yard-arm more nimbly without any support." As a prelude to the good work he was to do later on as an organiser, Bruix wrote an "Elementary Treatise" for the use of those who were preparing to go into the navy.

He had barely receive dhis commission when M. de Suffren thought of including him among the officers ordered out to the Indian campaign, but he was appointed instead to the *Augusta*, commanded by Bougainville. On his return from the expedition, he entered the Naval Academy at Brest. After the peace of 1783 there was nothing for him to do but to join training cruisers.

After this he was given the command of the *Pivert*, a Government ship bound for St. Domingo. But just at this time his health became impaired; he asked for leave and came to Versailles to the house of the Archbishop de Brienne, where he was treated as though he were one of the family.

As soon as he had recovered, he returned to Brest, and was placed in command of the *Semillante* for another expedition to St. Domingo.

The Reign of Terror was at its height when he returned to France; but keeping himself entirely outside politics, he led a very retired life in a small country house near Brest, and wrote a work which attracted Bonaparte's attention at a later period, and probably contributed more than anything else to his appointment as admiral of the Boulogne fleet. This work, dated 1794, was entitled, "On Methods for the Supplying of the Navy." Very few copies of it are now extant, and it is not even to be found in the Bibliothèque Nationale.

The time had now arrived when it was imperative that the French navy should be reorganised, and Admiral Villaret was commissioned to form a squadron.

The Revolution had abolished the galleys, and this, no doubt, was a necessary reform; but the regular navy was reduced to alarming proportions, while a spirit of indiscipline reigned on all the Government ships. Bruix took the command of the *Indomitable*, and enforced his authority in a case of serious mutiny; then, having once given proof of his indomitable will, he displayed so much justice and care for the well-being of his seamen, that he soon gained their implicit obedience, and acquired the affection of the whole crew.

Finally, the Directory, guided by the advice of Hoche, and the feeling that existed among all the naval officers, appointed Bruix Minister of Marine. Brest

was blockaded, at that time, by an English squadron. It is known to everyone how, as vice-admiral of the fleet, he boldly left port for the purpose of thoroughly disconcerting the plans of the English; but the stratagem he employed to baffle the blockading squadron is not so generally known. He purposely allowed a ship to fall into their hands, which had on board, among other documents, a fictitious plan of manœuvres; and the English squadron lay in wait for him on the Irish coast when he had already reached the Mediterranean; his object was to re-victual Genoa. This expedition was cited in the House of Parliament as an act of daring skill which should serve as a warning for the future.

At the time of the 18th Brumaire, Bruix was in Paris. Bonaparte, recognising in him a man of strong determination, confided to him his plans. When the Peace of Amiens was broken, the First Consul, who had given him the command of the squadrons at Rochefort, decided to give him the supreme direction of the Channel Fleet, and in 1803 he was appointed admiral in command.*

Nowadays, fireside tacticians and journalists constituting themselves admirals, like to think that the whole scheme of the flotilla was puerile, and that a consummate seaman like Bruix only countenanced it from mere sycophancy. This would be misrepresenting him absolutely.

Now the following extract will give an idea of the feeling, in 1805, among those who were participators in the events of the time, and could form an opinion of the plans of invasion. "The inestimable advantages attaching to such a conception do not appear to be

* On 7 Messidor, Year IX., Rear-Admiral Latouche-Tréville had already taken the command of the flotilla, and had established his quarters at the Tour d'Odre.

fully realised; many points of utility have been overlooked in this scheme of creating a new army, in the form of a flotilla which, acting as a daily menace to England, constrains her to turn her good commercial men into bad soldiers, to have her coasts bristling with camps, and to suspend to a great extent the work of the nation. It was a stroke of genius on the part of the Emperor, and Bruix has had a share in its execution.*

Meanwhile, in England, the scientists, chemists, and admirals had been appealed to, to discover some means of destroying this alarming host of boats, at all costs. Whereupon they formed the plan of destroying the flotilla by means of fireships and catamarans.

I must enter here into a few technical details in order to make the reader understand the nature of the projected attack. I will say a word, first, concerning the fireships.

A fireship was an old boat, intended to set fire to an enemy's ships. Large quantities of inflammable matter were accumulated between-decks, such as resin, turpentine, saltpetre, and powder.

There were various methods of using fireships. Generally the boat transformed into a sailing fireship was sent to windward of the enemy's ship; in this case, the captain ordered the crew to get into their boat at the last moment, and then set fire to the ship's contents by means of a slow match.

But as, in the case of the flotilla, it meant setting fire to ships at anchor, the English proceeded differently. In order to ensure their fireships coming into contact with their enemy, they so placed their boats that they should drift with the wind and currents in the right direction.

Taught by experience—or, rather, by numerous

* Mazière.

failures—the English gradually perfected their modes of attack; so that in 1807 they were able by this means to set fire to the French squadron anchored in the roadstead at the Island of Aix.

Torpedoes and submarine mines have replaced the old fireships in modern naval warfare.

As for a catamaran, properly speaking, it is a raft used for fishing at sea or crossing the surf on the Coromandel coast. It is made of large pieces of timber, from pine or cocoanut trees, unequal in length, bound together with ropes, and shaping to a point at the fore. But in a special sense, we call catamarans those rafts which were laden with combustibles and directed towards the Boulogne flotilla in 1804. It will interest the reader to have a description of these craft which were perfected by English engineers, and notably by Lord Melville, First Lord of the Admiralty.

These catamarans were large chests, three and a half metres long and one metre wide, pointed at both ends, with no mast, hermetically closed and ballasted in such a way that they floated flush with the water. They were filled with powder and inflammable matter.

The explosion was timed for a certain moment, according to the regulated clockwork, which was set in motion when the catamaran was despatched on its errand. The English Admiralty anticipated much success from these new methods, and the dockyards at Portsmouth were ordered to make large numbers of these fatal chests that rather resembled long coffins.

But the enemy had reckoned without Bruix, the shrewdest of men, who had sailed through the Mediterranean and the Bay of Biscay defying the three squadrons in pursuit; the man who, like Napoleon, had a clear perception of things, who foresaw events; who had, in short, the power of observation.

On one occasion, Bruix was scanning the horizon from his pavilion at nightfall, when his attention was arrested by the position of the English squadron, which was more towards the west than it had been before.

Reasoning by induction, he came to the following conclusion :—

If the enemy take up a position which is less advantageous for themselves, both by reason of the currents and of the possibility of attack, they must have a serious motive in view. Then he told his officers what he surmised. "To-night, gentlemen, I think you will have an opportunity of witnessing a strange demonstration of fireworks, which will not be wanting in interest. Let all the ships moored in line be warned that the enemy intends this night to send fireships and catamarans adrift with the tide and current. In consequence, as many of the boats that can come into the harbour must do so, and the rest must come close in, taking care to leave as much space as possible between the ships; the most able and trustworthy among the seamen will man boats, armed with long poles headed with iron spikes to push off the fireships if necessary; lastly, the tactics to adopt, are a general change of position at the right moment, in order to let those terrible floating machines pass by harmlessly." Bruix's presentiment was realised.

During the night of October 2nd to 3rd, 1804, these incendiary machines were sent adrift through the line formed by the French gunboats; "but as they found nothing to come in contact with, they drifted, till they were stranded on the Boulonnais shore, where they presented a magnificent spectacle of fireworks to the camp and fleet."

After the First Consul himself, Bruix was the man on whose shoulders lay the heaviest responsibility, in

the year 1803. For while the army was commanded by the very ablest generals, no such state of efficiency existed in the navy. It needed reforming; indeed, complete transformation.

Now Bruix, as we have seen, was distinguished by an incomparable spirit of organisation, and by his practical views, often so simple, that everybody wondered why these things had not been thought of before.

And so it was that Napoleon frequently repaired with him to their post of observation, near the Bruix Pavilion, in order to discuss the grave problems which preoccupied them both. The result of this exchange of ideas between the two men was a series of ingenious plans which were to solve, or overcome, their most serious difficulties. The following resolutions were adopted by mutual agreement :—

"That the ammunition be stowed in the holds of the boats, to serve as ballast.

"That the foot-soldiers be taught to row, so that the army can transport itself across the Channel with sail and oar.

"That some thousands of soldiers, chosen from among the more robust, be employed as workmen, to dig out docks and build new quays.

"That the horses be transported in flat-bottomed boats to facilitate their being shipped and landed irrespective of the tide.

"That in the case of large vessels, the animals be hoisted and deposited in the hold by means of the (ship's) yards, so as to dispense with cranes.

"That the timber required for the harbour works, and for certain parts in the construction of boats, be cut from the forests of the Boulonnais, which should be placed at the disposal of the Minister of Marine."

It was in September, 1803, that the First Consul

directed Bruix—then suffering from ill-health—to take up his quarters on the Plateau d'Odre.

This situation commanded a view of the roadstead, the quays, and the docks, both of Capécure and of the Liane, so that Napoleon and the admiral could take in at one glance the whole of the works that were in progress.

As the admiral's temporary dwelling was exposed to all the winds of the compass, greater care was taken to stop up crevices and make it habitable than was expended on the house occupied by the First Consul.

Although Napoleon placed the greatest confidence in Decrès and de Gauteaume, he held Bruix in still higher esteem, because he had discovered in this officer an unusual decision of character allied to an indomitable will. But these very qualities, invaluable to a man in high command, were precisely those which distinguished Napoleon himself. It was inevitable, therefore, that their unyielding tempers should occasionally bring them into collision.

Bonaparte was hasty, violent, and passionate ; Bruix, on the contrary, was calm, deliberate, but none the less determined. Their natures were of the finest metal, though cast in a different mould ; both were inflexible.

The one had keen foresight, the other a ripe judgment ; the first was consumed with restless activity, the second gathered himself together, as it were, and then, suddenly, went straight as a dart towards the object he had in view.

Each resembled the other in this respect : that, having once decided on the course to pursue, he swept aside everything that stood between him and the fulfilment of his purpose, and from that moment was solely occupied with the best means for the safe accomplishment of his plans.

These two men had the greatest regard for each other, but the stubbornness of their disposition gave rise to some memorable scenes, of which we will cite typical examples.

One of these conflicts took place under the following circumstances :—

Bonaparte had just arrived at headquarters at Pont-de-Briques, when the admiral sent him word that

CROÏ FORT AT WIMEREUX, AT THE TIME OF THE FLOTILLA.

a French flotilla, coming from Dunkirk and Ostend, and laden with munitions of war, had been signalled, and that several English ships accompanying a frigate were preparing to bar the entrance to the port of Boulogne. Meanwhile, the order had been given everywhere to clear for action ; the batteries of the Wooden Fort, La Crèche, the Musoir, the Tour Croï, and the Tour d'Odre made preparations to engage ; and the order was signalled to the 250 gunboats moored in line to be ready to open fire. In fact, no less than 500 guns, not including the batteries of the forts, were only

waiting for a signal from the admiral to engage in general action.

While these preparations were being made, the First Consul rode into Boulogne, at full speed, to superintend the defence.

As soon as he had watched the manœuvres of the English cutters, brigs, and frigates, he concluded that an engagement was inevitable, and at once determined to take part in it himself.

Stepping with Bruix into a boat manned by Marine Guards, he insisted on being rowed out as far as the line of ships. At one moment a veritable hail of shot and shell fell round the little boat; and the admiral, feeling that it was only running useless risks to go beyond the Fort de Croï, north of Boulogne, remarked to Bonaparte that it would be wiser to coast along the shore as far as Wimereux, keeping under cover of the coast batteries.

"What should we gain by doubling the fort?" he asked. "Nothing but shots!"

But Bonaparte insisted on going over the whole line, in order to see and be seen; and besides, the mere "fear of projectiles" was not likely to have much weight in inducing him to modify his plans, and to give in. On the contrary! But Bruix remembered that he was in command of the flotilla, and that bravery may become mere bravado when there is peril in it, without profit; he reflected, also, that "when he was at sea he stood on his own ground," as he was fond of saying on occasion. The admiral, therefore, realising the danger, and also the responsibility he would incur in giving way to a whim, gave the sailors a formal order to make for the little port of Wimereux, without doubling Fort Croï.

"Sailors of 'my' Guard," exclaimed Napoleon, "obey the order of your chief!"

"Sailors of the Guard, I forbid you to do so; obey your admiral's orders!"

Every man in the navy was well aware that there was no disobeying Bruix's orders; besides, the tone of his command on this occasion gave no opportunity for hesitation, and the men silently obeyed the order to veer. Whereupon the First Consul went into a fit of violent anger, and loaded the admiral with reproaches. Without answering a word, Bruix allowed the storm to burst, and, confident in his own judgment and experience, kept his eye fixed on the roadstead, awaiting impassively the justification of his conduct of which he felt certain. The boat had hardly turned towards the coast, when a transport that had just doubled the fort in question received a terrific shower of shells, which ripped her open, and sunk her there and then. The evidence was so obvious that there was no necessity for Bruix to find an excuse for his disobedience; and the First Consul, realising that he had been in the wrong, said nothing more: he merely turned his back on the admiral and began to whistle, and in this manner the boat reached the port of Wimereux.

As soon as it touched ground, Bonaparte jumped out briskly, declining the help which the admiral, standing bare-headed, respectfully offered; and walked up the cliff to inspect the batteries, talking familiarly with the soldiers, encouraging them, and bidding them above all, to take careful aim. It was on this occasion that a gunner, who was pointing a piece, said, "Would you like to see, general, how we bring down the bowsprit of a frigate?"

He fired the shot, and the bowsprit fell into the sea, cut in half by the shot. Bonaparte, delighted with this diversion, congratulated the clever marksman and supplemented his praise with a gift of money.

And now I may mention another episode. On July 19th, 1804, the Emperor went to Boulogne, and was received in a manner best described in the following Order of the Day :—

"His Majesty reached Boulogne harbour yesterday afternoon at three o'clock. The moment H.M. appeared on the beach he was saluted by 900 rounds, fired from the ships moored in line, and from all the batteries right and left of the port.

"His Majesty inspected the Fort de l'Heurt, Fort Napoleon, Fort de la Crèche, and Fort Rouge, and was present at the firing practice of the various guns that form the defence.

"Afterwards, H.M. went to the roadstead and boarded the flagship, whence he issued orders to several boats of the first class, to get under weigh, and manœuvre in the open sea, escorted by several of the shallops. His Majesty followed the evolutions of the division in his pinnace. The wind was blowing from the south-west, and there was a heavy swell. The enemy's squadron, composed of two ships-of-the-line, two frigates, three brigs, and one cutter, was under sail, at a distance of two leagues in a W.N.-Westerly direction. This squadron cast anchor at five o'clock.

"On his return into port, H.M. was cheered everywhere with the greatest enthusiasm, and his presence acclaimed, by a vast concourse of people lining the quays, with shouts of 'Long live the Emperor!'

"At 8.30 H.M. drove to his headquarters at Pont-de-Briques. The marshal, commander-in-chief of the camp at St. Omer; the admiral, and the officers of the army and navy had the honour of accompanying H. Majesty on his round of inspection.

"The Chief of the General Staff,

"Imperial Fleet,

"M. LAFOND."

Towards evening there was a gale, and this circumstance led to a dramatic encounter between Napoleon and Bruix. This historical fact is remembered in Boulogne to this day, and is vouched for by a trustworthy witness, who writes :—

"The inhabitants of Boulogne, and the peasants in the surrounding districts, would have laid down their lives willingly for the Emperor. The smallest personal details concerning him were treasured, and became the subject of their conversation. But on one occasion he was unjust, and his conduct gave cause for complaint."

One morning, before setting out on horseback, the Emperor announced his intention of holding a general review of the fleet, and commanded the men-of-war to weigh anchor, as the review would take place in the offing.

Having given orders that everything should be ready on his return at a given hour, he started for his daily ride, accompanied by Roustan. Admiral Bruix was immediately informed of the Emperor's wishes, when he replied, with imperturbable assurance, "that he was very sorry, but the review could not be held on that day."

Every ship, therefore, remained at her station.

The Emperor returned, and on his inquiring whether all preparations were completed, the admiral's answer was reported to him verbatim. The words had to be repeated twice, and the Emperor, who was not in the habit of receiving such messages from a subordinate, ordered the admiral to appear.

Finding, however, that he did not obey the summons with sufficient alacrity, Napoleon sallied forth, and met Bruix half-way from the barracks. His Majesty was accompanied by his staff, who stood in a group behind him. His eyes blazed with passion.

"Admiral," and his voice shook, "why did you not carry out my orders?"

"Sire," replied Bruix with respectful firmness, "a terrible storm is preparing. Your Majesty must see this as well as I do. Surely, you will not risk the lives of so many brave men unnecessarily?"

And, indeed, the wild appearance of the sky and the distant rumbling of thunder clearly showed that the admiral's fears were well grounded.

"Sir," cried the Emperor, more and more incensed, "I gave my orders. Again I ask, why did you not obey them? Their consequence is my affair, and mine only. Obey at once!"

"Sire, I will not obey."

The Emperor stepped towards the admiral, and raised the riding-whip he clenched in his hand.

Bruix stepped back, and laying his hand on his sword-hilt, "Sire," he exclaimed, pale with anger, "take care!"

The bystanders were seized with alarm. The Emperor remained motionless, his arm still raised, his eyes fixed on the admiral, who never stirred. Then, at last, Napoleon flung his whip to the ground, and Bruix released the hilt of his sword, awaiting bare-headed the result of this terrible scene. The two men moved apart, exchanging one long glance which seemed to express: "We must control ourselves; the consequences would be too serious."

In the meantime, and in spite of this scene, Rear-Admiral Magon endeavoured to execute the fatal manœuvre which the Emperor had insisted upon.

But the preparations had barely been completed when the full fury of the gale burst over the fleet. Lightning flashed incessantly across the overladen sky, thunder roared continually, and the wind broke the lines. In

"Sire, I will not obey."

fact, everything happened as the admiral had foreseen, and the ships, driven helplessly before the hurricane, were so dispersed, that the worst fears were entertained for their safety.

Meanwhile, the Emperor was anxiously pacing up and down the beach, with folded arms and bent head, when suddenly terrible cries were heard. Over twenty gun-boats, manned with soldiers and sailors, had gone ashore, and the unfortunate men were struggling against the heavy seas, and shouting for help which no one ventured to give. The Emperor, deeply distressed at the sight, and moved by the lamentations of the crowd that had collected on the beach, was the first to give the example of devotion and courage; in spite of the efforts made to detain him, he stepped into a lifeboat, exclaiming, "Let me alone—let me alone! We must get them out of that!" In an instant the boat was filled with water; huge breakers surged over it, one of which very nearly swept his Majesty overboard, and washed away his hat. Then the officers, soldiers, sailors, and towns-people, inspired by the Emperor's example, jumped into the water, or manned boats, to try and save the drowning men. But few, alas! of the unfortunate crews were saved, and on the following day over two hundred corpses were washed up on the beach, together with the hat of the victor of Marengo.

Day broke over a scene of mourning and desolation; soldiers and inhabitants streamed along the shore, searching anxiously among the bodies that the waves threw up on the beach. The Emperor was greatly affected by the calamity, which he could not but attribute inwardly to his own obstinacy.

Agents were sent into the town and camps to distribute gold, and thereby put a stop to the whispered indignation that was ready to break out openly. "That

same day a drummer, off one of the gunboats, was seen to reach the shore, thanks to his drum, which served as a buoy. The poor fellow's thigh was broken, and he had been in this painful state for twelve hours or more."

Marshal Soult, colonel in command of the Emperor's Guard, sent a report of the event to General Berthier, Minister of War, and writing from Boulogne on July 22nd, 1804, he mentions that "a few men had perished, . . . perhaps fifty altogether." The following is the document :—

"To the Marshal and Minister of War.

"Monsieur,—I have the honour to inform you of an extremely unfortunate event which caused the loss of a few soldiers, and damaged several of the ships. In the afternoon of the 20th July, as the wind was freshening for a gale from the north-east, the ships of the flotilla that were in the roadstead were given the order to come in. Many of the boats were able to execute the manœuvre, but those that were to leeward, and had snapped their fastenings, were compelled to get under weigh and make for Etaples, which port forty-two of them reached in safety; but four gunboats, two shallops, and two caïques were caught by the currents and went ashore. The crews of four of the boats, and their complements, were saved; but unfortunately some of the men on board the last four were drowned, and we fear the disaster has caused the loss of about fifty men. The reports I shall receive will enable me to give you a more exact account of the catastrophe, and to give you the names of a number of brave men who risked their lives to save their drowning comrades.

"His Imperial Majesty himself passed the night on the shore, and in the surf, directing the salvage

operations, and his august presence was of the greatest comfort to the unfortunate men on the wrecks. I have the honour to salute you. "SOULT."

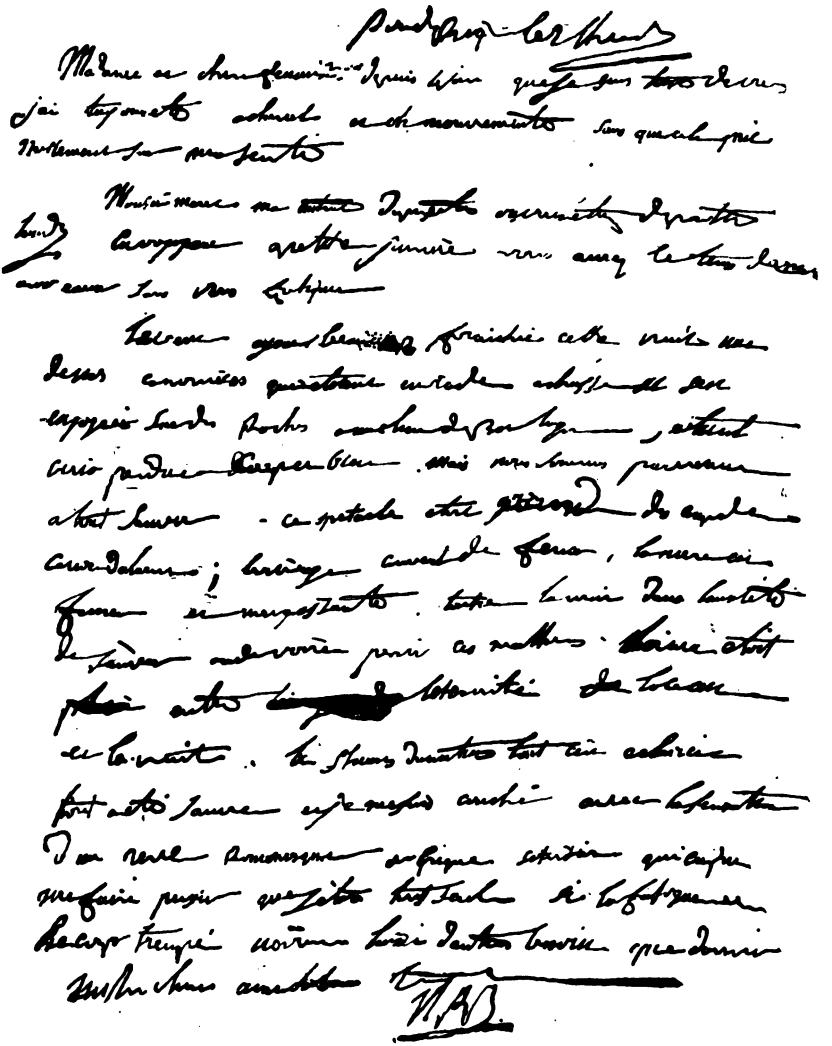
The day after the accident the Emperor addressed a letter to the Empress, which sufficiently betrayed the emotion and nervous excitement under which he was still labouring, and knowing full well that Josephine would guess the real truth between the lines, he wrote :—

"MADAME AND DEAR WIFE,—

"During the four days of my absence from you, I have been on horseback or on the move continuously, but without being any the worse for it in health.

"Monsieur Maret has informed me that you intend leaving on Monday, and if you travel by short stages you will have time to reach the waters without fatiguing yourself.

"The wind freshened to a gale last night, and one of our gunboats in the roadstead dragged her anchors and struck on the rocks, a league from Boulogne. I feared at first that everything was lost, but we managed to save them all. It was a grand and terrible scene : the firing of minute guns, fires lit all along the beach, the sea lashed into fury ; and the night was passed in anxiety as to whether the unfortunate men could be saved, or whether we must stand by and see them perish. The soul was face to face with Eternity, Night, and the Ocean. At five o'clock in the morning everything cleared, all was saved, and I went to bed with the sensation that all this was a romantic and epic dream, and that I alone had been through it all ; but being tired and soaked to the skin, I had no inclination to think of anything but going to sleep."



LETTER WRITTEN BY NAPOLEON TO JOSEPHINE FROM THE BOULOGNE CAMP.

The Emperor was most anxious, naturally, to attenuate the effect produced by the accident, but his enemies were no less anxious to make the very most of it: describing the gale of July 20th as a "great disaster," they were only too ready to charge him with the full responsibility of a decision which was an unfortunate one, certainly, but still, not necessarily fraught with consequences as serious as they made out.

The number of victims was much exaggerated, and the "Annual Register" of 1804, for instance, puts down the number of Frenchmen drowned as 400. The author adds: "Napoleon was thus able to realise that there were other things for him to fear besides English ships and shells when the time came for him to take his huge Armada across the Channel." This allusion to the greatest peril that ever menaced England, and the implied comparison between the projects of Philip of Spain and those of Napoleon, would seem to prove that the Emperor's plan of invasion was not considered altogether chimerical at the time.

Napoleon never referred again to his terrible scene with Bruix, except on one occasion at St. Helena. He was conversing with Bertrand, when he remarked sadly: "Poor Bruix! If all those who were with me then, and after, had been as straightforward and courageous as he, probably I should not be here now."

Bruix's *sang-froid* was proverbial, and he gave many a proof of it during his residence at Boulogne. The incident I am about to relate took place a short time before the First Consul's arrival at Boulogne.

One day (Bonaparte was then at St. Cloud) an urgent message was delivered to the admiral at his pavilion, to the effect that Nelson was approaching at the head of a strong squadron. Bruix had invited his staff and various people from Boulogne to luncheon, and the

guests were having dessert and singing the "passage of Mount St. Bernard, in chorus, when the enemy's movements were reported." Bruix calmly told Rear-Admiral Magon to have the tables brought close up to the window overlooking the roadstead, and declared that it wasn't worth while interrupting the feast. Then, answering the remarks of the rear-admiral, he explained that although he intended remaining in his pavilion, that was no reason for declining the engagement; and he was quite prepared, without moving from where he was, to give battle to the enemy who had come to disturb him so inopportunely. He had scarcely announced this resolution—so characteristic of the man—when the English frigates fired terrible broadsides, which shook the very atmosphere. "Don't disturb your repast for so slight a cause—it is nothing!" said Bruix, smiling at his guests, who were very much alarmed. "Now, then, gentlemen, pass round the champagne. Meanwhile, I must go and give a few orders." And without leaving his pavilion, the admiral signalled his orders to the batteries, and directed the flotilla to manœuvre so effectually, that after a fierce encounter Nelson had to retire, not without sustaining considerable damage. As soon as Bruix saw the English squadron make for the open, he exclaimed "Victory!" and hastened to refill the glasses of his guests, whose singing had been interrupted so unexpectedly by the salvoes of guns and howitzers.

When Bonaparte received a detailed account of the engagement, in a report from Decrès, he did not conceal his displeasure, for nothing could be less in conformity with his own methods than this dangerous spirit of bravado, which might also have a very bad effect on the officers. After reading the report, he exclaimed angrily: "Very good; but it will never do

to suppose that a battle can be won with a glass of champagne in the hand. It is with sword in hand that men in command must give the example to their subordinates." And we all know how the Emperor practised himself the counsels he preached to others, in this respect. It was perhaps only natural that men who were jealous of the favour Bruix enjoyed, should turn these various incidents to account, in order to influence the ministers against him. He felt this deeply, as we may see by the disconsolate letter that follows, and in which poor Bruix—who was at that time very ill, and in great distress of mind—wonders whether he has really entirely lost the Emperor's regard :—

"*To* MONSIEUR DE TALLEYRAND.

"For himself alone.

"ADMIRAL BRUIX,

"BOULOGNE, 13 *Fructidor, Year XII.*

"I cannot despatch my courier without sending you a few lines by the same opportunity; and perhaps the best way of obtaining news of yourself, is to tell you a little about myself. While the Emperor was here, I had much worry and fatigue, and some grief as well. H. Majesty appears to be dissatisfied with my work, and I am not even quite sure of the opinion he may have of my zeal and devotion. This is not surprising, for among the thousand and one things that had to be done here, his attention is only drawn to the few that still require doing; they pass rapidly over all the difficulties which have been surmounted, over the good order that has been established in almost all parts of the Service, etc., and they fix his attention on those which still show signs of neglect and oversight. He is so frequently told that I am weak; that my first object is to be popular; that I relax all discipline,

show too much indulgence, and dispense Government favours and Treasury money freely, in order to attain this end. These things are impressed upon him every day, so artfully and so persistently, that they are bound to influence him in course of time. I am not even certain as to whether they have not tried to make him suspicious of my fidelity, and of my feelings towards himself. I cannot help believing this to be the case, for I have been compelled to dismiss one of my adjutants whom I loved as though he were my son; and all the pledges I gave the Emperor of this officer's honour, innocence, and loyalty, were of no avail to save me from this vexation. And where are the men whose devotion to the Emperor is so much greater than my own, as to give them the power to persuade him that my opinion, my entreaties, and even my oath are not worthy of his consideration? A very little more, and they would have changed the chief of my staff. Ever since this flotilla was first started, the Ministry has worked on the system of surrounding me with men of their own choosing, always trying to deprive me of officers I wished to have, and giving me men I could neither like nor esteem. In this same spirit, also, they are constantly bringing forward General Lacrosse to the Emperor's notice, although they really set very little value on him; but they represent him as being the most excellent of all officers, the one without whom I should be able to do nothing.

"You may judge from all this, my dear Talleyrand, that I am almost heart-broken, and that my position, both for the present and for the future, is most difficult. My health, which was only kept up by strength of will and by the desire to serve the Emperor, is failing rapidly, and perhaps it will be my fate to be appreciated by the Emperor only when I am gone.

"Everyone tells me that the waters of Valençay, and your visit there, have done you much good. May peace of mind and the realisation of all your wishes add to your good health. Be sure that I can never be quite unhappy as long as you are happy. Good-bye. I embrace you with a full heart. "E. BRUIX."

The lung trouble from which Bruix was suffering, soon made alarming progress. On the very day that the admiral left his pavilion at Boulogne to attend the coronation of the Emperor, he was seized with hæmorrhage, and from that time his friends realised that his condition was hopeless.

He never came back to Boulogne, for he was too weak to stand the keen air of the Plateau d'Odre; but on his bed of sickness in Paris, his secretary relates, his mind was always reverting to the modest quarters from which he had so often gazed upon the Channel; and during the last days of his life, "in his wanderings and delirium, he saw nothing but this fleet, which he had so hoped to make into a mighty fighting force; when he was actually dying, he prayed that he might be spared a little longer, in order that his work might be completed."

Bruix died on Ventôse 27th, Year XIII. (March, 1805), at the age of forty-five. France sustained an irreparable loss in the death of her great admiral; and the Emperor, who had never really borne him any malice for having dared to contradict him, felt the loss very keenly. For these illustrious men were both striving for the same ideal, even when they clashed; their aim was identical—the glory of their country.

The army and the navy, and the inhabitants of Boulogne, eager to show every mark of respect for the memory of Admiral Bruix, organised an imposing funeral

service, on April 4th, 1805. The following is a description :—

On that day a gun was fired from hour to hour, from sunrise until ten o'clock in the morning, at which hour the procession was timed to start for church.

The army sent detachments, and each squadron of the flotilla was represented by 100 seamen, bearing swords, and headed by the senior captains of the navy; Rear-Admiral Samary was in command of the naval contingent.

The regulations were, crape on all flags, standards, or ensigns; drums to be covered with black serge; the trumpets with crape, and muffled; the whole of the shipping to be in mourning; the church to be draped in black, the altars to be lighted up, and a Low Mass to be celebrated at each. In fact, everything was done to make the ceremony one of national mourning. A mausoleum occupied the centre of the nave, and was surrounded by candelabra and funeral torches; it consisted of a pedestal resting on three steps; the panels were engraved with inscriptions and allegorical designs. The legend on one panel ran thus: "He was as kind a father as he was a great commander; mourned by his family and his country." On the other side, the inscription read, "He was honoured by the confidence placed in him by his Sovereign, and he died in his service." On the panel to the right, the navy was represented as a woman bowed down with grief, sitting on rocks beneath the shade of a weeping willow, and looking towards the fleet at anchor, and flags at half-mast. Finally, on the fourth panel, was a view of the port of Boulogne, taken from the roadstead, showing, in the front, the line of ships, formed of the various classes of boats which composed the flotilla, with flags at half-mast, and guns firing a salute.

On the pedestal was a sarcophagus draped in crape, and on it were placed a funereal urn, adorned with a wreath of oak and laurel leaves, the Grand Cordon of the Legion of Honour, and the admiral's sword and belt.

Twelve small boys, with the same number of little girls, and four old women, dressed in the uniform of the poorhouse, were grouped as mourners to right and left of the monument; each held a funeral torch. The flags of the flotilla and of the Boulonnais were grouped at the head and foot of the mausoleum, and there was also a black banner, with silver fringe and tassels, bearing the inscription, on one side, "To Admiral Bruix, Grand Officer of the Empire, from the grateful Flotilla"; and on the other side, "Died the 27th Ventôse, Year XIII., in the first year of the reign of Napoleon." The officers of the army and navy expeditionary forces had subscribed towards the expenses of the memorial service, which was celebrated with great pomp. A requiem Mass by Gossec and various compositions by Mozart were performed by a full orchestra, in which the amateurs of the town were invited to join.

Besides the religious ceremony, the navy also erected a monument to the memory of her great commander in the church of St. Nicholas at Boulogne; it was still to be seen as late as the year 1895. Two flags, bearing four golden eagles, stood at each side of the monument, when it was first put up, but these were removed at the time of the Restoration.

Before closing this chapter on Bruix, I must give an explanation of the term "Sent to the Admiral," which constantly occurs in the Orders of the Day, and in the private and official correspondence of the time, and which gave rise to many mistakes and amusing blunders on the part of some people.

To send anyone "to the admiral" was anything

but preparing him for a cordial reception on the part of the commander of the flotilla; it simply meant sending him to prison. There are many proofs of this in the old documents. For instance, among the "Orders of the Day of the National Flotilla" we come across resolutions such as the following: "The Captain of the second class boat No. 34, of the 1st Division, will be deprived of his command and 'sent to the admiral' for four days; after that period, he will be drafted to one of the boats of the flotilla, on his pay, for having refused to obey the chief of his section on a point of duty. (6 Ventôse, Year XII.) Signed, LAFOND, chief of the staff."

The next day the following order was read out to the troops:—

"Whenever any men on board the boats of the flotilla are sent to hospital, suffering from itch, the captains must see that the hammocks, blankets, and any other article belonging to the Republic, which these men have used, be soaked in sea-water; the chief medical officer of the division to which these men belong, will have the aforesaid articles disinfected with sulphur. . . . The chief medical officer of the 5th Division of second-class boats will inspect daily the 'Admiral's Prisons.'"

Again, on the 9th Ventôse, "Citizen Haméle, medical officer on board the first-class boat No. 156 of the 2nd Division, will be 'sent to the admiral' for a period of eight days, and then dismissed the service."

CHAPTER X.

COMPARISON BETWEEN THE ENTERPRISES OF NAPOLEON'S FLOTILLA AND CÆSAR'S FLEET AGAINST BRITAIN.

The Portus Itius and Boulogne Roadstead—Comparison between the Roman Conquest and Napoleon's Scheme of Invasion.

WHY did the First Consul choose the port and roadstead of Boulogne for the concentration of the flotilla?

When the modern Cæsar planned a revival of the Roman Cæsar's successful enterprise in England, it was but natural that he should select for his starting point the very port which had seemed most favourable to the great conqueror's plans,* the same also which Philippe-Auguste had chosen for mustering his force of 1,700 sailing vessels, as a menace to England.

This historical point deserves special notice, since it has been a subject of much discussion among the most distinguished scholars of various epochs.

First of all, we must remember that from a nautical point of view, the existing conditions in the nineteenth century did not differ very materially from those obtaining in Cæsar's time, when the conqueror of Gaul first penetrated into the land of the Morini, and therefore, the comparison between the two enterprises is doubly justified.

Although nineteen centuries had elapsed since Cæsar crossed the Channel with his invading host, time had

* "Quo ex portu commodissimum in Britanniam transmissum esse cognoverat." (Cæsar, Lib. IV.)

but slightly altered the modes of transport across the seas. Napoleon, no better equipped in this respect than Julius Cæsar, had nothing but sailing- and rowing-ships at his command, for the steam navigation was then only in its infancy, and its first trials were very incomplete and wholly insufficient.

The two Cæsars, therefore, were more or less identically situated, and in consequence, the Commentaries became the daily reading of the First Consul, who began at once by studying the conditions of a possible crossing and landing.

What one man had achieved, the other could also, since the gallantry of his army was in no way inferior to the valour of the Roman legions, and since the Boulonnais privateers and seamen had, for generations, displayed as much mature experience as high-spirited intrepidity.

And again, though Napoleon, like Cæsar, had only sailing ships, still, the artillery—taken in the real sense of the word—"ars telorum," with which they were provided, was a material improvement to the armament of the ships.

But was Boulogne really the Portus Itius from which Julius Cæsar's fleet sailed for England?

The author must be permitted to enter into certain details concerning this interesting question.

A distinguished archæologist, who was for many years keeper of the records of Boulogne, Canon Haigneré, devoted much time to the study of the matter I now allude to. I had already read the works of this learned author, but wishing to elucidate various special points, I went to see him in his little house at Waast, and obtained from him the most interesting information on Portus Itius, in particular, as a result of his own careful and conscientious researches.

The notes I took down at the time are all the more precious, since my old friend died but a few days after my visit, and his valuable learning is now lost to his countrymen.

But by recalling my own impressions, and referring to the notes, I am able to reproduce the principal elements of our conversation in the little presbytery of Waast, in September, 1893.

We know that the famous Portus Itius has been located at Ostend, Dunkirk, Gravelines, Calais, Ambleteuse, Wimereux, Etaples, Saint-Valery, and Dieppe; in fact, there is scarcely a port on the Channel that has not claimed the honour of having been chosen by the conqueror of Gaul, some even have gone so far as to suggest Ghent, Bruges, and Saint-Omer! as having been Cæsar's port.

Scaliger asserts that "those who cannot see that only Boulogne could possibly be the real Portus Itius, must be mad," and perhaps he goes a little too far in the warmth of his assertion: "Delirant qui Iccium Portum aliud esse volunt a Navali Bononiensi," but we must remember that, from the sixteenth to the seventeenth century, many other scholars concluded in favour of Boulogne, such as, for instance, Paul Merula, Casaubon, Welser, Bergier, Cluvier, Aubert Le Mire, Bertius and Somner.

Among the Belgians, Father Walstelain and Abbé Manu also came to the same conclusion; while in England Lewin * and John Dougall † have both energetically supported Boulogne's claim.

Besides, was Cæsar's starting point really a port, in our acceptance of the word? By referring to the

* "The Invasion of Britain by Julius Cæsar," 2nd edition, by Thomas Lewin.

† Observations on the Port of Gaul from which Cæsar sailed on his expedition against Britain.

Commentaries, we find the word "portus" used, not "pontus." And a cove, or bay, is not a port; it is for this reason that we do not agree with the opinion expressed by various ingenious archæologists, that Wissant is the historical spot we refer to.

It is true, that in a "Map of Gaul under Julius Cæsar," the Portus Itius, written in full, is marked in the bay of Wissant. But perhaps it is not generally known that this topography of "Gaul under Julius Cæsar" was published in the reign of Napoleon III.

Besides, the commissioners who drew up the map, at the request of the sovereign, merely repeated an error that was based on a dissertation published by M. de Saulcy,* president of the commission, and it is this very work which M. Haigneré strove for many years to refute, in the interests of historical truth.

As a matter of fact, Wissant is the only locality that can contest, with any appearance of probability, the honour of having been Cæsar's port, before it became Napoleon's, in 1803.

The first thing that strikes one, on referring to the Commentaries, is that the place Cæsar chose for embarking his forces was "the shortest passage thence to Britain," "quod inde erat brevissimus in Britanniam trajectus."

Every Latin scholar knows that "brevissimus" means "very short" as well as "most short"; now the point of nearest approach for a fleet is necessarily the nearest point at which it can concentrate, and certainly not the headland that juts out farthest into the sea; and, in fact, as I have already said, it was from a port that Cæsar sailed, for he writes "Labienus was instructed to guard the port." †

* Campaigns of Julius Cæsar.

† Ut portus tueretur.

And of course it would require an important harbour to shelter a fleet of 800 ships.

In Cæsar's time, as at the time of Napoleon, a port was necessary for the collecting of ships, and also for protecting them against storms and the Channel currents; and for this same reason a similar shelter was necessary for landing the army in Britain: accordingly we find Cæsar seeking which would be the most convenient port after the passage.

While Gesoriacum (Boulogne) was already an important and famous port, Wissant, on the contrary, was nothing more than what it is now, a small bay without any protection.

It is true that from the eleventh to the fourteenth century, there was a considerable amount of sea-traffic at Wissant, but in order to judge of Cæsar's enterprise we must only think of what Wissant was at the time of the Roman occupation, and not what it became in the Middle Ages.

Let us add that those who believe the shortest route across the Channel to be the one at right angles to the coasts, forget that this only applies in steam navigation, which enables ships to cut through the strongest currents by means of their powerful machinery.

Then if Gesoriacum,* the ancient name of Boulogne, was really Cæsar's Portus Itius, people may say, how was it that the same town was known by two different names? To this we would reply that Lutetia and

* For several centuries Boulogne was called Gesoriacum. Gesoriac was a small island at the mouth of the Liane, on which was established the seaport which is mentioned by various historians during the first three centuries. Bononia was the Upper Town, the citadel. Eumenius, the last writer who mentioned Gesoriacum, makes use of the term concurrently with that of Bononia to indicate the same town. The map of Poutinger mentions "Gesoriago, quod nunc Bononia," and an anonymous author of the fourth century relates that Constantine the Great came in 306 to "Bononia, which was formerly called Gesoriacum by the Gauls."

Paris were not two different cities. But the question is even simpler than this; Gesoriacum, according to Ptolemy, was the name of the town, and Itius the name of the promontory or cape, which formerly stretched far out into the sea. By degrees, the headland crumbled away with the action of the sea.

And yet there is at Wissant a small entrenchment called Cæsar's Camp.

The eminent Boulonnais, Mariette, once wrote a letter to M. Bouillet, on the subject of this entrenchment, in which he clearly proves that the Roman origin of the so-called Cæsar's Camp at Wissant, is not acceptable in theory. Indeed, how would it have been possible to encamp the 11,000 men of Cæsar's expeditionary force, and the still larger forces of the second expedition, together with 4,000 horses and the military baggage, in fortifications just large enough to protect 500 men ?

And besides, at the time that excavations and researches were made, it was at Boulogne and not at Wissant that many Roman objects were found. The Roman remains, presented by M. Haigneré to the Boulogne Museum, were all found in the immediate surroundings of Boulogne, such as Val St. Martin, Brecquerecque, the banks of the Liane, Capécure and Châtillon, which localities are known to have been occupied by Cæsar's soldiers; while, except for a few insignificant objects, the ancient remains discovered at Wissant only date from the fourteenth century, when the relative prosperity of the little town was at its height. Only quite recently, in May, 1906, two workmen employed in the new dock at Boulogne, found a gold medal, bearing the effigy of Carinus—it is supposed—with the date 183 B.C. It was discovered in the sand.

Another argument taken from Cæsar's text would

prove that the ancestors of the Boulonnais saw the silver eagles of the Roman legions "aquilæ argenteæ," eighteen centuries before Napoleon's golden eagles appeared.

In the Commentaries, the distance is estimated at thirty thousand paces * (circiter millium passuum, xxx). Reckoning by kilometres we find that Wissant was situated about 24,000 Roman paces from the English coast, while Boulogne is 32,000 distant from the nearest English point.

Lastly, there is another argument; if the ancient port of Boulogne is not the Portus Itius, then it must be admitted that Cæsar did not choose the most important port along the coast.

Yet Gesoriacum was looked upon as such, for in the year 83, that is, only shortly before Cæsar's time, Pomponius Mela wrote: "There is no more important port than Gesoriacum." †

The ancient authors state unanimously that there was but "one important port" in the land of the Morini. Polybius and Strabo agree on this point with Pomponius Mela.

Gesoriacum was so undoubtedly the port from which to sail for the British Isles, that Pliny describes it as "portus Morinorum britannicus."

The foregoing details will explain how it was that Napoleon, while at the Château du Pont-de-Briques, studied the Commentaries, which gave him information of the greatest value.

For Cæsar's work informed Napoleon:—

That on the date corresponding to August 26th, B.C.,

* The Roman passus was not merely a pace (gradus), a "passus" included the distance covered by the motion of both legs. The passus, or double pace, was equal to five feet, or 1m48 cent, the result is that 30,000 Roman paces are equal to 44 or 45 kilometres.

† "Nec portu quem Gesoriacum vocant quidquam habet notius."

Cæsar had succeeded in operating in the Channel with a fleet of as many as 800 ships.

That he had found means of carrying war up the Thames (ad flumen Tamicin) though ignorant of the country (ignotis locis).

That, in spite of obstacles of all kinds, he was able to effect the crossing in ten hours.

That the transports, which were heavily laden, took fifteen hours to arrive at the same result.

That in order to surprise the enemy, and to mask his movements as long as possible, Cæsar had set sail at midnight, so as to sight Britain between nine and ten o'clock in the morning.

That, finding the coast of Britain lined with troops on the watch, the conqueror had been compelled to wait till four o'clock before he attempted to land.

That the access had been very much impeded by a system of defence, consisting of sharp stakes fixed into the bed of the river and hidden under water (sub aqua defixæ sudes flumine tegebantur).

Finally, that, as the Roman galleys had too deep a draught to admit of the troops being landed on the beach, the Roman soldiers had been forced to wade up to their shoulders in the water to reach the land, "capite solo ex aqua."

We can understand from this, the reason that Bonaparte and Admiral Bruix attached so much importance to the construction of flat-bottomed boats. The text of "De Bello Gallico," indeed, had taught them what had been the chief difficulty in landing on the foreign shores, "summa difficultas, quod naves propter magnitudinem, nisi in alto constitui non poterant."

But the Commentaries also, and especially, revealed to them that the valour of the Roman legions surmounted

all obstacles, and that after a struggle which lasted but four days, the Britons had to sue for peace.

How natural that Napoleon should dream of accomplishing once, what the great Roman commander had succeeded in performing twice!

CHAPTER XI.

THE FLAT-BOTTOMED BOATS OF THE FLOTILLA AND THE GALLEYS OF FORMER TIMES.

Modern Praams or Galleys—Gunboats and Shallops—Ex-Galley Slaves in Boulogne—Retrospect on the System of Convicts on Board the Galleys—The "Nutshells"—State of Steam Navigation at that Period—Fulton.

THE expedition against England necessitated the employment of such a large number of boats (2,000 were required) that they began by utilising even those that were of special build and purpose, appropriating them to such and such services, as might be required. Shallops, bomb-ships, despatch boats, caïques, fishing sloops, transports, gunboats, praams and sailing packets, were all repaired and fitted out.

Decrès, the Minister of Marine, who had been granted a credit of 400 million by the Government, applied himself especially to the construction of gunboats, flat-bottomed gunboats, shallops, and praams.

I am indebted to the kindness of an expert, M. Clerc-Rampal, for the following notes on the characteristics of the different boats that formed the flotilla.

Praams: flat-bottomed boats, made for beaching, very solidly constructed, with three keels. They were in use before 1805. Dimensions of the praam *Foudroyante*,* for instance: Total length, 35 m. 32; width, 9 m. 67; depth, 2 m. 60; draught, 1 m. 96 light, and

* The model is in the Museum of the Louvre (Room 3).

2 m. 50 when laden. Armament: 20 guns of 36″ in battery, a 12-inch mortar on deck. Hold, capable of accommodating 50 horse, 50 sailors. Artillery worked by army gunners.

Gunboats (model in Museum, Room No. 7).—Small brigs, length 24 m. 70; width, 5 m. 47; depth, 1 m. 70. Twenty-two oars on each side, worked by soldiers. One gun of 24″ or 18″, and one gun of 8″ or 6″.

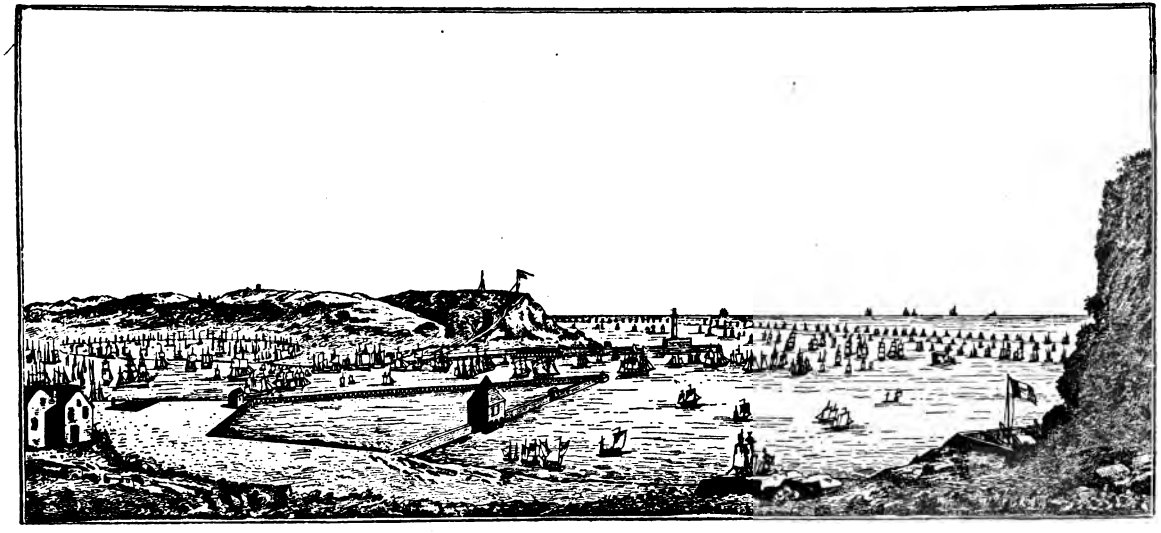
Flat-bottomed Gunboats.—Lugger rigged, 3 guns of 24″ or of 18″, and swivel guns. One lieutenant in command, 3 non-commissioned officers, 15 sailors, 43 soldiers.

Shallops.—Large boats, sometimes clincher-worked, 26 m. long, 4 m. 50 wide, 20 oars. Flat-bottomed, sails like ship's boats. Smaller shallops were 17 m. to 22 m. long, 3 m. to 3 m. 36 wide, with 14 to 18 oars a side. Armament: 12 swivel guns.

Caïques.—They in no way resembled the boats of that name at Constantinople; they were "tartans," with lateen sails, and carried one gun of 4″ and one howitzer of 8″.

All these boats, save the praams and bombships, which already existed, were constructed in various ports from the designs of the engineer, Sané, who was then inspector-general of naval engineers.

We must mention here at once, so as not to return to it again, that the flotilla was never intended to operate alone in Napoleon's scheme; the French squadrons were to take an important part in protecting the flotilla, and making a diversion at an opportune moment; but Bonaparte, of course, was particularly careful to say nothing about this, since his only chance of success lay in taking England by surprise. The flat-bottomed boats were intended to transport to the enemy's country the soldiers who were to fight on land.



BOULOGNE PORT AND FLOTILLA IN 1804.

On July 3rd, 1804, Admiral Bruix formed his squadrons in good order, and they were all numbered and in readiness to sail; 700 boats at Boulogne, 290 at Etaples, 340 at Wimereux, and 437 at Ambleteuse. On the 21st of the same month, when Napoleon contemplated the scene in the port and roadstead of Boulogne, he exclaimed, "We are going to seek a new Salamis in the North Sea!"

Every available boat, therefore, was utilised; but, as we may see from the official correspondence, the especial concern of the commanders was to have flat-bottomed boats, and to employ rowers to facilitate the passage through currents and against the wind. These two requirements were essential by reason of the following considerations.

No deep-draught boats could effect a landing by surprise on any part of the enemy's coast. It was the very size of the ships, according to Cæsar, which was his chief difficulty in landing on the coast of Britain; while, on the other hand, it was entirely owing to the oars that he was able to execute his enterprise.

Cæsar adds that he sailed far beyond the point at which he had intended to land, his fleet being taken by the wind towards the north. And therefore Bonaparte and the Admiralty came to the conclusion that it was essential (1) to have boats that could be beached without any warning; (2) to have oarsmen capable of directing their boats and ensuring their landing on the enemy's shores, in spite of contrary winds and currents.

It seemed necessary, therefore, to make a practical study of the working and organisation of the old galleys; and on this subject, none were better able to give information than the former galley-slaves themselves, not only upon their method of working, but also as to

the advantages and disadvantages in connection with their use.

Accordingly, Napoleon and Bruix were not satisfied with making inquiries of the naval engineers, but personally questioned several convicts, whose long experience placed them in a position to make practical suggestions. One day, several ex-convicts were seen to arrive at the admiral's pavilion; they had been chosen among the more intelligent, and were sent by the Minister of Marine to the two great organisers of the flotilla. At the expiration of their term, these representatives of the system of galley-slaves (then but recently abolished) had become oar-makers (*remolats*), coopers (*boutares*), and skilful carpenters (*maîtres de la hache*).*

Let us reflect, for an instant, over this scene, which is something of a lesson to those among us who care to look into the nature of men. On one side we see Napoleon and Bruix, both illustrious—one as the chief of an army, the other as a seaman—questioning professional galley-slaves, learning from them, consulting them without any false pride, in order to obtain information that might lead to the improvement of the flotilla, to the better fitting up of the modern galleys in the dockyards, and to the saving of labour for the oarsmen. On the other side, these convicts offering information acquired during their period of terrible expiation, in order that they too might serve their country, and add to the glory of the French flag.

There is something touching in the contrast between the two parties, suggesting, as it does, a sentiment of mutual sympathy, inspired by patriotism; for if the chiefs saw nothing derogatory in communicating with these men, it was because the sufferings of galley-slaves, though necessary, certainly called for sympathy.

* Terms used on the galleys.

And it is some comfort to think that, though the galleys were formerly the instruments of punishment, they were also, in some cases, the means of social redemption for the convicts. The life on the galleys was terrible beyond belief, as we may see by various documents of unquestionable authority.

"Life on the galleys is a hell," Captain Barras de la Penne writes in the eighteenth century. "The doleful lamentations of the ship's company, the terrible shouts of the sailors, the horrible howling of the convicts, the creaking of the timbers, mingled with the rattling of chains and the roar of the tempest, produce a feeling akin to terror in the stoutest heart. Lightning, rain, hail—the usual accompaniments of violent storms—and waves dashing spray over the deck, all add to the horror of the situation. Though convicts are not much given to piety as a rule, you would see some of them pray to God, and others make vows to all the saints; while others even attempt to make a sort of pilgrimage along the ship's sides, in spite of the motion of the ship. They would do better not to forget God and His saints the moment danger is past. Calm weather also has its disadvantages. Bad smells then become so overpowering that it is impossible to get away from them, in spite of the quantity of snuff one is obliged to consume from morning till night. On a galley, too, there are always certain little insects that torment the inmates. Flies reign supreme in the daytime, bugs at night, fleas and lice both day and night."

It seems hardly credible that the galley-slaves, from the sixteenth century onward, were always kept chained to their seats; yet this is the fact. "The convicts of the gang on the right were riveted by the left leg, and those of the left gang were chained by the right leg. At least four men had to find room in a space no larger

than 1 m. 25; they placed themselves so that the feet of two men faced in one direction, and those of the other two in the other."

The following is an extract from a narrative by an unfortunate convict, J. Marteille de Bergerac,* who describes, with the exactness of personal experience, the way in which the oars were worked on the State galleys.

"All the convicts are chained in sixes on each bench. The benches are placed at a distance of four feet from each other, and are covered with a sack filled with wool, over which they throw a sheep-skin reaching down to the foot-bench. The overseer, or master, of the gang stands in the stern, near the captain, to take his orders. Two warders are stationed, one amidship, the other in the prow. Each of them is armed with a whip, which is used without pity on the bare backs of the poor wretches. When the captain gives the command to row, the overseer transmits the order with a silver whistle hanging from his neck. This signal is repeated by the warders, and the rowers immediately strike the water all together—fifty oars like one. Imagine six men chained to one bench, one foot on the stretcher, the other raised on the bench in front of them, holding an oar of enormous weight, stretching their bodies towards the stern, and their arms spread out so as to push the oar over the backs of those that are in front of them, and who are in the same attitude; holding their oars thus forward, they raise the end they have in their hands, so as to dip the other in the sea. Then they throw themselves backwards by dropping on to the seat which sways beneath their weight. Sometimes a galley-slave has to row for ten or twelve hours, sometimes even for twenty, at a stretch, without ceasing. The warders, or some of the sailors, come round now and

* Died in 1777 at Culembourg.

then, and put pieces of bread, soaked in wine, into the mouths of the unfortunate rowers to keep them from fainting. Should this happen, the captain shouts to the overseer to flog harder. If a man swoons over his oar (which frequently happens), he is flogged till he is given up for dead, when they fling his body overboard."

At the time of the First Empire, however, it was no longer a question of penalising galley-slaves, but of employing brave men as willing rowers—even the grenadiers, we shall see, were to practise the handling of oars—and therefore the chiefs studied the methods pertaining to the old galleys in order to diminish the hard work, by increasing, as much as possible, the number of oarsmen.

Among the plans under consideration at the Admiralty for the transformation and construction of flotilla boats, the type of the old Greek and Roman one-bank-of-oars galley was especially studied; then the question was raised as to whether the system of boats having a double-bank of oars might not be applied in a certain measure. As for the famous "trirèmes," or galleys with three tiers of oars, of the class that won the battle of Salamis for the Athenians, they undoubtedly had the advantage of great rapidity, but were of too high a freeboard.

The seventeenth-century galley was a vessel of low freeboard, and of great length, in contradistinction to the round, or high freeboard, vessels. It was long and slender in shape, and measured, as a rule, 46 m. from stem to stern, 5 m. 80 in width, with a depth of 2 m. 30. The oars were 12 m. long.

They could carry about 400 men, huddled together, with provisions for two months, and 23 tons of ballast; their draught was not more than one metre. They carried one gun of 36″, two of 8″, two of 4″, and twelve swivel guns fixed on the gunwale.

What with their oars and the sail they carried, the old galleys were very fast-going ships.

Considering what the terrible conditions of life were on the galleys, it is hardly to be wondered at that there were so few voluntary rowers; only the Neapolitans and Spaniards, when pressed by extreme poverty, would ever consent to become "willing oarsmen" (*buonevoglie*). The official number of galley-slaves in December, 1676, amounted only to 4,710.

The insufficiency of this effective, inasmuch as it concerned the strength of the French navy, was a source of anxiety to Colbert, who deplored the indolence of the French magistrates in not keeping up a sufficient supply of convicts.*

And an over-zealous captain, writing in defence of the galleys, excludes all humanity in his excess of blind patriotism: "The moment that clemency is brought into the question, all hope is lost, and navigation by means of rowing is done for."

In 1839 Commodore Napier is known to have said: "Yes, it was horrible, but it had its advantages."

The judges, therefore, were instructed to substitute servitude on the galleys for sentences of death, mutilation, or fine; and they would even press into the service any vagabonds they could lay hands on.

The ordinary diet of convicts was 35 ounces of biscuit, and as much water as they required. The small allowance of meat that was sometimes given them, was salted and generally bad, while the water was brackish. They slept in the open, leaning over their oars or lying between the benches. Once a year they were given a great-coat, a jacket, a cap, two shirts, and two

* In the seventeenth century France was obliged to purchase Turkish slaves for whom she paid 400 to 450 silver "livres" sterling. These men, inured to fatigue, tall, and strongly built, were preferable to all others for occupying the very hardest posts on the galleys.

pairs of drawers. Their heads and beards were generally shaven, but not their moustaches.

The convicts not only had a language of their own, but were prohibited from making use of the ordinary expressions of joy and exclamations sanctioned by popular usage. For instance, if a person of distinction came to visit the galley, the convicts were only allowed to salute him or her with three rounds of "Hou! hou! hou!" shouted in chorus.

Madame de Grignan, having had occasion to visit the royal galleys at Marseilles, alludes to this custom in one of her letters: "I am still quite deaf from the roar of the cannon, and the shouts of 'Hou!' from the galley-slaves."

And Madame de Sevigné * makes the following observation, for which we cannot forgive her: "I should very much like to see that kind of pandemonium . . . men groaning night and day beneath the weight of their chains." And yet the wretched convicts still found some means of amusement in their awful abode. But what amusement!

The author must be forgiven for mentioning this realistic but authentic detail. The convicts, who were covered with vermin, used to collect them and put them into little paper cones, and when a visitor came amongst them they would blow a cloud of these repulsive insects on the stranger.

It must be admitted that, except for a few chance visitors who really took a kindly interest in the fate of these poor creatures, most of those who came to see the galleys were animated by a curiosity very little to their credit.

* It was Mme. de Sevigné who also wrote, in her flippant manner, after Mme. de Brinvilliers was burnt at the stake, "the ashes of her small body were thrown to the winds, so that we actually breathe her!"

Bonaparte had been able to judge, on one particular occasion, of the great advantages offered by the use of the oar in certain naval manœuvres, both for accelerating the movement, and especially for rapid evolution within a small compass.

When on board the *Orient* on his way to Egypt, he was able to ascertain the extraordinary results that could be obtained from this form of navigation—results, unfortunately, too frequently achieved through the merciless use of the quarter-master's lash.

Napoleon, of course, was far from sharing the sentiments of Captain Pantero Pantera, who declared that "the overseer should use his bludgeon as freely as his whistle"; but he reckoned on obtaining the same good results by appealing to the devotion and patriotism of his soldiers.

But we can well imagine how much self-devotion was required on the part of the soldiers to induce them to take the place of those who were still called "galley-birds," since "handling an oar" in those days was equivalent to the more modern treadmill.

Admiral Bruix had recourse to former convicts also, for the purpose of learning something of their language; for many of the boats that were being made to serve for the flotilla, came from far-distant dockyards, and some of the crews of native or local sailors had been purposely retained on board, for the sake of initiating the new members of the crew in the handling proper to each class of ship, as the rigging and sails differed very materially one from another.

But we must return to the scene of the admiral's pavilion, where Napoleon and Bruix were interviewing the ex-galley-slaves. When the meeting was over, the Emperor went out, accompanied by Bruix, and invited the latter to go with their visitors on a round

of inspection to the Capécure dockyards, and also to those on the banks of the Liane. "As for me," he added, "I should not be able to make anything of it all; and as for my soldiers, they would be utterly bewildered."

When we consider for a moment the many complex theories found in treatises on naval construction, if only, say, for the constitution of an oar—namely, the amount of resistance of water against the blade, the man's effort on the handle, the conditions in which the oar is placed, the position of the thole-pin in the row-lock, the form and direction of which can be modified according to the type of construction, etc.—we can well believe that Bruix, shrewd as he was, found means of gaining a great deal of information from his strange companions, amongst whom, by the bye, were two ex-convicts who had formerly occupied a high social position—for intelligence and learning are not incompatible with perversity, it would seem, in certain debased natures.

During the different periods of the concentration on the Boulonnais shores, the number of ships varied considerably. However, we can describe, without going into technical details, the several elements of which the flotilla was composed at different dates.

Thus on January 31st, 1804, the total number of warships for Boulogne and Etaples alone, amounted to 281, together with 290 transports, making a total of 571 ships.*

On August 8th, 1805, Lafond, chief of the staff, compiled another catalogue, from which I quote a few figures in order to give an idea of the composition of the flotilla.

* Estimated by Lafond, Chief of the Staff.

	Boulogne.	*Wimereux.*	*Etaples.*
Praams	14		
Bombships	3		
Packet-boats	9		1
Flat-bottomed gunboats	187	32	36
Gunboats	221	36	108
Corvettes	2	2	
Shallops	239	72	97
Caiques	19		
	694	142	242

Transports at Boulogne alone.

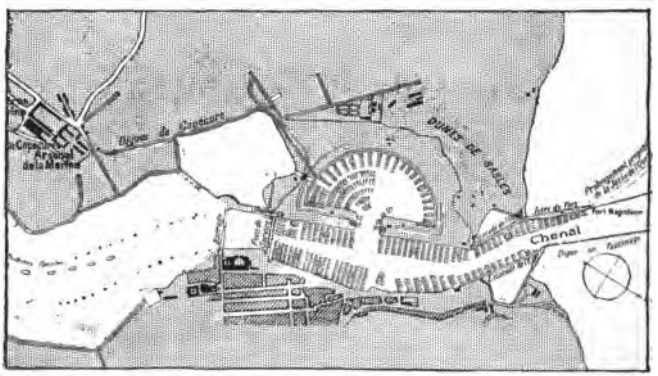
Artillery	36
Remounts	44
Staff and Army baggage	72
Non-classed	23
Newfoundland Boats	73
Whalers	188
	436

Altogether, at that date, there were 1,153 vessels at Boulogne, and according to this catalogue the total number of boats at Boulogne, Ambleteuse, Wimereux, Etaples, Calais, Dunkirk, and Ostend, amounted to 2,343 boats, capable of transporting 167,590 men and 9,149 horses.

No doubt Napoleon's galleys, praams, and flat-bottomed boats were a cause of great anxiety to England, in spite of the material obstacles that stood in the way of the realisation of his threatened invasion; but supposing Napoleon, instead of being limited to his poor little sailing boats, for transporting his incomparable soldiers across the Channel, had had at his command the marvellous resources of steam navigation which

"defies the fury of Eolus and the dangerous currents of Neptune," what might not have been the result?

One evening, after dining at the pavilion with the officers of the different services—which was one of his methods for keeping an eye over the proper execution of his orders—he sent his valet Constant to his other quarters at Pont-de-Briques, to fetch the letters and despatches that were awaiting him there. The errand necessitated a good hour's hard riding, and while waiting



GENERAL PLAN OF THE PORT OF BOULOGNE IN 1805.
(From Map $\frac{\text{LIII}}{79}$ *in the War Office Records.)*

for his messenger's return, Napoleon opened the window and pointed the large telescope in the direction of Dover. After a while he was heard to utter these words in a tone of deep conviction: "Yes; a favourable wind, and thirty-six hours!"

Constant arrived soon after, bringing, together with other packets forwarded by the Minister of the Interior, a large bundle of papers, bearing Fulton's signature on the last sheet. It was a Memoir written by the great engineer, who gave such extraordinary impetus to steam navigation. As his proposals had met, so far,

with nothing but refusal in England, he did not hesitate to make the following offer to Napoleon :—

"SIRE,—

"The sea which separates you from your enemy, gives him immense advantage over you. Wind and storms assist him in turn, and enable him to insult you with impunity, and to defy you from his island, which is at present inaccessible to you. I can remove the obstacles which protect him, and notwithstanding his fleets, I can transport your armies to his territory, at any time, and within a few hours, without having to fear storms or wait for a favourable wind."

The Emperor at once wrote from Boulogne to the Minister of the Interior, M. de Champagny, directing an immediate inquiry into the new system of the inventor :—

"MONSIEUR DE CHAMPAGNY,—

"I have just read Citizen Fulton's proposition, which you have delayed too long in sending me, inasmuch as it is capable of changing the whole face of the world. At all events, I wish you to submit it immediately for examination to a special committee, which you will select from among the different bodies of the Institut. It is there that scientific Europe must look for judges competent to decide this question. A great truth, a palpable, physical truth, is now before my eyes ; it remains for these gentlemen to see it, and to try to grasp it. As soon as their report is drawn up, they will send it to you, and you will forward it to me. Endeavour to get this affair settled within eight days, for I am impatient. And now, M. de Champagny, I pray that God may have you in His safe keeping.

"NAPOLEON.

"*From my Camp at Boulogne, July 21st,* 1804."

Napoleon, therefore, cannot be accused of having failed to recognise the great merit of Fulton's invention. The only mistake he made was in relying too exclusively on the judgment of others in this particular circumstance.

It was also while he was at Boulogne that Napoleon received the deplorable report of the scientific men, who had been commissioned to inquire into Fulton's invention and pronounce a decision as to its worth.

When the question had been under consideration for two months, the commissioners forwarded a statement of their formal opinion. The proposition was unanimously rejected!

Indeed, the inventor was styled a "visionary," and his discovery was looked upon as a "mad scheme," "a gross error," and a "simple absurdity."

There was no going against the decided opinion of a whole body of specialists of such unquestionable authority, without incurring the reproach of being presumptuous oneself.

Napoleon therefore was compelled to give way, owing to the blind and systematic opposition which the scheme had raised. He himself believed, however, that the discovery was not only practical, but full of portent for the future; so much so that, after reading the report, the Emperor remarked, sadly and thoughtfully: "Then I must have read wrongly—or else I was mistaken." Then, tapping his forehead, he added: "And yet Fulton has something in his brain, I will answer for that. Steam-pumps, after all, are nothing more than a motive power produced by steam. The man must be right when he asserts that this force can be used for other things besides raising buckets of water out of a river. Ah!" he added, clenching his hand and getting animated, "I ought to have seen this man before. His discovery

appears to me to be the very thing I want. However, it is no use thinking of it any more."

But the fact remains that we cannot reflect, without bitterness of spirit, on the bold assertion of these scientists, whose advice, perhaps, was really influenced by the fear of honouring an invention which was to make an enemy illustrious. Fulton, it is true, was an American subject, born in Pennsylvania; but as he had offered his services to England first—where, by the bye, he had already introduced several other inventions—he was looked upon, amongst most people, as an Englishman.

If this is so—I mean, if the commissioners were really influenced by such a motive, when they so carelessly set aside the proposed invention—then they showed proof of a very short-sighted patriotism.

For, little more than ten years after they had sent their unfavourable report upon Fulton's offer, the conqueror of Austerlitz, now vanquished at Waterloo, concealing his grief beneath an impassive exterior, was sitting on the deck of the *Northumberland*, on October 17th, 1815, surrounded by braided jailors—that is to say, by English officers, who never let him out of their sight.

It seemed as though they feared the eagle might take flight across the ocean, in spite of broken wings, and soar again over the land of France.

Napoleon was leaning on the fore-part of the vessel, and keenly scanning the horizon to try and discern the rocks of St. Helena—which, Admiral Cockburn had announced that morning, would soon be in sight—when suddenly he saw a long trail of dense smoke pouring out of a sort of "huge chimney."

"What is that?" he asked, fixing his spyglass on the object.

"It is a steamboat," replied the naval lieutenant,

who probably did not realise the effect his words were likely to produce.

"A steamboat!" exclaimed Napoleon, filled with agitation.

"Yes, the *Fulton*," replied the officer, looking through his glasses.

On hearing the name, Napoleon thrilled with excitement, and turning away from a sight that filled him with anger and bitter regrets, merely put his hand up to his eyes, exclaiming: "My God!" Then he walked to the further end of the deck, where he sat down, and bowing his head in his hands, remained immovable for a considerable time.

Recovering himself after a while, his thoughts turned to the shores of Boulogne, where he had given credence to the fatal report of the commissioners, and starting up suddenly, he paced to and fro among the officers, saying, in a tone of agitation: "I had the secret of that invention in my very hands, gentlemen, and if I let it slip, it was because I deferred to the judgment of others, instead of relying upon my own." And looking round once more towards the quarter where the black streak stood out against the blue sky, waving over the white foam left in the ship's wake, he uttered an exclamation in which all the bitterness of his soul was summed up: "Go and put your faith in wiseacres!"

And, indeed, no severe condemnation was ever more justified.

In foreign countries, and even in France, Fulton is looked upon as the inventor of steam navigation. But we must point out that a Frenchman (of Franche-Comté), the Marquis de Jouffroy de la Pompe, had, as early as 1776 navigated a real steamboat on the Doubs river., It was then called a "pyroscaphe," and the

principle on which it was based was originated by Denis Papin.

An official report of the Lyons Academy states that in 1783 Jouffroy made some decisive experiments on the Saône with a steamer 130 feet long, and paddle-wheels 14 feet in diameter. This fact is mentioned merely because there is a point of interest attaching to it that concerns French national history. The report of these experiments bears, among other signatures, the name of Fulton, who happened to be in Lyons just at that time; and besides this, Fulton wrote an autograph letter, in which he honestly acknowledged the claim of French "pyroscaphes" to priority of invention.

It must be well understood that the idea of making use of a multiplicity of little boats—"nutshells," as they were termed in England—for Napoleon's purposes, would have proved an eminently practical scheme if the Admiralty had been able, by anticipating the use that was subsequently made of it, to adopt steam power sufficiently quickly to serve the naval purposes.

The term "nutshells" was also currently used in Paris to indicate the boats of the flotilla, for the Duchesse d'Abrantès says in her Memoirs:

"One day, when Brunet was acting in some play—I forget which—he ate some nuts, and threw the shells into a tub of water, after putting them into shape.

"'What are you doing?' asked the actor, who was following his cue.

"'I am making shallops,' replied the gay Brunet, who had to pay for this cutting facetiousness by being sent to prison for twenty-four hours under some sort of pretext.

"The day after his release, the same play was again performed, and when Brunet came to the rejoinder in the dialogue, over which he had come to grief, he kept

silent. The other actor asked him a second time what he was doing. Receiving no reply, he said to Brunet, with an air of impatience: 'You don't know, I suppose?'

"'Oh, yes, I do,' said Brunet mischievously. 'I know perfectly well what I am doing, only' (lowering his voice), 'I am not going to say.'

"This remark was received with shouts of laughter and applause from the whole house."

CHAPTER XII.

THE OLD PIRATES AND PRIVATEERS AT BOULOGNE.

Difference Between Piracy and the Right of "Giving Chase"—Account of Prizes Captured—The Boulogne Privateers, Cary, Pollet, and Duchenne—Bucaille—Brocant Interviewed by the Emperor—Napoleon and the English Sloop.

THE privateers who carried on their operations in the Channel during the First Republic, the Consulate, and the Empire, played a most important part in the history of the times.

Yet we have no complete record of the remarkable feats that were accomplished during those memorable years by the seafaring men of these regions.

I must enter into a few details concerning these intrepid auxiliaries, who not only helped materially in the organisation of the flotilla, but also served to excite the imagination of the soldiers by accounts of their marvellous exploits.

First we must remember that a privateer is not to be confounded with a pirate. The latter was engaged in a lawless trade, attacking and pillaging indifferently any ship he came across; while the privateer only preyed upon vessels of a nation at war with his own. As he was granted "letters of marque" by the head of the State (or permission to "pursue" the enemy), he was really a regular combatant, a loyal servant of his country, and had a claim upon public favour.

In consequence of their exploits, a number of old

privateers were given important posts in the Royal Navy. It was in this way that Jean Bart, Tourville and Dugay-Trouin, who attained such eminence, had commenced by privateering with their own vessels; and during the First Empire, Surcouf made a great reputation for himself under the same conditions.

That is why the term "pirate," by which the privateers were first known, had formerly an honourable meaning which it has since lost. In the eleventh century the term "pirata" merely indicated a soldier of the sea, and the old English chronicles at the time of William Rufus, allude without the slightest restraint to the "King's pirates."

As for the word "privateer" (corsair), applied to the freebooters of the sea, it seems to have been employed for the first time in a letter by Louis XI., in which he says, "Certain privateer (corsair) galleys of the King of Aragon, our enemy and adversary, were always on the sea in these regions."

In the sixteenth century, Amyot also alludes to the privateers and sea-robbers. At that period, the attacking of an enemy's ships was officially sanctioned by "letters of marque," registered by the Admiralty and recognised by various regulations, notably the one of December 16th, 1689.

At the commencement of the nineteenth century, letters of marque were only granted to Frenchmen of bravery and skill, who could show a record of exceptional services, and on their furnishing caution money to the amount sometimes of 37,000 francs. The length of time for which a license was granted was for six, twelve, eighteen, and twenty-four months.

The ship, once registered under her privateer's name, was not allowed to change it; and the Commissioners of Marine had to ascertain, before allowing

her to leave the port, whether she was solidly built, well-rigged, fast-going, provided with efficient guns, pikes, boarding axes, and, in fact, all the accessories requisite for the purpose for which she was intended. In France, the regulations concerning privateering granted important bounties to those engaged in it. For instance, the privateers received 40 francs for every prisoner captured on a merchant ship, and from 45 to 60 francs for any sailor taken on a man-of-war. On the other hand, a captain could not abandon his prize without being liable to a fine of 100 francs.

For every gun captured the crew received the following gratuities :—110 francs, 160 francs, 200 francs, for a gun of 4 inch calibre, according to the importance of the prize; and a bounty of 160 francs, 250 francs, or 400 francs if the victors brought back a gun of 12″.

Sometimes the captains would ransom their prisoners, if they wished to do so; but in this case they had to give an account of the sum thus obtained to the Commissioners of Marine.

In 1694–5, the English having bombarded the French ports along the Channel—reducing the town of Dieppe almost to ashes and destroying the fortifications of Havre—a regular army of privateers was organised on our coasts. They inflicted so much damage on the English trade that Louis XIV. was compelled, by the terms of the treaty of Utrecht, to destroy the harbour of Dunkirk.

Under the first Republic there was much rivalry between Calais and Boulogne in the matter of capturing British ships in the Channel, whenever they had the chance of doing so. In spite of fireships and the guns of the enemy's corvettes, the "sea-dogs" did not hesitate to run alongside and capture their prizes by boarding them, axe in hand.

At Boulogne-sur-Mer, the deeds of Bucaille—who was rewarded for his bravery by the Emperor—are a matter of tradition ; but we shall speak of him further on.

M. H. Malo, who wrote a learned treatise on the subject, has given some valuable records of the doings of the privateers. We read, for instance, that in the third century Carausius, a "sea-dog," chose Bononia (Boulogne) as his base for opposing the pirates coming from the north. At the time of the Crusades, Guinemer, a Boulogne seafaring man, infested the Mediterranean. At a later period, Eustache le Moine was given seven ships by John Lackland, with which he captured the Channel Islands.

But privateering assumed a far more important character when it became a question of capturing English ships during the siege of Calais by Edward III.

We have seen that the practice was continued up to the nineteenth century.

Shortly before this period, Thurot, a fearless corsair (born in Boulogne in 1727), had performed many feats of daring, and his name was connected with a scheme for a landing in England. A brief account of this man is therefore appropriate. When still quite young, he went on board a privateer, though he had already qualified as an assistant surgeon.

Soon after sailing from Dunkirk, however, he was captured by an English frigate and imprisoned in Portsmouth ; but he did not remain there long, for "within a few days he succeeded in filing through his chain, making his escape, and taking possession of a boat, in which he returned to his beloved native shore." He then became a pilot, but soon afterwards laid aside the tarred coat and red cap, and became a captain.

A graphic description of this corsair was written by the learned Auguste Mariette, grandson of Guillaume

Mariette, lieutenant of the *Belle-Isle*, commanded by Thurot. The following passage is an extract :—

"The privateer Thurot, axe in hand, rushed his brig into the very middle of the convoy; guns roared, musketry rattled, and the formidable brig, bounding over the waves, pursued one ship after another, in the midst of shots and flames, spreading death around, as though a very whirlwind of fire had suddenly arisen from the sea."

When, in 1759, war again broke out between France and England, Thurot was given the command of a small squadron of privateers, and succeeded in capturing so many English ships that, as a reward for his services, the Minister of War, Marshal Belle-Isle, placed him in command of "His Majesty's corvette, *La Friponne*."

Within a space of eight days, he took possession of a fleet of eighteen colliers, and sailed into Christiansand (Norway) with his prize. On leaving the port, he found his course obstructed by twenty ships lying in the offing. He therefore waited till night came on, and not only succeeded in avoiding the enemy, but threw his grapnel on two armed pinks as well.

Thurot acquired such a reputation for heroism and skill, that Louis XV. once expressed a desire to see him.

Accordingly, on his returning to Dunkirk, on December 3rd, 1758, he was immediately summoned to Versailles by the Minister of Marine, who requested him to suggest some means of overcoming England. Thurot submitted a plan for the equipment of 50,000 men, who, by a bold stroke, were to effect a landing in England, and sack the principal towns along the coast.

It was this scheme that Napoleon, in his turn, hoped to accomplish.

On being introduced at Versailles, Thurot was "so

much the courtier, that all the little marchionesses swore by the invincible corsair."

As many as ninety-five different privateer captains, native of Boulogne, are recorded by name between 1789 and 1815.

A Memoir, written in the tenth year of the Republic by Masclet, the first Sub-Prefect of Boulogne, gives interesting information on the subject:—

"Memorandum of ships fitted out as privateers in the port of Boulogne from September 23rd, 1795, to May 21st, 1801. Number of privateers, 154; effective of the crews, 5,800; prizes captured, 202; gross value of prizes, 12,928,745 francs; prisoners taken, 1,967; privateers captured by the enemy, 16; men killed or taken prisoners by the enemy, 755; cost of armaments, 3,500,000 francs."

The usual armament of a privateer, even in 1809, consisted of 14 guns, 76 cannon balls, 10 canister shot, 40 muskets, 15 pistols, 7 blunderbusses, 30 sabres, 120 pounds of bullets.

As the allotment of bounties was proportioned to the number of guns carried, the privateers were in the habit of shipping more of them than was necessary. In order to put a stop to this abuse, the prefect of the first maritime district enacted a bye-law in August, 1808.

The reader may remember that privateering was abolished by the Treaty of Paris in 1856, and mercantile shipping is now safe, therefore, under cover of the flag—with the exception, of course, of contraband of war. Nearly every nation of the Old and New Worlds subscribed to these conditions, saving Spain, Mexico, and the United States.

The author from whom I have quoted, however, observes that there would be nothing to prevent England from repudiating the treaty—if it were in her interest to do so—Lord Derby having once made a significant

remark to the effect that "the Act of 1856 had not been ratified either by the Crown or the Government."

But from the very fact of England possessing such an immense number of mercantile ships, it is manifest that she would be the first to suffer by the re-establishment of privateering.

The reader can form some idea of the consequences that might occur from a return to privateering, by noting the fact that during the American War of Secession, the *Sumter* and *Alabama* captured, within a period of seven months, the one eighteen and the other sixty-two prizes, of which the hulls alone were worth twenty-five millions.

We need not be surprised at these figures, for in the period that elapsed between 1793 and 1815, the French privateers alone captured 10,800 English trading vessels, of which nearly 1,000 were taken in the year 1797, in the Channel waters.

The term privateer did not apply solely to the seamen who were engaged in this mode of warfare; it was also used to denote the boats fitted out for this particular purpose, which the State considered it expedient to utilise in the national interests, instead of leaving them to engage in private enterprise. On February 25th, 1798, the Minister of Marine issued the following circular:—

"It is a matter of the greatest urgency to accelerate, by every possible means, the fitting out of all the warships and transports intended for the expedition against England.

"You have already received orders to hasten the levying of sailors. . . . . As it is to be feared, however, that the seafaring men, led by a thirst of gain, will serve on board privateers for preference . . . the executive Directory have decided to lay an immediate embargo on all such vessels now in the different ports, and on all which may return to

port. In consequence of this order, you will be good enough, on receipt of this letter, to give notice to all shipowners, that they must deliver up the letters of marque granted to them for their privateers. With regard to their respective crews, you will ship them at once on board the State vessels."

BOULOGNE PRIVATEER OF 26 GUNS, RECAPTURED FROM THE ENGLISH BY BUCAILLE.

On March 7th, another circular was issued respecting the men off the privateers, whose services the Minister was most anxious to secure, as he considered them "the best of sailors."

"It is the intention of the Directory that all French sailors, coming from the privateers . . . should be retained in the service of the Republic."

By glancing at the accompanying illustration of a

privateer, the reader will observe that these were by no means so hideous as they are often described in romances, but very pretty boats sometimes.

A model of the *Ruse*, a Boulogne privateer rigged as a lugger, can be seen in the "Musée Industriel" at Boulogne; it was constructed from an engraving, dated 1806, belonging to M. Charles Bellet.

The speed of a privateer, rigged as a lugger, was much the same as that of a frigate ship-rigged; she could sail on an average eight to nine knots, and was more rapidly handled than a frigate. When the privateer was chased by a frigate, she tacked and sailed as near the wind as possible, at an angle of 39° to 40°; while the frigate was obliged to make an angle of 66°. This enabled the privateer to gain time and escape.

The following accounts, taken from ships' logs, will give a very good idea of the manner in which the privateers operated:—

"At the beginning of January, 1797, a Boulogne privateer, *l'Unité*, a large coasting lugger of six guns of 4," commanded by Captain Cary, was steering her course from the English coast towards Boulogne, with a sloop in tow, captured the day before, when she sighted an English ship bearing down upon her with all sails set. It was the *Swan*, a revenue cutter, of 14 caronades, and a numerous crew. Captain Cary, recognising the inequality of strength, abandoned his prize and sheered off; but he soon realised that he had no chance of escaping. The cutter followed rapidly, and hoping to retard her progress, Cary tacked towards her, and ordered the gunners to point at the masts. The cutter was still gaining on him rapidly when the engagement began, and for three hours the two ships fired from alongside. The situation had now reached a critical point, when Captain Cary, addressing his men, exclaimed:—

"'We have no middle course, boys; choose either to board the Englishman, or rot in the pontoons.'

"'Board her! Board her!' the crew shouted to a man.

"A turn of the helm brought the *Unité* alongside; the Frenchmen, armed with axes and sabres, sprang on board and slaughtered every man they came upon. A furious *mêlée* raged on deck: the English captain fell with six of his men. Our sailors made such a vigorous onslaught that the English crew surrendered. Finally, Captain Cary ordered the rigging and torn sails to be repaired, and made for Havre, which he reached on the following day with his prize."

The Directory sent him an Axe of Honour for this brilliant exploit.

The following is another narrative taken from the ship's log:—

"The privateer *Le Wimereux* was at anchor (on the 15th Nivôse, XIII.) near the coast of St. Valery-en-Caux, when a powerful English sloop and a lugger sailed past, keeping the coast so close aboard that they took cognisance of the French ship. It was a dark night, and the English were able to come quite close to the privateer without being seen. Captain Pollet, commanding the *Wimereux*, was still on deck. He hailed the ship as soon as he sighted her. The reply was sent in perfect French: 'Dieppe fisherman!' 'Come on, to avoid my sending aboard!' Without vouchsafing an answer, the English sloop advanced on the privateer, and suddenly a sentry discovered two shallops doing the same. 'To arms! To arms!' shouted the captain. . . . The sailors, starting from their sleep, leapt out of their hammocks and rushed on deck. The English crew were all at their posts, their grapnel was fastened to the privateer, while the two shallops boarded her fore and aft. The stubborn and sanguinary fight which ensued lasted for nearly an hour, when the English were swept from the decks, and the survivors put off in their boats. One of the boats, struck by grape shot, sank near the privateer; the other managed to escape with a few men only. Finally, the sloop

remained in the hands of the Frenchmen. The second lieutenant C. Dalyel, (*sic*) who had led the attack, was among the prisoners; he had been in the thickest of the fight all through, and had received twenty-three wounds."

Napoleon lost no time in rewarding the brave men who had distinguished themselves in this engagement, and later on Captain Pollet was awarded the Cross of the Legion of Honour.

MM. Duchenne and Carbonnier have written an interesting work, in which the following anecdote is mentioned, in connection with J. P. Antoine Duchenne, a true-bred sailor, born in Boulogne, 1767, who distinguished himself first as a privateer:—

"Duchenne was playing cards, one afternoon, in company with Bucaille and other privateers. . . . The conversation having turned on the different breeds of sheep, Duchenne declared that he preferred English mutton to any other. 'If that is the case,' said Bucaille, 'we must manage to get some. You will have to see to it, Duchenne.'"

Duchenne required no pressing, but put to sea that very evening; he effected a landing on the English coast, and was just in the act of driving on board a small flock of sheep, which he had come upon near the shore, when he was assailed by coastguards. Duchenne fought so well that the coastguards had to surrender, and he brought them to Boulogne, as well as the sheep, to the great delight of Bucaille and the other privateers.

Privateering was Duchenne's only occupation up to 9th Ventôse, XII., when he was appointed lieutenant in the navy. Napoleon gave him the rank of Chevalier, and awarded him the Cross of the Legion of Honour, on August 16th, 1804.

The famous privateer known under the name of Baron Bucaille is still remembered at Boulogne. His

name was not really Bucaille, and his claim to the title of Baron has been contested; but, nevertheless, popular tradition had always given him this title, and always will, as a sign of distinction among the other privateers who had made a name for themselves during the Revolution and the Empire.

Bucaille was born in 1764, and took service on board a privateer on February 6th, 1793; but on the 20th of the same month the ship was captured by the English, and Bucaille remained a prisoner till the following July. After his release he went on board the *Souffleur* as mate, where his profits in prize-money soon became sufficient to enable him to take a wife. In December, 1794, he married Marie Jacqueline Delpierre, and when called upon to sign the contract at the Mairie was obliged to declare his inability to write.

But, at any rate, he could fight! and he proved this in such a manner as to gain the entire confidence of crews and shipowners. He contributed more than anyone else to the new tactics introduced by the Boulogne privateers, which were—to keep out of sight and touch of the enemy, while taking every opportunity of capturing his ships by surprise.

For this purpose, privateering boats were built not so much for defence as for sharp attack; they were made for fast sailing, and their movements were so rapid that they fell like birds of prey upon their victims, bewildering them by the boldness and suddenness of their attack. These new boats were made especially for boarding, and were built low, so as to offer less mark for the enemy's guns.

As Bucaille had greatly distinguished himself on several occasions, he was given the command of a privateer, the *Furet*, in 1796, and of the *Enjoleur* in 1797.

After this, the "sea-dog" became port officer at

Havre in 1798, and occupied a similar post at Boulogne for a period of several weeks in 1803–4. But he returned to privateering on the *Adolphe* in January, 1804, and by April 16th had already captured six important prizes. Owing to his exploits, he was made a Chevalier of the Legion of Honour in February, 1804.

He was again appointed port officer of Boulogne in July, 1804, at the time that the flotilla was being organised, and the quays were lined with the largest number of ships that had ever been gathered there. Bucaille rendered most valuable services; but his old seafaring life had so much attraction for him that he returned to it.

This is the last entry in his register :—

"Captain of the privateer *l'Etoile*, at sea in war time, engaged in action with the English cutter *Argus*, which surrendered September 18th, 1806."

Bucaille was a sailor of the same stamp as Dugay-Trouin and Jean-Bart. When he came ashore, he was out of his element; he was only happy at sea, and was passionately fond of storms, the boarding of ships, and the rattling of grape shot.

He was never taught arithmetic, but could do the most complicated sums from memory when, on returning to port, he had to give an account of the prizes made and of the shares due to his crew.

The number of prizes he brought into Boulogne amounted to ninety-nine, independently of those he took into other ports.

When off his ship, the kindness, gentleness, and honesty he displayed were only equal to the fearlessness he showed in his naval actions. He died in Boulogne on January 10th, 1848, in a house in the Rue de l'Ecu.

The Emperor consulted the privateers just as he

asked the opinion of any specialist whom he thought capable of giving him practical information; as, for instance, Captain Broquant, who was summoned by Napoleon to his pavilion. I am indebted to M. Bénard, Broquant's great-grandson, for the following extract from the captain's Memoirs concerning this episode:—

"Privateer Broquant's interview with Napoleon:

"M. Coquet, port officer of Boulogne, came to inform me that the Emperor wished to see me; and, in obedience to orders, I was obliged to go at once to the Baraque at the Tour d'Odre. I had no time even to change my clothes, though I begged for permission to do so, since I was most unsuitably dressed for appearing before so great a man; but the orders were positive—I was compelled to go immediately. When I arrived, he made me take a seat near the armchair he was occupying, and said at once: 'I have made inquiries about you, and was informed that you had a special knowledge of the sea in these parts, and the passage across the Straits, as well as of the English coast.'

"Then he asked some details concerning the sand-banks to be avoided. I explained to him the means to adopt for the Rembret shoal, and the others that seem most dangerous. . . . I told him that in order to land easily, it was necessary to choose high tide at the turn, because in that manner the boats could go over the shoals and be beached on dry land."

Napoleon then asked the privateer's opinion on the best means of avoiding the English division that was then in sight of Boulogne, and received the following original reply:—

"Sire, if you choose the right moment, you can shut it up under lock and key, and put the key in your pocket."

"At these words," Broquant adds in his Memoirs, "the Emperor gave a start that frightened me; he thought I was joking. Whereupon he said, addressing me as 'thou' for the first time, 'Art thou joking?' I assured him that I would never dare take such a liberty with my Emperor, and that I would explain my meaning. He at once gave

orders to his valet to bid everybody retire, and to let no one enter even in the room adjoining, for he wished to be absolutely alone with me in order to acquaint himself with the plan I had to communicate."

The captain gave a lengthy exposition of his theories, the result of his personal experience, pointing out the favourable winds and the conditions under which the enemy's division would be forced to take shelter in English ports and roadsteads, because of the peril there would be for the ships out at sea; he also impressed on the Emperor the valuable services that might be rendered by the privateers in the execution of his schemes.

"When I had finished explaining my views," writes Broquant, "the Emperor said: 'Do you know that we have been talking quite a long time?' and looking at his watch, he found that the conversation had lasted for an hour and twenty-three minutes. 'I am very glad of your information,' he added; 'I shall want you again.' Then he took my hand, and calling to Captain Bihart, he said to him, 'See M. Broquant home.' That was how we parted . . . and the Emperor shook me again by the hand."

This gallant sailor was no stranger to Napoleon, even before the interview related above, for in the *Gazette de France* of February 12th, 1804, is an article concerning the capture of two important prizes by *Le Prosper*, a privateer commanded by Broquant:—

"This vessel was still in the building-yard when the First Consul visited the port for the first time. He went up to her, looked at her carefully, took note of her proportions, and complimented her builder. He then went round her, examining more particularly various parts in her construction, and touching them. This mark of interest was looked upon as a good omen by the crew, who now consider the ship invincible. Broquant, who is in command, is a man of intelligence and intrepidity."

Later on, the captain was made Chevalier of the Legion of Honour, and it is said that Admiral Bruix himself handed him the Order, on the day that the first stone of the Column was laid (18th Brumaire, XIII.).

When Bucaille, Broquant,* and other Boulogne

FLOATING BARRACKS.

privateers fell into the hands of the enemy, they were sent aboard English pontoons. It was almost impossible to escape from these strange prisons, which were anchored in the roadsteads or docks. They resembled those floating barracks which have nowadays been organised in our large ports, by fitting up old disused vessels; for since the adoption of steam has completely trans-

* Broquant, amongst others, made twelve different attempts to escape from the pontoons, and succeeded at last.

formed the conditions of naval warfare, it was the only way in which these majestic hulks of former days could be utilised.

The exploits of Boulogne seamen naturally became a theme for many theatrical plays, of which the chief interest was the glorification of the famous townsmen.

For instance, the *Boulogne Corsair, or the Generous Captain*, was composed to celebrate the capture of an English gunboat by the privateer *l'Espiègle*, commanded by Captain Duchenne. The author's name was Champmele, and he was himself one of the company of the town theatre, where the play was performed on the 15th Nivôse, XI. The captain of the English gunboat, who had been wounded, was brought on the stage, lying on a stretcher, as part of the performance. One of the verses occurring in the play ran thus :—

"Qu'on chante Jean-Bart et Duquesne
Vous ne m'en verrez point jaloux ;
Je chante Bucaille et Duchenne !
Mon bonheur est bien aussi doux."

(Let others sing of Jean-Bart and Duquesne, you will not find me envious ; I sing Bucaille and Duchenne, my pleasure is no less great.)

Then the two heroes alluded to in the verse were brought on the stage, and stood on a spot marked with chalk, where they might receive a crown coming down from the sky-border on their heads. The one intended for Duchenne reached its destination safely, but Bucaille seeing his fall on the ground, owing to some mistake in the machinery, picked it up, without more ado, and placed it on his head.

Though the Boulogne privateers harassed the English shipping for many years, it must be admitted that the British sailors, in their turn, inflicted severe reprisals

on the fleet of "gnats." For instance, on October 8th and 9th, 1806, under cover of a dark night, thirty-one English pinnaces sailed close in to Boulogne, and threw about a hundred rockets, which burst right in the middle of the town, over the hospital (now the Museum), on the Place Saint-Nicolas, in the Rue de l'Écu, etc.

Not content with shot, shell, and fireships, the enemy had made use in this instance of an improved rocket. These rockets (called Congreve, after the inventor) were made of an iron cylinder about four inches in diameter, terminated in a pointed cone eight inches long.

Some of these were found next day on the beach at low tide, and it is highly probable that the ship which was laden with them was sunk by the firing of the coast batteries, which were able to avert the peril.

On one occasion, Napoleon was scanning the horizon from his quarters at the top of the cliff, when suddenly an alarm gun resounded from a distance in the roadstead, and echoed loud and long among the sandhills.

Napoleon immediately looked out to sea with his spyglass, and saw a French ship pursued by an English sloop, which had approached the line of ships under cover of a mist. A sudden ray of light piercing the fog for one instant disclosed the attack, which was quite unexpected. For only a short time before, a small squadron of the enemy had sailed in the offing, in sight of the coast, and the admiral had given immediate orders that one of the fastest ships should reconnoitre and watch the movements of the fleet that had been signalled. On returning to port, the captain had reported the enemy to be in full sail towards the English coast, and added that they appeared to be far more anxious to escape attack than to make a hostile demonstration.

In consequence of this report, all suspicion and alarm were allayed.

But it was really nothing but an ingenious feint to deceive the French more thoroughly, for one of the ships, supposed to be escaping, soon took a course in the opposite direction and approached Boulogne. while remaining invisible behind the mist which had arisen.

Napoleon realised the clever manœuvre, but it was already too late to avoid the fatal results. When he saw the French boat grappled and dragged away to the open sea before help could be given (for pursuit was hopeless, owing to the fog), he went into such a violent fit of passion that his officers were alarmed lest he should be seized with a fatal stroke.

They instantly summoned a doctor, who judged it necessary to bleed him on the spot—that is, at the "Post of Observation"—and "the blood spurted far out on to the ground."

CHAPTER XIII.

THE GRAND ARMY AT BOULOGNE.

The Composition of the "Army of England"—Right Camp and Left Camp—Hutting and Mud Walls—Grenadiers, Sailors, and Peasants—Their Good Fellowship—The Marines of the Guard—Composition of the Staff at Boulogne Camp—Impressions of a Contemporary—A "Velite" at the Boulogne Camp.

On October 27th, 1797, the Directory had ordered the immediate assembling of an army, to be called the Army of England, and to be commanded by General Bonaparte. On January 5th, 1798, a national loan of eighty million francs was raised to meet the expense incurred by the scheme which had been decided upon for the invasion of England.

Finally, on February 8th, 1798, Bonaparte started on a rapid inspection of the coast, from Etaples to the Island of Walcheren, so as to ascertain what would be the prospects of success in such an enterprise. He left Paris accompanied by General Lannes, and Bourrienne, his secretary, passed through Etaples, and reaching Boulogne on the 22nd, he carefully inspected the town and harbour. Then, continuing the inspection along the coast, he passed through Ambleteuse and Calais, and by the time he reached Dunkirk, was fully persuaded that the scheme was realisable, but that the preparations would require at least a year.

Accordingly, on the 24th Pluviôse, he issued the

following order from Dunkirk, clearly proving that he meant to make Boulogne the centre of organisation :—

"DUNKIRK, *12th February*, 1798.

"General Caffarelli will repair at once to Boulogne, and take measures for the improvement of the harbour; it must be capable of accommodating 50 gunboats, from six to nine divisions of fishing-boats, with a draught of 7 to 8 feet; one or two divisions of horse transports, 50 to each division; six ships of 100 tons for the staff; six ships for artillery; six ships for the official management; six ships for hospitals.

"Citizen Forfait is to hand over the sum of 15,000 livres to the civil engineer agent of Boulogne, to enable General Dufalga to start the works at once.

"He will inspect the batteries defending Boulogne, and increase them if necessary . . . he will send privateers with engineer officers to reconnoitre the English coast from Folkestone to Rye, to ascertain the real conditions of defence on that part of the coast, and take note of the batteries which it would be necessary to carry, or take by surprise, so as to effect a landing.

"BONAPARTE."

On his return to Paris, Bonaparte sent in a report (February 23rd, 1798) in which he came to the conclusion that it would be necessary to wait till the following year to attempt the invasion of England. Soon after, on February 26th, 1798, he again wrote to General Caffarelli :—

"Citizen General, the result to be obtained from the works in the various ports of the Pas-de-Calais is this :

"The greater part of the boats must be able to leave the harbour on one single tide. . . . You will give special attention to the coast batteries at Boulogne and Ambleteuse.

"BONAPARTE."

Then the famous Egyptian campaign was started, and a decree of the Directory, dated 23rd Germinal, summoned "Citizen General Bonaparte, Commander-in-Chief of the Army of England," to the supreme command of the Army of the East; and the scheme was laid aside for the time being.

In 1801 the First Consul took up the project once more, and whole companies were set to work under the direction of the naval and military engineers.

At that time the flotilla was commanded by Rear-Admiral Latouche-Tréville, who had established his headquarters at the Tour d'Odre, on arriving at Boulogne. It was he who, in 1801, repelled two attacks directed by Nelson.

Just at this period, France entered into negotiations for peace with England; the preliminaries were signed in London on October 1st, 1801, and from that moment all preparations for armament ceased: when the treaty was ratified at Amiens (March 26th, 1802), the port of Boulogne was restored to the mercantile marine, and the troops stationed along the coast were drafted elsewhere.

But on May 17th the English and French ambassadors each returned to their Government, and war was again declared. . . . It was then that the preparations for the invasion of England were undertaken on a vast scale, and that the Grand Army, which Napoleon definitely formed in 1804, first began to concentrate.

At the beginning of September, 1803, many of the troops were ordered to leave their respective cantonments, in order to pitch their tents on the Plateaux of Odre and Outreau. Thirty-six thousand men, under General Soult, mostly from the camp at Saint-Omer, occupied these two positions.

This corps was composed of light infantry, and twenty

companies of gunners. The site selected by Napoleon for the encampment of the troops, was a stretch of four kilometres of land along the coast; the soldiers were obliged to bivouac for several weeks, but were soon employed in erecting huts for themselves and for the divisions still to come. A curious incident occurred when these works were first started. The very first blows of a pickaxe, dealt close to the ruins of Caligula's Tower, disclosed various relics of antiquity, among which was an eagle of the Roman legions; it was found almost at the very spot where the new Cæsar's pavilion was subsequently raised.

Bonaparte had pushed on the establishing of the camps with the greatest activity, and by June, 1804, all the corps that had been selected to form part of the Grand Army had assembled.*

Four principal positions were chosen for the camps, within a radius of ten kilometres from Boulogne. The two most important were placed to right and left of the port, and were known respectively as the Right and Left Camps.

The first extended from the Tour d'Odre to Wimille, and the other from Outreau to Portel.

The huts, built by the soldiers, were erected as though by magic; the forest of Boulogne supplied the necessary timber, the turf was raised from the plains, and the requisite stone was taken from the beach and cliffs. A few weeks, only, had sufficed to transform the hitherto deserted plateaux into a picturesque sort of town. The scene was full of interest and animation, for these willing workmen were the very men who had marched over a large portion of Europe as conquerors, and had

* It was in 1804 that the Emperor organised the magnificent Grand Army of seven corps: Bernadotte at the east, Augereau at the west, and five camps in the centre—Utrecht, Ostend, Boulogne, Arras, and Montreuil.

laid aside swords and muskets to handle their spades and mattocks.

Some had to dig the ground, cut new roads, and level the land; while others cut the timber, drove in stakes, and transported fragments of rock from the coast; all the woodwork, doors, window-frames and camp-beds, etc., were manufactured by the soldiers.

Then when the work was over, they resumed their drill and practised the skilful manœuvres which made the Boulogne camp the military school of the Empire, so to speak.

The huts were mostly built of wood and mud-walls, with thatched roofs, and were made to accommodate fifteen men. They were placed at equal distances from each other, and presented an alignment of three rows, covering a stretch of over four kilometres.

A few paces distant from the third row were the officers' quarters, and in the rear of them, were the kitchens, so placed that they could conveniently serve each battalion separately.

The camps were divided at equal distances by cross roads, paved so as to form a sort of mosaic; they served to mark out the battalions one from the other, and made circulation easy. A sign-board placed at the angle of each street bore the name of some celebrated victory, or memorable event, as, for instance the Rue de Valmy, de Jemmapes, de Fleurus, de Campo-Formio, de Zurich, du Saint-Bernard. And the avenues: des États-Généraux, de la Constituante, du Jeu-de-Paume, de la Federation, de la Convention, des Pyramides, de Marengo. . . .

In their leisure hours, the soldiers took pleasure in embellishing their quarters, which they surrounded with little gardens. In some of these, they had set up, among the flowers and vegetables, small columns, pyramids, obelisks, statues or redoubts, fashioned out of

clay and shells; while in others, crosses of Honour, tables, benches and manifold other designs were cut in the turf, revealing in a thousand ways the ingenuity of the French soldier.

The officers' quarters were made to look like charming country villas. Their gardens were laid out, sometimes, with the good taste that betrays the artist's hand; some even had aviaries filled with birds of all kinds; or poultry yards abundantly supplied with fowls, ducks, geese, pigeons and rabbits.

When in residence at the camp, the Emperor held frequent reviews, and took the command himself during field practice; each division had to manœuvre in turn before him.

He was up and about at six o'clock in the morning, and only returned to the pavilion at five in the afternoon, when he would start working on other matters. He was always happy when among the soldiers; he would question them, making inquiries concerning their years of service and the battles in which they had fought, and listen kindly to any request they might make.

Such are the interesting details we find in the historical notes published by Brunet, a Boulonnais writer.

In order to economise the timber, for the greater part of the forests of Boulogne, Guines and Hardelot, had been felled, it was decided to build the huts partly of wood, and partly of mud-walls, according to the custom of the peasants in the district. The help of the population of the surrounding villages and hamlets was particularly valuable in this case, since the knowledge and experience of a poor shepherd, for instance, was worth all the science of an engineer.

A notice was therefore issued, inviting the co-operation of the peasants in the district, men and women, for under these special circumstances, the women were

allowed to accompany their fathers and husbands, and enter the camps. Many of the inhabitants responded to this appeal, and were only too glad to help in the construction of mud-walls, which resulted in the providing of relatively comfortable quarters for the soldiers.

. . . . . .

From the moment that the troops were quartered in the Boulonnais, the farmers had responded, in the very best spirit, to all the requisitions that were made; but as they were kept waiting for payment, they pressed their claims, discreetly at first, and then more loudly as no heed was paid. Many of the peasants had given up their own personal provisions, and those required for their cattle, to the troops.

Bonaparte took the matter in hand, and wrote to the sous-prefet, with the result that the following notice appeared on 12th Prairial, XII. :—

"THE SOUS-PREFET OF BOULOGNE.

"*To* the MAYORS of towns, boroughs, and villages :—

"The reason of the delay which is causing so much complaint, is quite easy to explain; it must be imputed to some of you, who have shown great neglect in forwarding me the vouchers of provisions supplied; in the second place, the quantities stated in the receipts are expressed, sometimes in old measures, sometimes in new, then again in Paris measures, and lastly in the local; when the proper method to adopt, was to establish a register, in which all the quantities were put down in the same system of measures. You will understand that the immense number of receipts has complicated the work to a considerable extent.

"In consequence the price of a quintal of hay is 6 francs 66; of a quintal of straw, 3 francs 33; and a bushel of oats, 1 franc 50.—I have the honour to salute you, "DUPLAQUET."

Bonaparte had been much touched by the spirit of disinterested patriotism displayed by the peasants of the Boulonnais, and also by the cordiality with which they had welcomed the soldiers; and being anxious to show his respect and appreciation for that "weapon of peace, the spade," which he considered no less useful to the country than the weapon used on the battlefield, he expressed a desire on one occasion to see the family of a certain agriculturist, Jean Aubert.

Aubert had already been made the recipient of various distinctions. An important society of agriculturists and gardeners had been formed on 8th Floréal, and when the "Festival of Agriculture" was held at Boulogne—in accordance with the Republican innovation—on the 10th Messidor, the society had presented Jean Aubert with a spade of honour, in recognition of his having planted, together with his father, the first potatoes in the Boulonnais.

It was good policy on Napoleon's part to let the country people understand that events of but slight importance had not been forgotten by him, even after the lapse of years.

Besides, it was all in keeping with the spirit of the times and of the rural sentiment which was a feature of the period. This phase, which manifested itself in country festivities and in so-called "odes to the spade," had a historic origin.

In fact, only a few years previously, the Revolution had substituted the Republican calendar for the Gregorian, and had replaced the names of the saints' days by appellations derived from the three great classes of nature, and rural objects; for instance, among the terms sanctioned by a decree of the 3rd Brumaire, II., we find the following employed to indicate the days of the year: bullock, horse, donkey, goose, turkey, pig,

rabbit, duck, cray-fish; or carrot, pumpkin, turnip, salsify, cress, sorrel, dandelion, asparagus, etc.

As for the "décadis"* they were named after agricultural implements. It seemed therefore quite natural that Bonaparte should call to mind the "Spade Festival," since the Republican calendar was still frequently used at that time. For instance, the tenth days were dedicated to the following instruments: the plough, the harrow, the flail, the rake, the hoe, the shepherd's crook, the basket, the watering-can, the sickle.

And, to be very precise, we can add that the Festival of the Shovel occurred at the end of the third decade of Frimaire, and the Festival of the Spade at the end of the first decade of Ventôse.

These details will explain how it was that the modest agriculturist, Jean Aubert, and his family, received marks of distinction out of all proportion, perhaps, to their real merit.

The reader is aware of what different elements the army was composed, and will understand how necessary it was that there should be a perfect understanding and absolute homogeneity between them, so as to co-operate in the execution of the mighty plans for which they were intended.

First, there were the tried and experienced soldiers, men who loved their profession almost to infatuation, who scorned all who had not measured themselves with the brave on the battlefield; enthusiastic, high-spirited heroes, boastful, singers, roysterers; and on the other hand, the sailors, cold, calm and circumspect, men who laid themselves out only when the moment came for decisive action; and whose tenacity and courage were

* 10th day. According to the Republican calendar, the week of seven days was replaced by a decade. (Translator's note.)

no less admirable than was the feverish impatience of the soldiers.

The sailors of the coast along the Straits are particularly given to reserve; they never speak except when it is absolutely necessary to do so, and very rarely sing. They are "pensive" rather than "expansive" by nature.

How were these two different categories of men to fraternise? For they had nothing in common but their bravery, and a bravery, too, which manifested itself in such very different ways.

The First Consul had a clear intuition of the necessity of amalgamating these divergent spirits into one harmonious whole, and applied himself at once to bring about this result.

He began by convincing the soldiers of the fact that, to be "complete" men, as he termed it, all they required was to understand the handling of an oar or the management of sails, in case of necessity; and to attain this perfection the soldiers spent the hours which were not employed in manœuvres, in practising the use of the oar on various boats moored in the harbour or roadstead.

The soldiers soon began to look upon their new duty as a form of amusement; and as for the "sea-dogs," they were so gratified at having heroes as auxiliaries, that they applied themselves with real good-will to initiate their comrades in naval practices, and were quite proud of their progress, which they attributed, of course, to their own methods of teaching.

Napoleon would sometimes get into a boat with two or three sailors and row up unexpectedly into the very midst of the tall "ship-boys." Then he amused himself by starting races, encouraging some, congratulating others, and always rewarding, in some way, those who

had distinguished themselves by their dexterity and endurance.

Of course there were always rations of wine and tobacco for those who had won the approval of their chief, as well as public congratulations and complimentary Orders of the Day; but no reward was valued so much as the following mark of attention: when Napoleon wished to make an enthusiast of one of "his" soldiers, or electrify a whole battalion, it was sufficient for him to call up the man he wished to distinguish, then taking him by the ear, and looking him full in the face, he would ask: "What is thy name?" The soldier would give his reply, blushing with pleasure under his bronzed cheeks. The Emperor then pinched his ear hard, without saying a word, and this solemn familiarity had a prodigious effect on all those present.

All this may appear very childish to those who only look on the surface of things, yet this little scene reveals Napoleon's wonderful knowledge of humanity, for the man who has once been asked to give his name to his chief, feels from that moment that he is a somebody, and is henceforward filled with the one ambition of accomplishing some heroic deed. He has been distinguished, he must distinguish himself.

At all events it is said that Napoleon never forgot a name mentioned in this manner, and that he could recall it without hesitation if the occasion arose; this gave rise to the tradition implicitly believed in the camp that "he knew all his soldiers by name."

And, still actuated by a desire to bring about a perfect blending of interests and good-will among his men, the First Consul, when passing through the "Beurrière," would often ask to have the best sailors introduced to him, or address them himself when they were pointed out.

And it followed therefore that, when on duty together, the sailors and soldiers rivalled each other in displaying their zeal, courage and good-fellowship—but not of the kind which are placarded on walls, so to say, side by side with advertisements for lost articles—theirs was the real good-fellowship which is proved by resolution and deeds.

Lastly, and still further to accentuate the union of the land and sea forces, everything was done to facilitate their intercourse. All work and fatigue duty—as well as rewards and amusements—were equally divided, and equal distributions of wine, coffee, biscuits, and tobacco were made among the men of the two services. If there were two orderlies on duty, one was a sailor and the other a soldier. In hospital, their beds were alternately placed. The brave deeds of the sailors were mentioned in despatches with those of the soldiers, so that in a very few weeks they were addressing each other with the familiar term of "little brother."

The policy of bringing the men in contact during manœuvres was excellent in itself, but nothing could conduce more to a perfect mutual understanding than for soldiers and sailors to live side by side.

The First Consul and Admiral Bruix adopted the plan of quartering certain troops on certain boats; in this manner soldiers and sailors led a barrack life on board ship.

"The size of the gunboats had been calculated to accommodate a company of infantry and several gunners. The battalions were then composed of nine companies, the semi-brigades of two full battalions, the third remaining at the depôt. The gunboats were fitted out in conformity with this complement of troops. Nine gunboats formed a section, and carried nine companies, or a battalion. Two sections formed a division, and carried a semi-brigade, so

that a gunboat corresponded to a company, a section represented a battalion, and a division a semi-brigade. The naval officers of a corresponding rank commanded gunboats, or a section, or a division. When the men were once attached to a boat they were always kept on her, so as to ensure perfect adhesion between the two services. In this way the naval and military officers and men learnt to know and trust each other, and were ready to lend a helping hand. The companies had to furnish a body of twenty-five men to their respective vessels. These men were always on board, and were stationed on her for a month at a time. During this period they were quartered with the crews, whether they happened to be manœuvring out at sea or moored in the harbour, and did everything that the sailors did, including rowing and gun practice. The whole company was stationed in succession on board, twenty-five men at a time.

"The reader will observe that every man was alternately a soldier, a sailor, a gunner, and sometimes even an engineer, when he was employed in the dock-works."

The sailors on their side had to be initiated in military practices, so different from their own, and during the day, the crews, armed with the weapons belonging to the troops quartered on their boats, were landed on the beach or quays and put through the soldiers' drill. By this means the regular army could reckon on a contingent of at least 15,000 infantry, capable of defending the flotilla along the coast, or of supporting a landing on the foreign shore, in case of invasion.

Even the grenadiers were turned into sailors. It is true that they needed a little tactful management at first, as some of the "grumblers" thought it derogatory for them to associate with the "tars," but for love of the "little corporal" they soon entered resolutely into the spirit of partnership.

"If he says that it ought to be so, it must be so!"

Such was the soldiers' typical remark on all decisions emanating from the Chief, in whom they placed unlimited confidence and a blind and passionate faith.

Napoleon persistently impressed on Admiral Bruix the necessity of making the men of the Guard practise rowing.

"SAINT-CLOUD, *October 8th*, 1803.

"I must ask you to make the soldiers quartered on the shallops row as much as possible. All the men of the Guard must learn to row; seventy-five men from each shallop must row two or three hours a day. The soldiers quartered on the gunboats, as well as those on the shallops, must row in the harbour when they are unable to go to the roadstead.

"NAPOLEON."

The grave and solemn grenadiers were therefore sent on board the shallops, which, by reason of their lightness, were intended for the rapid concentration of men at the proper moment; and the grenadiers went out in them to the roadstead every day, and were taught to row.

But out of respect for their military dignity, rather perhaps than from motives of utility, Bruix had some small howitzers put on board the shallops, and these they were allowed to fire occasionally. In this way their self-respect was saved; and any order stating that "the grenadiers will practise firing the howitzers" really meant "will learn how to row on board such and such a shallop."

By these tactful means, instead of their feeling humiliated (which might have led to insubordination), the soldiers returned to shore looking as gay and imposing as ever; and stroking their rough moustachios

with their blistered hands, would remark to anyone who chose to listen, "Well, my friends, we have been firing howitzers."

No one was taken in by this little vanity, but everyone respected it, on realising what touching good-will these brave fellows were giving proof of, in practising a craft so little in their line. And everyone was pleased—pleased with himself, and pleased with the rest.

And so, by small means, and a little kindly feeling, great things can be obtained from the people, not to say heroic self-denial. Heroism, to these warriors, was not merely a question of storming through a hail of grape-shot, or of boarding a vessel, but of running the risk of being called "boatmen, ferrymen, oarsmen."

Only one incident happened—but it was sufficient, since it served as a precedent—to inspire a prudent reserve among those who were inclined to cut jokes at the expense of the soldiers.

On one of the very first occasions that the grenadiers went to sea to practise with the howitzers (we know what that meant), the news of the event soon spread in the town, and many of the citizens were anxious to watch from a distance, the display of skill—or rather the want of it—on the part of the novices. Very soon the platform, stockade, pier and cliffs were packed with an inquisitive but not ill-disposed crowd, watching with their glasses the movements of the beginners, who were but poor hands at the work so far.

To give the grenadiers more freedom for their evolutions, it had been decided that they should practise in the offing. They were a long way off, therefore, from indiscreet onlookers, but unfortunately also they were somewhat on the open sea. The reader will guess what happened. The waves being very rough, more than one grenadier was seen to lean over the side of the shallops,

and that was not exactly to admire their own reflection in the waters.

To prevent an outburst of popular gaiety is a thing that neither Pope nor Emperor could expect to do, with respect to French people. On this occasion the cases of disordered digestions were so numerous, that Bruix ordered the manœuvre to cease before the regulation hour, and the troops returned to shore. But by the time the grenadiers landed on the quays, the feeling of the populace had changed. Everyone had ceased to laugh at the "big ship-boys" who had been a source of merriment for two whole hours to the spectators. Seeing them looking crimson with humiliation, or livid with sickness, the people were silent, and on the face of each was rather a sentiment of compassion.

And this was by no means the least cause of offence to the amateur sailors, who filed past the crowd without saying a word, and marched rapidly towards their encampment at Terlincthun.

On reaching the base of the cliff, a group of grenadiers had heard some street-boys tittering and taunting them as much as they dared, when a half-tipsy workman met the little troop, and addressing one of the soldiers, who was already in a state of nervous irritation, he called out in a jeering tone of voice: "Hulloa, old porpoise, how goes the oar? Can you row a good stroke yet?"

"I don't know about that," retorted the grenadier with apparent calm, "but I have always heard that I am a very good shot." And suddenly raising his musket, he aimed at his aggressor, exclaiming: "Instead of calling us names, just count your fingers, you ugly ——."

There was an immediate report, and though the man was standing about twenty paces away, he had half his hand shot away.

On hearing his shouts of pain people ran up, but

the only reply made by the officer who had witnessed the whole incident, was the following significant remark: "I — saw — nothing, — and — nothing" — uttered with peculiar emphasis—"happened."

This episode was soon known to everyone, and on the following day, the grenadiers were not only allowed to continue their work in peace, but were loudly cheered on their way by the inhabitants. And when a few days later, Napoleon witnessed the soldiers' willingness, and the welcome given them by the townsmen, he turned to Bruix and remarked: "You see, Admiral, that you can ask anything of good Frenchmen, even to associate fire and water."

In order to facilitate the handling of the boats, the Emperor compiled a vocabulary for the use of the crews. These instructions are to be found among the archives of the Empire. Napoleon gives the definition of all the naval terms most generally used: "Starboard, port, blade, thole-pin, thwart, bowsprit, mizzen, jib, yard, boat-hook"; he explained the meaning of "lower, let out a reef, go alongside, tack"; and described the handling to correspond to the following orders: "Take the boat-hooks, shove off, ship oars, against the wind, let go, astern, back water."

Among the heroes of the "Old Guard" whose brilliant deeds have been extolled by poets and historians alike, there was a splendid battalion that did most valuable service in all the European campaigns, although it has no particular history, somehow, of its own. I allude to the Marines of the Guard, who were formed by the First Consul.

Napoleon's object, as he clearly expressed it himself, was to establish a permanent army with a twofold purpose.

Accordingly, on September 1st, 1803, he directed Decrès, Minister of Marine, to organise a naval battalion

of 1,000 men, to form crews for seven sections of gunboats and shallops. The crews were attached to the following ports: Saint-Malo, Granville, Havre, Boulogne, Calais, Dunkirk, Antwerp.

The engineer, Forfait, was commissioned to superintend the construction of shallops and gunboats, and the naval captain Daugier was placed in command of this corps, which took the name of Battalion of the Marines of the Guard.

In order to prove how highly he valued his new regiment of marines, Bonaparte wished to have the men on guard at his pavilion, together with the Grenadiers of the Consular Guard. As the sailors would have felt mortified at having to display their modest caps and jackets by the side of the gorgeous uniform of the grenadiers, Bonaparte decided that they should be dressed as follows:—

Jacket with upright collar, of dark blue cloth, faced with orange cloth, and trimmed with braid; cuff-facings, red, edged orange cloth; epaulettes, dark blue and orange edging; trousers, falling over boots, blue with orange stripe; black leather cross-belt; black shako with yellow edging, and orange plaited braid; red plume.

It appears that the marines were highly delighted with their dress, and that they aroused the greatest interest among the public, when they appeared on parade for the first time, in their smart uniform. So much so, indeed, that the army men were jealous, for all glances and cheers were reserved for the "new" instead of for the "old" guards, whom they had always been in the habit of seeing.

"What obstacles were not put in my way? What prejudices I had to overcome, and what determination I had to show, before I succeeded in obtaining that these poor

sailors should be put into uniform, formed into a regiment, and drilled! I should ruin everything! I was told, and yet, how useful they subsequently became! What better idea could be conceived than to have two services for one pay? The Marines of the Guard were none the less good sailors, and proved themselves the best of soldiers. In emergency we found them capable sailors, gunners, engineers, everything! If, in the navy, instead of meeting with opposition at every turn, I had had someone to agree with me, what results we might have achieved!" (Mémorial de Sainte Helène.)

Though their functions were of a secondary character, they were considered of primary importance by Bonaparte, who looked at everything from the practical point of view.

The several duties assigned to this body of picked men—who became Marines of the Imperial Guard when the Empire was established—were to aid in the construction of bridges, in the crossing of rivers, and in the transport of troops, supplies and ammunition—especially by means of river craft. These were the men who constructed the bridges at the Isle of Lobau; it was they who prepared the passage of the Danube, just before Wagram, and who ensured the maintenance of the troops all through the hard and trying Polish campaign.

But for all that, these brave fellows were no less ready in handling their muskets than their oars, and no less zealous in distinguishing themselves under fire on land, than on the water. By their efforts, the naval ensign was carried as gloriously on the battlefield as was the national flag itself.

To specify the services rendered by the Marines of the Guard allocated to Boulogne, I may mention that at the time of the siege of Dantzig, Napoleon ordered the Minister of War, Dejean, to draft what was left of

the marines at Boulogne, to Dantzig; they were to post by Magdebourg and Cassel, as rapidly as possible.

During the Austrian campaign, Napoleon wished to have near him one of the battalions of the Boulogne flotilla, as we may see by a letter he wrote to the Minister of Marine.

MARINE GUARD.

"*To* VICE-ADMIRAL DECRÈS:

"MONSIEUR,—I wish one of the flotilla battalions to join the Army of the Rhine. This is my object: 1,200 sailors would be very useful for crossing the rivers, and for navigating the Danube. The Marines of the Guard have done splendid service during the last campaigns.

"NAPOLEON."

The brilliant history of the naval soldiers occupies but a short period, 1803–1815! When Napoleon abdicated for the first time, the corps was disbanded, and reformed on his return from Elba; we hear of them for the last time at Waterloo.

In the Boulogne army list, compiled at the time that the Grand Army was encamped at Boulogne, we find a list of the officers at "His Imperial Majesty's headquarters at Pont-de-Briques and at the Tour d'Odre." It would require too much space to give the full

enumeration of these officers; I will merely give the names of those who belonged to the General Staff.

His Excellency Marshal of the Empire, Alexander Berthier, Minister of War.

Marescot, Lieutenant-General, First Inspector-General of Engineers.

Reille, Major-General.
Pannetier, Major-General.
Hanicque, Major-General, Chief of the Staff.
Kirgener, Colonel, Chief of General Staff of Engineers.

Aides-de-Camp:

Arrighi, Colonel.
Bruyère, Major.
Girardin, Captain.
Ornano, Captain.
Malivoire, Major.
Martin, Major.
Perrin-Brichambeau, Captain, etc., etc.

The General Staff of the Flotilla consisted of:

Bruix, Admiral.
Bonnefoux, Maritime Prefect.
Lacrosse, Rear-Admiral.
Magon, Rear-Admiral.
Lafond, Captain, Chief of General Staff.
Moras, Adjutant Commandant.
Lostange, Captain of Frigate (deputy).
Sgansin, Chief Engineer.
Lair, Chief Naval Engineer.
Grandelas, Naval Engineer.
Even, Chief of Naval Administration.
Thirion, Chief of Naval Artillery-Park.
Grandpré, Chief Commissioner of Imperial Flotilla.
Monnet, Major, Naval Artillery.
Gauthier, Inspector.
Delimeux, Director of Supplies.

Commanding large Corps :

Savary, Rear-Admiral, commanding the Left Centre of Boulogne.

Le Rey, Captain, commanding Right Centre of Boulogne.

Courraud, Rear-Admiral, commanding the Left at Etaples.

Combis, General, commanding the Right, and transports flotilla at Etaples.

Daugier, Captain, commanding Imperial Marine Guard, and Reserve.

Port Staff :

Le Coat Saint-Haouen, Military Chief.
Amand Leduc, Captain of Frigate, Adjutant.
Carpentier, Ship's Ensign.
Cæsar Carpentier, Ship's Ensign.
Leduc, Ship's Ensign.
Jouannin, Ship's Ensign.

After the lapse of a hundred years, we can get a very good idea of the thoughts of the soldiers who were encamped on the Boulogne shores in 1804, by turning to the "Journal of a Vélite of the Guard." *

The following are a few lines from these recollections : the reader will appreciate their realistic character. The man who wrote them was in camp at Wimereux for eleven months.

"*At* BOULOGNE CAMP :

"The soldier's life—so demoralising nowadays in a garrison town—was certainly not so at that period, one war followed quickly upon another; we were always on the watch. After the coronation ceremony, a number of our vélites were sent to Milan to attend the crowning of the Emperor as King of Italy, the rest of us were

* The vélites were a special corps, organised by a decree dated Nivôse 30, XII. The corps was composed of grenadiers and chasseurs, recruited from volunteers, who had an income of no less than 800 frs., and whose aptitudes made it likely that they would soon rise to the rank of sub-lieutenants of infantry. (The journal is published from a MSS. by Billon, Editor, Lombard-Dumas.)

drafted to the Boulogne camp. To make sure of being sent among the latter, I had myself reported ill just at the time of the departure of the others. There was a question of invading England, and I was particularly anxious to be one of the invaders.

"At Boulogne we were encamped not far from the sea; the Emperor came (15th August, 1804) to review us at Wimereux, and distributed the new order of the Legion of Honour with great solemnity. The badges were handed to him by a page, in the helmets of Duguesclin and Bayard.

"There were a hundred thousand of us there, all thirsting for glory, and thinking ourselves vastly superior to the army which Philippe-Auguste had collected here in 1212, for the expedition against England, similar to the one Napoleon was also contemplating.

"Was the army that fought at Bouvines equal to the army of Marengo? Were the serfs who formed the infantry of the old King of France to be compared to the glorious survivors of the fourteen Republican armies?

"We were drilled every day in exercises for landing and embarking, and entered gaily into the spirit of our different duties as gunners, fusileers, and sailors, which we all had to be in succession; and twice a week we had field practice at the Boulogne camp.

"This took nearly the whole day. When we were off duty we had to repair the boats.

"It was on one of these, shallop 110, that during a feint attack, I sniffed the scent of powder for the first time, and received my baptism of fire. It is a painful fact, but I must admit it, I was afraid! The terrible reality of danger in all its forms, the brutality of cannon-balls, whizzing of bullets, corpses lying around, are apt to make a recruit's heart beat a little faster. But he soon gets accustomed to it. The scrutinising look

of the veterans, and their scornful smile, above all, the fear of ridicule, banish all sense of alarm, and he ends by courting danger. Since then I have been in at least a hundred engagements, and have never even had a single wound worth showing.

"The flat-bottomed boats that we were embarked on, were served by the Marines of the Guard. The aspect of these men of iron, sons of the ocean and storm, with faces, careless, kindly and intrepid, reassured and inspired us.

"Our dream of ambition was, like their own, to share the spoils of England, and to exterminate the English. And how eagerly we used to join in every embarkation and departure of the general forces. But unfortunately it was never anything more than a trial manœuvre, and when the order for turning back was given, what vexation! And how disappointed we were, after sailing so close, sometimes, to the land of Albion, that we could distinguish the preparations for her defence, the fortifications hastily erected, and her innumerable ships, of all dimensions and classes, waiting to destroy us!

"And yet our nutshells kept the English lying awake. One of their caricatures represented the King advancing in the Channel, on board a fine ship, and throwing a beetroot in the direction of France, saying: 'Go and make sugar for them,' a satirical allusion to the continental blockade which deprived us of this commodity, and also to Napoleon's scheme for replacing colonial sugar-cane by the cultivation of beetroot. Pitt was full of anxiety at this period, and constantly repeated (I heard this afterwards during my captivity in England): 'There can be no peace or security for us with such a man, whose brain is teeming with plans of invasion.' Apart from this, I have very good reason for believing that Pitt's fears were well-grounded!"

CHAPTER XIV.

THE THEATRE IN CAMP.

The Stage during the First Republic—*Madame Angot*—The Company of the Vaudeville Theatre in Paris comes to Boulogne — Performance of *Duguay-Trouin*—A Few Extracts.

THAT marvellous organiser, Napoleon, thought of everything! He was not satisfied with replenishing arsenals, arming the flotilla and securing supplies—he entered into the minutest details as well—fully persuaded that the success of great undertakings often rests on matters apparently insignificant. He was perfectly competent to point out omissions, deficiencies and errors, even to experts themselves, and his aptitude in this respect seems to have extended to almost every conceivable subject:

"This vessel must be tarred."

"The wine rations of this section must be increased on account of their extra duties."

"It is imperative to discover which of the contractors have supplied bad drinks."

"Supplies for so many days must immediately be stored in such and such a fort."

"The uniforms of that battalion are worn out, they must be replaced."

But this was not all!

The officers of the Grand Army needed amusements less commonplace than those which sufficed for the

entertainment of the soldiers. It was very necessary to offer them some diversion from their absorbing occupations, and relaxation for their brains, since they all had heavy responsibilities; for though Napoleon indicated what was to be done, he left it to his officers to use what means they thought fit in executing his orders; they had, therefore, every opportunity of showing their initiative.

This being so, it was decided to entertain the officers with theatrical performances—the company of the Vaudeville, amongst others, was invited to send the very best Parisian actors—and a selection of appropriate plays was made.

Before giving a few particulars on the subject of these performances, it is necessary to say a few words concerning the stage at that period.

"Mars was fond of being entertained by Thalia and Melpomene." But can we wonder at it? And is it not a fact that during the terrible year of 1793 no less than forty new plays were advertised in the very neighbourhood of the guillotine?

In the first months of the year 1789 the Opéra-Comique had given some rather colourless plays: *The Little Savoyards*, *False Magic*, *Raoul Bluebeard*, *The Man of Sentiment*, etc., etc.; then came the 14th of July,* the performance was advertised to take place, but the theatre was closed that night.

From that date the theatres were more or less deserted for a time, and the register of the Opéra-Comique records that, on October 6th, the King came to the theatre, but as there were only one or two spectators, their money was returned, and the play was not performed.

During the following year, the taste for amusement

* Date of the taking of the Bastille. (Translator's note.)

was revived in spite of the gravity of events . . . . and the following plays were given: *The Good Father, The Good Mother, The Good Son*; but the public wanted pieces appropriate to the present circumstances, such as *The Morning of 14th July*, or anti-religious plays, such as *The Rigours of the Cloister*, a passionate diatribe against monasteries. Later on two small operas, written in the same spirit, were performed, *The Two Convents*, and the *Nuns of the Visitation*.

In 1793 the operas were all inspired by political or revolutionary sentiments, and in a chapter of the public registers dealing with the expenses incurred by the national theatres, we find an item of "twenty-nine livres paid for the following inscription painted on the pediment of the Opéra-Comique: Equality, Fraternity, Unity Indivisible, or Death."

Not only did the actors sing patriotic verses, but the audience soon adopted the habit of joining in chorus, and of accompanying the baritones and tenors, whose artistic singing was entirely drowned by the hoarse and strident voices of the pit and gallery.

When the spectators were pleased with the play and performers, they expressed their satisfaction by compelling the actors to strike up the inevitable Marseillaise,* even in the very midst of a scene, or else the following hymn, on the same rhythm:

Assez et trop longtemps la France
A gémi du poids de ses fers;
Déployant enfin sa puissance,
Elle va venger l'univers (bis)
Son peuple généreux s'élance;

* The Directory published the following decree on January 4, 1796: "All managers of theatres in Paris are bound to have the favourite Republican airs performed every day before the raising of the curtain, such as the Marseillaise, Ça ira, le chant du départ; during the intervals some one of these patriotic songs must always be sung."

Les rois vont être terrassés,
Et sur leurs trônes renversés
Il va fonder l'indépendance.
O sainte Liberté, seconde nos exploits !
Combats (bis) pour ton triomphe, et rends l'homme à ses droits.
Oui, nous te jurons, O Patrie !
De défendre la Liberté,
De sacrifier notre vie
Au maintien de l'Egalité (bis)
Contre tout pouvoir despotique
Nos bras soutiendront l'unité
Et l'indivisibilité,
De notre auguste République ! *

I must cite, as a mere curiosity, the nominal price charged for seats at the time of the Directory and Consulate. In 1795 a stall at the Opéra-Comique was worth 150 francs, and a stall in the dress-circle a thousand francs ! paid in assignats—such, indeed, was the depreciation in the value of paper money. From April 1st, 1795, for instance, the assignats were only worth one-fifth of their nominal value. At the Bourse, on August 1st, the gold louis was worth 920 francs in assignats ; on September 1st, 1,200 francs ; on November 1st, 2,600 francs ; and on March, 1796, it was worth 7,200 francs : in paper money. This will explain the item " 600 francs for rat poison, for destruction of rats and mice in the house and storehouse of the Opéra-Comique, paid in Thermidor, 1795."

When the occasion presented itself, Bonaparte and his " citizen wife "—according to the language of the

* Literally :—" Enough and too long France has languished beneath the weight of her chains. Displaying her power at last, she will soon avenge the universe. Her generous people are rising, the Kings will soon be overthrown, and independence will reign in their stead. Oh, holy Liberty, assist our exploits, fight for thine own triumph, and give Man his Rights. Land of our fathers, we swear to defend thy liberty, and to sacrifice our lives in upholding equality. Our arms will fight for the unity and indivisibility of our august Republic against all despotic power."

period—often attended the performances at the Opéra-Comique. I must here mention a detail which is worth recording. In 1799 a certain opera, *La Dame Voilée*, appeared among other lyrical works, and met with much success; as did also a small drama, much appreciated by Bonaparte, called *Le Délire*, in which the author portrays on the stage the mental tortures of a gambler, whose passion has driven him to madness. Now, the register of accounts at the Opéra-Comique discloses the interesting fact, that Josephine went to the theatre on credit in the months of Pluviôse, Ventôse, Germinal, and Floréal, VII., but that Bonaparte hastened to settle the account of boxes that had not been paid for, the moment the state of his modest finances enabled him to do so. The following is the note of discount in the register :—

The accountant has received from Citizen Camerani, on behalf of Citizeness Bonaparte :

1. Amount due for two boxes, on account, in last Brumaire	66 livres.
2. For one box, in last Frimaire . . .	33 livres.
3. For half box engaged by the said Citizeness on the ground floor, No. 2, for the months of Brumaire, Frimaire, Nivôse, Pluviôse, VII.	800 livres.
4. For the same box, in Ventôse and Germinal .	400 livres.
	1299 livres.

The 18th Brumaire* had borne fruit, and the Opéra-Comique was one of the first to benefit by it : Citizeness Bonaparte was able to pay her debts.

Though the performances of the Paris theatre companies were only intended for the officers, the soldiers

* On the 18th Brumaire, Bonaparte, lately returned from Egypt, overthrew the Directory. (Translator's note.)

of the Boulogne Camp were not forgotten, and in accordance with Bonaparte's wishes, the chiefs encouraged all theatrical entertainments that might tend to brighten life in the camps.

The principal plays given in the capital and in the other large towns, since the establishment of the Republic, were all of such a passionate and political character that at the time of which I now speak, it was considered inadvisable to revive the extreme ideas which were formerly prevalent.

Besides, the situation had completely altered; what changes had not occurred in the social conditions, and in the evolution of ideas since 1789!

For instance, at the time of the revolutionary upheaval, M. J. Chénier produced his famous tragedy *Charles IX., or the School for Kings* (November 4th, 1789), and though the work was written to glorify the spirit of the new era, and was dedicated "by a free man to a free nation," Chénier was still capable of offering it in homage to the King, in the following dedication :—

> Monarque des Français, chef d'un peuple fidèle,
> Qui va des nations devenir le modèle,
> Lorsqu'au sein de Paris, séjour de tes aïeux,
> Ton favorable aspect vient consoler nos yeux,
> Permets qu'une voix libre, à l'équité soumise,
> Au nom de tes sujets te parle avec franchise.
> Prête à la vérité ton auguste soutien,
> Et, las des courtisans, écoute un citoyen.*

Meanwhile hatred of the throne became so virulent, that very shortly after, the censorship went to the length

* Literally :—"Monarch of the French, sovereign of a faithful people, soon to become the model for all nations; when, in the heart of Paris, the abode of thine ancestors, thy favourable presence comes to gladden our eyes, listen to a free voice, that submits to Justice only, and speaks to thee frankly, on behalf of all thy subjects. Lend thine august aid to truth alone, and, weary ing of courtiers, listen to a citizen."

of forbidding that the name of Louis should be given to the heroine's *fiancé* in a play called *Léon*, as this name, so says the official report, "could not be tolerated on the stage, especially in connection with a virtuous character."

The Cloistered Victims, a drama written by Monvel (performed in 1791) and teeming with hatred towards the monks and clergy, could no longer be countenanced after the Concordat (1801). Laya's comedy, *The Friend of the Law*, had also become very impolitic in the course of events, for in his preface the author excused himself "for not having made a fool or a monster of the aristocrat he had put on the stage."

And as for the *Last Judgment of Kings*, a savage scene written "to expose the former 'Messieurs' to the derision of the sovereign people," it could not be tolerated by anyone who had visions of autocracy.

In short there was nothing (that is, among plays at all popular) except *Madame Angot, or the parvenue fishwife*, which was sure of being received with great satisfaction by everybody. The great advantage of Maillot's comic opera was, that by cutting out various parts, it could be performed entirely by men; and the character of the fishwife, differing in this respect from parts such as those of Agnes,* or of princesses, was very easily impersonated by some intelligent trooper, who, by borrowing a dress and making a tow wig, could get himself up sufficiently well to take the part of a "Dame of the Markets." And another thing: not only was Madame Angot's speech of a realistic kind that was much appreciated by soldiers, but if the worst came to the worst, the actors could always fill up any lapse of memory by drawing on their own imagination, which

* Molière, *l'Ecole des Femmes*. This character has since remained the type of an *ingénue*. (Translator's note.)

would have been a more serious matter in plays of any literary pretension; especially as the revolutionary style then in vogue demanded pompous expressions, sonorous periods and redundant phraseology.

Another remark concerning this Madame Angot who was the mother of an infinity of Madame Angots! This stage creation of a fishwife grown rich, and making herself as ridiculous as she was pretentious, had a character of real comedy, and one can easily imagine the mirth that would be provoked by certain tirades in the play, the success of which depended on their being rattled off, by the actor, with extreme volubility, and in the hoarse tones of a market fishwife.

Nothing, therefore, was more adaptable to the circumstances! All that was necessary was to pick out a scene here and there from the play, and these provided the materials of a humorous entertainment which was certain to bring down the applause of the whole audience.

Referring to the plays that were performed by Parisian actors at Boulogne while the Grand Army was in camp, we may mention *L'Hommage*, an interlude by Lupart-Dercy, written in prose with songs, performed on August 15th, 1804, and *Caution Money, or the Triumph of Honour*, a comedy in three acts, by Mercier (performed August 30th, 1804). Mercier was then adjutant to the 55th regiment of the line, encamped at Boulogne. There was a sentence in this play which was received with great applause, so much so, that Marshal Soult's attention was attracted to it: "When there is fighting," said a colonel, "every soldier is a captain, and every captain is a soldier; in battle there is not a warrior who does not deserve a crown." At the third performance the order was given to suppress these words, because they placed the officers and men on a footing of too much military equality.

The author discovered a very rare copy of one of the plays that were performed before the officers by the Vaudeville company; it is called *Duguay-Trouin, Prisoner at Plymouth,* "a historical fact, in two acts, performed for the first time at the Vaudeville in Paris on 24th Germinal, XII."

The selection of this play was all the more appropriate as the story of the celebrated seaman's escape was very similar to the adventure of the famous privateer Thurot, to which we alluded in a preceding chapter.

The characters of the piece are: "Duguay-Trouin"; "Destaillandac," a Gascon surgeon; "Sir Bomston," Governor of the citadel at Plymouth; "Madame Derval," related to "Duguay-Trouin"; "Madame Prattler," an inn-keeper; "Sir Bifteck," the Governor's nephew.

We cannot undertake to give the full details of the adventures by which the prisoner manages to escape from his jailers . . . . the play is far from being a masterpiece, although it was written in collaboration with four different authors, Barré, Radet, Desfontaine and Saint-Félix, not including the composer who wrote the partition.

This vaudeville, which met with a good deal of success among the officers, contained many appropriate verses:

(Sung to the tune of "William the Conqueror.")

Voyez nos superbes vaisseaux
Partant, s'éloignant de la terre,
Aux cris joyeux des matelots,
Appeler et chercher la guerre.
Que ce spectacle est ravissant!
Qu'il inspire un noble courage.
Pour le suivre, ô charme puissant!
Tous les coeurs quittent le rivage.
Braves marins, rassemblez-vous,

Courez, volez a la victoire,
En répétant ces mots si doux,
Ces mots sacrés, ces mots si doux :
Tout pour la gloire ! *

The play closed with the following :

(Tune : " Bonaparte.")

Le Français
Pour avoir la paix,
A l'Angleterre,
Fait la guerre.
Le Français veut que sur les eaux
On respecte tous les vaisseaux.

La Hollande et la Turquie
Et l'Espagne et la Russie
Librement, paisiblement,
Commenceront incessamment.

Pour éluder un traité,
L'Anglais s'est montré perfide ;
Celui-ci sera solide,
Le vainqueur l'aura dicté.

Il faut que l'ocean s'ouvre,
Et qu'on puisse tout-à-coup,
Aller de Calais à Douvres,
Comme de Paris à Saint-Cloud.†
Etc., etc.

* Literally :—" See our superb ships are leaving and sailing far from our shores, in search of war, amid the joyous shouts of sailors. How fine and inspiriting is the sight, the magic of it draws all hearts from the shore in its wake. Brave sailors assemble and go to meet victory, repeating the sacred words : 'All for glory ! All for glory.' "

† Literally :—" France, to secure peace, wages war against England. The Frenchman thinks that every vessel should be respected on the seas. Holland and Turkey, Spain and Russia, will soon begin to navigate in freedom and peace. England has proved herself perfidious in eluding a treaty ; the next one will stand, for the conqueror will dictate the terms. The ocean must be free, and it must be as safe to go from Calais to Dover as from Paris to Saint-Cloud," etc.

"The Vaudeville company," writes Morand, "was summoned to act before the Emperor at Boulogne. The performances were to have lasted till September 17th, but they came to a close on the 3rd, and the departure of the army for Germany was the signal for the return of the actors to Paris.

During the company's stay at Boulogne, ten boxes were reserved at the theatre for the Emperor, Prince Joseph, Prince Borghese, the Ministers, field officers, the admiral in command, the naval staff, and the authorities. One can imagine the aspect the small "Salle Baret" presented, when all the boxes were occupied; but, truth to tell, the personage who was the most eagerly looked-for, the Emperor, never put in an appearance.

The Boulogne theatre followed the usual course in periods of political agitation, now giving proofs of devotion to the Republic by suppressing all passages considered unpatriotic, now doing homage to the Empire, by bringing out plays appropriate to the new order of things, and written especially for the occasion.

One of these plays, *The Recruit and the Soldier*, was written by the Academician Etienne, and performed at Boulogne in 1805. An impromptu prologue, called *The Vaudeville at the Boulogne Camp*, written by Barré, Radet, and Desfontaines, was acted for the first time by the comedians of the Paris Vaudeville, in the Boulogne theatre on August 17th, 1805. Barré had been appointed manager, and—in his diploma—"Manager of the Vaudeville Company in London" as well: rather anticipating events!

It is said that this little play won for each of the authors a pension, which was given them by Napoleon.

The performances of the Vaudeville, as I have already mentioned, came to a close on September 3rd, and in

the meantime the army was preparing to depart for the glorious campaign in Germany.

The actors of the Vaudeville bade farewell to the inhabitants of Boulogne in the following lines :—

Avec la peine au fond du coeur
Chacun de nous ce soir vous quitte ;
Et nous voyons avec douleur
Que le plaisir passe si vite !

Le Vaudeville est un enfant
Dont l'aliment est l'indulgence ;
Quand il l'obtient il est content
Et chante sa reconnaissance.

Peut-être un jour auprès de vous
Nous reviendrons sur ce rivage ;
Et cet espoir, pour nous si doux,
Va charmer l'ennui du voyage.*

A small company from the theatre of "National Victories" in Paris, also gave several performances at Boulogne. This theatre, sometimes called the "Théâtre du Bac," was established in the former chapel of the Récollette order, 85, Rue du Bac. The Order of Récollettes, the origin of which dates from the fifteenth century, was established in the Rue du Bac, according to a document among the records of Saint-Germain-des-Prés, dated August 18th, 1638.

In 1664 it was endowed by Marie-Thérèse, and became a royal institution. According to a plan drawn up by Turgot, the convent buildings covered an area of 6,400 metres, extending from the Rue de Grenelle to the old

* "In bidding you farewell, our hearts are filled with sadness. And we realise with pain, that pleasure goes so quickly. The Vaudeville is but a child, who thrives on kindness shown him ; when it is given, he is quite happy, and expresses his joy in singing. Perhaps some day, we may return unto these shores to meet you, and this hope, to us so sweet, will soothe the tedious journey."

Rue de la Planche. Some of the Récollette nuns formed the idea of organising a kind of public library close to the chapel, an innovation which was quite an event in the Faubourg Saint-Germain. People of education could therefore—by permission of the Mother Superior and of their Confessor—borrow the books, which were all carefully bound and catalogued, under the supervision of the "provincial Father" of the Order, who came once a year to inspect the convent library.

A register of all the borrowed books was kept by one of the Récollette Sisters, "chosen from among them for her shrewdness and intelligence."

The institution was still far from being a theatre, but the chapel soon became very much frequented by people of literary tastes, who were able to exchange their books after the services.

Many of the Récollette nuns belonged by birth to the highest ranks of society, which at that period was very highly cultivated; and this would explain how it was that the scheme of starting a literary library occurred to these religious ladies.

So the convent was already invaded by literary people, before it was given over to the stage.

Then came the Revolution; the Order was suppressed, the buildings confiscated, and the chapel advertised to be let. No one, however, came forward as a tenant, and on September 17th, 1791, the chapel was transformed into the "Théâtre of National Victories," in celebration of Bonaparte's glorious feats of arms.

During the period that elapsed between 1789 and 1799, no less than forty-five theatres were started in Paris.

In 1794 the actor Potier, who had married an actress, Madelein Blandoin, made his mark at the theatre of National Victories, and from there went on tour in the

provinces, to Brittany, Normandy, Picardy, etc. On his return from Boulogne he acted at the Variétés, the Porte Saint Martin, and Palais-Royal.

Potier was very old and infirm when he left the boards; on the night of his last appearance, he bade farewell to the public in a pathetic little impromptu, which I quote, because to my own knowledge, these modest and graceful lines have been plagiarised more than once :—

De vous plaire j'eus le bonheur
Dans ma carrière dramatique.
Mais l'âge arrête mon ardeur :
Recevez les adieux de votre vieux comique.
De vos bontés il va se séparer ;
Mais en songeant qu'il faut qu'il se retire,
Pendant quinze ans, celui qui vous fit rire
Ce soir, hélas, se sent prêt à pleurer.*

The theatre of National Victories was closed in 1807, by a decree of the Emperor, who reduced the number of theatres in Paris to eight, and thought even that number quite sufficient.

* "I had the good fortune to please you throughout my dramatic career. But age checks my spirit : accept your old comedian's farewell. The time has now come for him to retire, but while taking leave of your kindness, the man who, for fifteen years, made you laugh, is himself ready to weep."

CHAPTER XV.

THE AMUSEMENTS OF THE GRAND ARMY.

Games—Marching Songs—Soldiers' Choruses—Dances—Ball at the Boulogne Camp—"Boulogne Camp March" performed by the Military Bands.

THEATRICAL entertainments were not the only form of recreation in the camps: the men danced, amused themselves in various ways, and sang when they were off duty, or when on the march, and the old soldiers, as well as the youngest recruits, indulged in these pastimes to their hearts' content.

I must begin by quoting a few verses typical of those that were sung by the soldiers on the march, at this period, and regret that I am only able to give fragments of the songs, and scraps of stanzas. The reader will do well not to think of the rules of Parnassus while reading the following:—

D'Mont-Lambert, mais pas du Tape-cul
On voit bien l'Angleterre,
Oui on la voit, car je l'ai vue
J'ai bien vu l'Angleterre, j'ai vu,
J'ai bien vu l'Angleterre.

D'Angleterre z'orons les écus
Qui ne nous cout'rons guère
Oui elle en a plus que d'obus:
Partons tous pour la guerre, partons,
Partons tous pour la guerre!

D'Bonaparte on voit les soldats
Couvrir toutes les terres, etc.*

And other marching songs made a kind of musical see-saw, in which the characteristic names of the villages in the neighbourhood were introduced, making fantastic rhymes and rhythms :—

We go to Alincthun,
And then to Olincthun,
Some are at Raventhun
And others at Baincthun ;
Some are sent to Paincthun,
Others to Florincthun,
They pass through Raventhun
And also Tourlincthun,
They go to Terlincthun,
And also Godincthun,
Then to Verlincthun, etc.

The following "litany" was sung to the old tune of "Il pleut bergère" :—

Maninghen
Echinghen.
Bouquinghen
Wacquinghen,
Lédinghen
Hardinghen
Lattinghen,
Tardinghen.

* Literally :—

"From Mont-Lambert, though not from Tape-cul,
England is quite visible ;
Yes, quite visible, for I have seen,
Seen England distinctly, I have seen,
Seen England distinctly.
We will get England's money,
It will cost us nothing ;
She has more of that than of shells :
Let's all go to the war, let's all go,
Let's all go to the war.
One sees the soldiers of Bonaparte
All over the earth . . ." etc., etc.

And again the following, keeping step with the rhythm :—

Conteville
Et Wimille,
Menneville
Billeauville,
Cuverville
Bournonville.

Or else :—

Watrezelle
Framezelle,
Haringzelle
Waringzelle, etc.

Bellebrune
Valembrune,
Lozembrune
Gastebrune.

I must not omit to mention an amusing song which contained a celebrated pun, which was thought a good deal of in the neighbourhood :—

"Wimille, Wissant Neuville (8,809 villes)
S'arment en guerre,
Contr' l'Angleterre," etc.

We often find this method of using the names of localities in rhyme, adopted in popular songs; this celebrated one, for instance, of the Chouans :—

Monsieur d'Charette a dit à ceux d'Ancenis :
Mes amis !
Le roi va ramener la fleur de lys.

Monsieur d'Charette a dit à ceux de Liroux :
Mes bijoux !
Pour mieux tirer, mettez-vous à genoux.

Monsieur d'Charette a dit à ceux d'Clisson :
Le canon
Fait mieux danser que le violon.

Monsieur d'Charette a dit à ceux de Montfort :
Frappez fort !
La fleur de lys défend contre la mort.*

The French soldier, whether Chouan fighting for his King, or grenadier following his Emperor, is still the same brave fellow who scoffs at danger and rushes gaily into the fray, laughing and singing in turn.

Nelson made several attacks on the flotilla, notably the one on the 28th Thermidor, IX. Towards midnight swarms of pinnaces made an unexpected attack, and it was said that Nelson had ordered wine and brandy to be served in large quantities to his men, to still further excite the great valour they gave proof of, more than once, in the Straits. But the French sailors were fully prepared, and the assailants were repulsed and compelled to retire.

Wyant wrote some couplets in commemoration of this event ; they soon became very popular, and this one, for instance, is still remembered :—

Devant Boulogne,
Nelson faisait un feu d'enfer !
Mais ce jour-là, plus d'un ivrogne

* Literally :—

"Monsieur d'Charette told them at Ancenis :
My friends !
The King will bring back the fleur-de-lys.

Monsieur d'Charette told them at Liroux :
My jewels !
To take better aim, go down on your knees.

Monsieur d'Charette told them at Clisson :
The cannon
Is better music to dance to than the fiddle.

Monsieur d'Charette told them at Montfort :
Hit hard !
The fleur-de-lys shields you from death."

Au lieu de vin, but l'eau de mer
Devant Boulogne ! *

The soldiers of the Grand Army introduced popular tunes that were being sung all over the country, more or less, especially some verses from the comic opera of *Madame Angot*, already mentioned, which had such immense success when it first came out in 1796. For instance, the following was a popular chorus when on march or when bivouacking :—

Madame Angot s'avance,
Mironton, mironton, mirontaine,
Madame Angot s'approche
Bien vite à petits pas,
On lui donne le bras,
De peur qu'elle ne tombât.†

And sometimes the children of the Revolution, of which the Grand Army was composed, would sing the *Ça ira* of 1789, or the Carmagnole of 1792, in their barrack rooms or when on the march; but these had to be sung in a whisper, so to say, because they had been prohibited by Bonaparte, from the time that he became First Consul.

The last stanza was the most popular, and it was tolerated for obvious reasons :—

Sans craindre ni feu ni flamme,
Le Français toujours vaincra,
Ah ! ça ira, ça ira, ça ira !

* Literally :—
" Off Boulogne,
Nelson poured hell-fire !
But on that day, many a toper
Instead of wine, drank salt water,
Off Boulogne ! "

† Literally :—
" Madame Angot advances,
Mironton, mironton, mirontaine,
Madame Angot approaches
Quite fast with little steps,
Someone offers an arm,
For fear that she should fall . . . "

Le peuple en ce jour sans cesse repète
Ah ! ça ira, ça ira, ça ira !
Malgre les mutins tout réussira ! *

In reality, the tune of "Ça-ira" was nothing but a reproduction of the lively music to a set of quadrilles, called the "Carillon National," which Queen Marie Antoinette was fond of playing on her spinet. How little she thought that before long these strains would mingle with the shouts of death from a howling mob, clamouring around her blood-stained scaffold !

As for the Carmagnole, an anonymous song written in August, 1792, it was still more strictly prohibited by Bonaparte than even the Ça ira, and was only hummed by the soldiers.

This hateful composition had enjoyed incredible popularity, and served as a signal for the risings of the mob, and an accompaniment to their bloodthirsty acts. It made its first appearance at the time that the victorious French troops entered Piedmont, of which Carmagnola † was the chief fortress.

* Literally :—

"Without fearing shot or flame,
The Frenchman will always conquer,
Ah ! ça ira, ça ira, ça ira !
The people to-day will now repeat
Ah ! ça ira, ça ira, ça ira !
In spite of rebels, all will succeed."

† The following are the two first verses of this odious song :—

"Madame *Veto* avait promis
De faire égorger tout Paris,
Mais son coup a manqué
Grâce à nos canonniers.
Dansons la Carmagnole
Vive le son, vive le son,
Dansons la Carmagnole
Vive le son du canon.

Monsieur *Veto* avait promis
D'être fidèle à sa patrie
Mais il y a manqué
Ne faisons plus cartié !
Dansons la Carmagnole
Vive le son du canon."

As already mentioned, it was the custom at concerts and theatres to introduce patriotic or religious anthems as interludes, followed by sentimental ditties by way of contrast.

If anyone nowadays ventured to sing in public the "Hymn to the Supreme Being," for instance—which the Boulogne Municipality, as well as the soldiers, inserted in the programme of their festivities, would they not be accused of bigoted clericalism?

It is scarcely necessary to mention the Marseillaise among the patriotic songs then in vogue, and yet this poem, glowing with Republican fire, did not save the author, Rouget de Lisle, from being denounced as a "suspect" and imprisoned. The Directory decreed (January 8th, 1795) that the Marseillaise should be sung at every public festival, together with Ça ira and the Chant du Départ (words by Chénier, music by Méhul, 1794).

On the proclamation of the Empire, which was received with the greatest enthusiasm by the camp and the town of Boulogne, sailors and soldiers joined with the inhabitants to sing "*Veillons au salut de l'Empire!*"

The selection of these verses was happy and appropriate to the circumstances; but the reader must not suppose that because the word "Empire" occurs in the first verse, the lines were written expressly for this event. Not at all. The "Salut de la France," the original title of the song, dates from 1791, and is essentially a Republican effusion. The word "Empire" in the first line is simply put for the sake of rhyme, and as a synonym for Nation. When Roy wrote his "Republican couplets," he certainly never dreamt that they would soon be popularly known as the Imperial Anthem. The situation, of course, was saved by the

first line, which seemed entirely suited to circumstances in 1804; but the lines that follow clearly show that there was no monarchic intention in them originally :—

Veillons au salut de l'Empire
Veillons au maintien de nos droits !
Si le despotisme conspire,
Conspirons la perte des rois !
Liberté, Liberté, que tout mortel te rende hommage
Tremblez, tyrans ! vous allez expier vos forfaits !
Plutôt la mort que l'esclavage,
C'est la devise des Français.

Du salut de notre Patrie
Dépend celui de l'univers,
Si jamais elle est asservie,
Tous les peuples sont dans les fers,
Liberté, Liberté, etc., etc.*

We gather, from various letters written at the time of the Boulogne camp, that the game of "loto" was one of the recreations indulged in by the officers and men in their huts. At nightfall, a group of men would gather round the fortunate possessor of a loto set, and sit at a rough-and-ready table, by the light of a smoking tallow-dip, fixed on the board between three stones.

Those who were lucky held the loto-cards; but the forty or fifty good fellows standing behind the players would get just as much fun out of the proceedings by

* Literally :—
"Let us watch over the safety of the Empire, and the preservation of our Rights!
If Despotism conspires against us, we will plot the destruction of Kings!
Liberty, Liberty, all mortals must bow to thee!
Tyrants tremble, you will soon atone for your crimes!
Death rather than slavery, is the motto for Frenchmen.

The fate of the world depends on the safety of our Country.
Should she be enslaved, all the nations will be slaves.
Liberty, Liberty," etc., etc.

challenging and backing their comrades, cutting jokes at their expense, and keeping an eye open for possible cheating; for anyone caught in the act, was liable to a penalty of a box on the ear from each of those present. Sporting bets were made on the winners, and debts paid with packets of tobacco and rations of brandy.

The reader will probably think that no special aptitude is required for playing loto, and that anyone can become proficient in the game without necessarily making a careful study of the rules. To make the game more exciting, the soldiers of the First Empire tried to complicate it as much as possible, by giving each number some fantastic name, so that the mistakes and blunders of the players were infinite, to the intense amusement of the whole company.

For instance, No. 1 was called "The beginning of the world"; No. 2, "the little chicken"; No. 3, "the Jew's ear"; No. 4, "the commissary's hat"; No. 5, "the cobbler's awl"; No. 7, "the gallows"; No. 31, "day of starvation, misery in Prussia" (so-called because in the Army of the Rhine, the soldiers' pay was reckoned by the month of thirty days—the thirty-first was not considered at all); No. 48 was called "the alarm gun"; and when No. 89 appeared, everyone had to shout in chorus, "the Revolution!"

If the soldiers made a mistake in the names, they had to pay forfeits, which provided the French troopers with many opportunities of giving free vent to their proverbial gaiety.

Then there was dancing in the Right and Left Camps, as well as at the Plateau d'Odre and at Châtillon.

The commanding officers not only permitted this practice but encouraged it, to keep the men active and well disposed. A fisherwoman's cap, or a madras handkerchief tied "fishwife" fashion round the younger

warriors' heads, served to distinguish the "ladies" from the men. Indeed, it was the only distinction, since the performance of these dancers was remarkable, presumably, neither for grace nor lightness of step. But that did not matter; the quadrilles were all the more novel for that very reason, and the gallops ended in a whirl of dizziness to the accompaniment of the wildest music and the beating of drums.

As I have already observed, dancing was encouraged in the various camps by the commanding officers themselves; for instance, in an Order of the Day dated 24th Thermidor, XII., the following article is inserted in the programme of festivities for the celebration of "St. Napoleon's Day": "Dancing may be indulged in, in the rear of each camp." And every advantage was taken of this permission.

There was a certain fencing-master, it appears, called Morland, who, in addition to his ordinary duties, took upon himself the office of "dancing-master" to the camp.

Frequently of an evening he would take up a violin, which he could play—sufficiently for the purpose, at all events—and teach the soldiers, who delighted in these simple amusements. Towards the end of the dancing lesson, the best pupils formed sets of quadrilles, and according to a narrative of the time, "the fencing-master would always tell them facetiously: 'Now don't forget to engage from the left foot!'"

Napoleon used to watch these games from behind the lattice of his dining-room window, and nothing amused him more than to watch the "sappers of the Army of Italy and Egypt rounding their arms and holding their tunics daintily between finger and thumb."

Morland, who was well aware of the Emperor's feelings in this respect, used sometimes to organise

immense round dances near the pavilion, which were entered into with the real French spirit and vivacity by hundreds of soldiers, all shouting together the chorus of the "Invasion of England":—

Traverser le détroit
N'est pas la mer à boire!

Napoleon never interfered; but the instant the retreat was sounded, he opened the window and called out:

"Very good. Now I am going to work, and you must go to bed. Good-night!"

The window was then closed and absolute silence prevailed, except for the roll of drums that was echoed in the far distance along the sand-hills.

As an amusement for the daytime, the Marines of the Guard had started the idea of making tiny boats, rigged with large sails and running on wheels, which enabled them to race on the sands when the wind was favourable. For at that period the ledges of rock which we see nowadays did not exist; when the little boats were unskilfully handled, they were wrecked on the sand, to the great amusement of the spectators.

Napoleon, who attached great importance to the soldiers being kept in good training, took care to encourage their sports by presiding over the horse- and foot-racing, and always gave prizes varying from 20 to 300 francs.

In conclusion, I must give some account of the "Boulogne Camp Ball," at which Napoleon was present, and even danced, according to one of his chroniclers.

There are letters extant and carefully preserved by private families in Boulogne, that refer to the grand ball the marshals and generals resolved to give in Napoleon's honour, as soon as they were informed of his plans of

returning to Paris to superintend the preparations for his Coronation.

Napoleon accepted the invitation, and fixed October 17th as the date; whereupon General Bertrand, as Grand Master of the Ceremonies, issued invitations, on behalf of the generals, to the most important people of the town; as for the officers, none under the rank of major were invited. The ladies, of course, lost no time in planning and ordering the most elegant toilettes for this unique occasion.

As there was no hall sufficiently large to accommodate the guests, the naval carpenters set to work and erected a temporary ball-room, which was beautifully decorated with garlands and trophies by the engineers.

On the eventful night, the ball opened with a triumphal march called the "Boulogne Camp March," composed by Lesueur, who afterwards became the court musical director. It was performed by the massed bands of twenty regiments. I shall allude again to this musical composition further on.

The aides-de-camp, acting as stewards, went forward to meet the ladies as they appeared, and presented each with a bouquet. The commanding officers were resplendent in their uniforms, richly embroidered with gold thread and diamonds, which had been ordered from Paris expressly for the occasion. The wife of Marshal Soult, who acted as hostess, wore a gown of black velvet, bespangled with glittering stones of the Rhine.

Besides the uniforms, there were costumes more or less fantastic, but very decorative; Marshal Augereau, for instance, was so gorgeous in his suit of pansy-coloured velvet and gold, white satin breeches, spangled silk stockings, and powdered wig—not to omit his old Republican sword—that the Emperor, who was simply

wearing the uniform of a Colonel in the Guards, burst out laughing on seeing the splendour of his "old brother in arms," as he called him, addressing him with good-humoured banter.

The different bands performed various pieces in turn, and then dancing began. The Emperor remained present for an hour, and danced "La Boulangère" with Madame Bertrand.

General Bisson, "a big general with a big protuberance," was entrusted with the care and management of the supper, which was most *recherché*. Indeed, it is maliciously reported that the Boulogne ladies, seeing a profusion of cakes, sweets, and delicacies of all kinds displayed on the board, showed no scruple in filling their pockets with dainties—from purely charitable motives, no doubt, and a laudable desire to take back tasty mementoes of the feast to their less fortunate lady friends.

What was the "Boulangère," and why did Napoleon dance it in preference to any other figure in the French quadrille?

I think we may safely assume that it was its very simplicity which recommended it to Napoleon, who had a great objection to appearing at a disadvantage, if only in a dance, and who certainly had no intention of devoting any time to mastering the intricacies of the other figures.

The "Pantalon" and "Eté" figures were rather complicated; the "Poule," which had only lately been invented by a man named Julien, was supposed to be accompanied by a noise imitating the clucking of a hen, which made it rather vulgar; while the *finale* of the quadrille was too much of a gallop for a somewhat heavy dancer. In short, the Boulangère, or "Pastourelle," was the only figure that had the advantage of being dignified and easily accomplished.

A "Guide to Dancing," dating from the beginning of the last century, describes the movement as follows: the couples join hands and form a ring—four steps forward, then four backwards; finally each man in succession waltzes round with the lady on his left.

There was certainly nothing very complicated about this performance, and it just suited Napoleon.

This reminds one of the childish games of "Puss-in-the-corner" that Napoleon used to indulge in with his intimates at Malmaison. As he objected to standing for long, doing "puss" among a set of young people who skilfully evaded all attempts at being lured from their corners, Bonaparte was seldom at a loss for some little ruse to recover his place. On one occasion, finding the wait rather tedious, he had recourse to the following expedient: Hortense de Beauharnais was guarding her corner so tenaciously, that Bonaparte feigned discouragement, and began to walk about, apparently quite indifferent to all further proceedings. Then, suddenly pretending to be struck with the elegant frock his stepdaughter was wearing, he came up to her, expressing admiration in his gestures, and took her by the hand, inviting her to turn round, so as to display all her finery. The young girl, naturally much flattered, moved unsuspectingly from her tree, and the First Consul, seizing his opportunity, made one bound for the corner and secured it.

During Napoleon's periods of relaxation at Malmaison, many a game of "Prisoners' Base" was played between Bonaparte, de Lauriston, Eugène de Beauharnais, de Bourrienne, Isabey, Rapp, and several ladies, among whom was Hortense de Beauharnais.

Napoleon, who was more impetuous than anybody, often tripped and fell to the ground, but he always picked

himself up nimbly, and was the first to laugh at his misadventure.

For a whole month, so it appears from various letters dating from that period, there was talk of nothing else but the Imperial Ball, and the incidents that had occurred in connection therewith; and one can scarcely imagine the number of political conversions it occasioned.

The author, himself a Boulonnais, could give some interesting information on the subject, were it not indiscreet. He could tell, for instance, which of the men, who were loudest in their praise of the new sovereign, had been fierce Republicans only the day before; and which others, now honestly rallying round the new *régime*, had been irreconcilable royalists up to that day. The outburst of loyalty towards the new Emperor was, in fact, so general, that it might well excite our wonder, were it not that we know by official records that the same state of feeling prevailed all over the country at that time.

But when the population of the Boulonnais attached itself to the Imperial *régime*, it was not merely following a natural popular instinct of turning towards the "rising sun." Napoleon seemed to most men the embodiment of the glory of France; and the very people who disliked him reflected that, after all, his *régime* had done away with that of the guillotine, and that he had replaced the Reign of Terror by a succession of victories.

The Reign of Terror had not sent nobles alone to fill the prisons at Boulogne and Arras, for people of the humbler classes were incarcerated as well—bakers, locksmiths, brewers, grocers, shoemakers, and hair-dressers. On October 2nd, 1793, the revolutionary Tribunal had sent the Abbé Butteau to the guillotine, erected in the Place du Palais de Justice, at Boulogne; while Louis Legris, a small shopkeeper at Desvres, had to atone

on the scaffold for his "devotion to tyranny and fanaticism"—an accusation as vague as it was terrible, since there was but little chance of his being able to offer any defence that would avail him at all.

The distinguished composer Lesueur, to whom I have already alluded as being the author of the "March" performed on the occasion of the Imperial Ball, was a native of Abbeville, and the son of poor peasants. When still quite a child, his passion for music was suddenly aroused one day as he was following a military band along the high road. The stirring strains of the martial music made an indelible impression on him, and most probably influenced his future compositions, which attracted Bonaparte's attention. When he brought out his first opera, *The Bards*, he received a valuable recognition of his great talents—a gold snuff-box bearing this inscription: "From the Emperor to the author of *The Bards*." The box also contained 6,000 francs in notes. Lesueur was one of the founders of the Conservatoire of Music in Paris.

Soon after his stay in Boulogne, he composed an opera in honour of his benefactor, in which he introduced the episode of Napoleon burning, at Princess Hatzfeldt's entreaty, the incriminating letter that clearly proved her husband's treason.

. . . . . .

The author has tried to find the theme of the March of the Boulogne Camp among the works of Lesueur, but the task was made difficult from the fact that Lesueur was in the habit of altering his compositions, and bringing them out under new titles; his revolutionary songs, for instance, were transformed into church music, and *vice versâ*. In fact, he indulged in what one might call a sort of "musical cookery."

In the first place, there is a "Coronation Mass"

by Lesueur which terminates with a march and "vivat," of which the following is the initial theme :—

In spite of the name given to this Mass, it was not performed at Notre-Dame for the First Emperor; it was only written after the event, in view of an imaginary coronation ceremony.

However, there is a military march among the musical records in Paris, bearing this inscription : "Coronation March of H.M. the Emperor, music by Lesueur, re-set by H. Courtin, professor of harmony at the Conservatoire, by order of Lieutenant-General Baron Pelet," and we have every reason to believe that this must be the march, especially as the breadth and fulness of the composition seem to indicate that it was intended to be performed by the massed bands of twenty regiments.

The following is the theme :—

To conclude this chapter, I must quote Morand's verses on the breaking up of the Camp of Boulogne.

Grenadier's farewell to the Camp of Boulogne :—

Le tambour bat, il faut partir,
Ailleurs on nous appelle,
Oui, de lauriers il va s'ouvrir
Une moisson nouvelle.
Si là-bas ils sont assez fous
Pour troubler l'Allemagne,
Tant pis pour eux, tant mieux pour nous
Allons vite en campagne !

Adieu mon cher petit jardin
Ma baraque jolie,
Toi que j'ai planté de mes mains
Et toi que j'ai bâtie,
Puisqu'il faut prendre le mousquet
Et laisser ma chaumière,
Je m'en vais planter le piquet
Par dèla la frontière.

Adieu, pigeons, poulets, lapins,
Et ma chatte gentille,
Autour de moi, chaque matin,
Rassemblés en famille.
Toi, mon chien, ne me quitte pas,
Compagnon de ma gloire
Partout tu dois suivre mes pas,
Ton nom est la *Victoire !*

Adieu, péniches et bateaux,
Prames et canonnières,
Qui deviez porter sur les eaux
Nos vaillants militaires.
Vous, ne soyez pas si contents,
Messieurs de la Tamise !
Seulement pour quelques instants
La partie est remise. . . .

CHAPTER XVI.

TWO MEMORABLE EVENTS OF THE CAMP AT BOULOGNE.

The Distribution of Crosses of the Legion of Honour—Oath of the Legionaries—Napoleon's Stone—The Column of Napoleon the Great and Marshal Soult—The Legion of Honour and the Women Officers.

THE memory of two great events will for ever be connected with Napoleon's stay at Boulogne—namely, the solemn distribution of Crosses of the Legion of Honour, and the laying of the foundation stone of the Column of the Grand Army.

The great pomp displayed at the distribution of Crosses at the Camp of Boulogne on August 16th, 1804, has drawn the attention of historians specially to this date.

But the foundation of the Order really dates from May 19th, 1802; and the first distribution of Crosses was made in the Chapel of the Invalides, on July 15th or 16th, 1804.

In spite of appearances to the contrary, the institution of the Legion of Honour was not incompatible with the principles laid down in the Constitution of 1791, which "decreed the suppression in France of all orders of chivalry and badges of distinction." For though the decree is certainly worded in these terms, we find, on reading the rest of the text, that the law only referred to those Orders that implied distinctions

of birth, which, of course, was quite opposed to the new principle of equality among citizens.

But further than this, the Constitution announced the intention of creating a single National Order, to be awarded, not for mere accident of birth, but for personal merit, "founded on valour, talents, and services rendered to the country."

It was this very distinction, conferable on military men and civilians alike, that Bonaparte intended to establish when he instituted the Legion of Honour.

When First Consul, he had really anticipated the creation of this Order by issuing a decree (4th Ventôse, VIII.) that weapons of honour, such as muskets, swords, carbines, and trumpets, should be given as a reward for military services. These presentation weapons were made in silver, or were silver-mounted, and had an inscription of the soldier's name, and the date of the action in which he had distinguished himself. Later on, the Council of State decreed that in case of the soldiers dying without having disposed of these arms in a will, they should be sent to the mayor of the district, who was to give them into the hands of the heirs, or deposit them in some "respectable place."

It would have been improper for a weapon of honour to be put up to auction, or displayed discreditably in the window of a second-hand shop.

When Bonaparte proposed the creation of the Legion of Honour, which was to confer the same distinction on both the military and civil services, "inasmuch as they had an equal claim to the gratitude of the nation," he met with the most violent opposition. It was contended that the projected Order of Chivalry would lead to a renewal of aristocracy, and that ribbons and crosses were the baubles of sovereignty.

"I defy you," replied Bonaparte, "to point out

one single Republic, either ancient or modern, where there have not been awards of distinction. They call them baubles? Well, it is by baubles that men are led."

And the scheme which the Constitution of 1791 had intended to realise was finally carried out by the First Consul, who expressed the opinion that "it was necessary to have one single distinction which would reward all kinds of merit."

Bonaparte came in person to support the motion in the Council of State, and this was adopted by the Tribunal (50 votes against 38) and by the Corps Législatif (166 votes against 110).

The decoration of the Order has undergone various modifications in the course of time and of different *régimes*, but the following is a description of the badge as Napoleon wished it to be, after the decree of July, 1804:—

"The decoration shall consist of a star with five double rays. The centre of the star, surrounded with a wreath of oak, and laurel leaves, shall bear, on one side, the head of the Emperor, with the legend: 'Napoleon, Emperor of the French'; and on the other, the Imperial Eagle, holding a thunderbolt, with this other legend: 'Honour and Country.' The badge shall be enamelled in white; shall be in gold for the grand officers, commanders, and officers; and in silver for the legionaries. It shall be worn on a buttonhole of the tunic, and attached to a red moiré ribbon."

At first the Legion was only composed of a Grand Council and sixteen cohorts, comprising seven grand officers, twenty commanders, thirty officers, and 350 legionaries. In 1814 Louis XVIII. agreed to maintain the Legion, for fear of making as many enemies as there were legionaries in France; but he replaced the effigy

of Napoleon b· · that of Henri IV., and the eagle by the fleur-de-lys, a· .l finally substituted the class of "Grand Cross, or Grand Cordon," for the class of "Grand Eagle," which had been established by an Imperial decree on January 9th, 1805.

The Emperor having fixed the date for the distribution of the Crosses at the Boulogne Camp, the mayor of the town, wishing to join in the demonstration to be made on this occasion, addressed this stirring proclamation to the inhabitants :—

"CITIZENS OF BOULOGNE,—

"The 28th Thermidor is the fête day of Napoleon, to whom France has entrusted her happiness and glory.

"On that day, the men who have most distinguished themselves are to receive the prize awarded to valour and worth, at the hands of the greatest of all warriors and the best of princes. Men of Boulogne! A vast army is assembled outside your walls. These brave men, so often victorious, command our confidence. The army will fulfil its high destiny. We have already given proof of our devotion to Napoleon, and our admiration for the brave men he has summoned here to punish England, and force her to submit to the law of nations.

"The town of Boulogne must re-echo with our shouts of joy, and with expressions of our love and gratitude to the august monarch France has chosen.

"It is pleasant to reflect that the fête of the 28th Thermidor will take place on the anniversary of a glorious day, for on this memorable date Nelson was defeated in the Year IX.

"MERLIN-DUBREUIL
"(*Mayor*),
"DUTERTRE AND DUJAT-WALLET
"(*Assistants*).

"*23rd Thermidor, XII.*"

Instead of giving the descriptions of the ceremony from various books which the reader can refer to for himself, I will quote from the narratives of two eye-witnesses, who wrote their impressions on the very day of the event. The following article appeared in the *Journal des Débats* the day after the ceremony of August 16th, 1804:—

"I witnessed to-day the most magnificent martial display ever made by any people, for the finest army in the world was assembled under the eyes of the great Chief who had so often led these men to victory, and who was awarding them 'prizes of honour' for their valour.

"Not far from Boulogne (between Moulin Hubert and Terlincthun), the ground shelves down into a hollow, and the gradual slopes leading to it form a natural amphitheatre, opening out towards the cliffs. A throne was placed in the centre of the amphitheatre; it was uncovered, and simply adorned with trophies of arms and flags, such as befitted a commander of soldiers. The Emperor was seated on the throne of one of the kings of the first dynasty, and had Prince Jérôme on his right. Behind him were the grand officers of the Crown, and to the right and left of him were the Ministers, Marshals of the Empire, and the Generals. His Majesty's aides-de-camp stood in front on the steps of the throne, and at the foot, seats were placed at the right, for Councillors of State and foreign officers, and to the left for civil and religious dignitaries. The rest of the space was occupied by the Imperial Guard; by the band, on one side, and 2,000 drums on the other; and at the extremities stood the General Staff of the whole army and the General Staff of the different camps.

"From his throne the Emperor could see the two camps, the batteries, the entrance to the harbour, and

part of the roadstead to his right; while to the left he had a view of Wimereux and of the coast of England. In front were massed twenty columns and sixty regiments, covering half the circle of the amphitheatre. In front of these men, and closer to the throne, were stationed the legionaries of all ranks and arms. The different columns stretched over continually rising ground till the extremity of each reached the summits occupied by twenty squadrons in battle array. Behind these, again, was an immense crowd of spectators, and also the tents reserved for the ladies.

"The ordering of the ceremonial was perfectly simple and most imposing. The Emperor left his pavilion at midday, and his arrival was announced by a salute fired from all the batteries along the coast. At the same moment the sun burst out upon the scene, and the wind that blew served to make the flags wave.

"The moment the Emperor appeared, the 2,000 drums beat a salute, while the cheers of the soldiers and people proclaimed the enthusiasm excited by his presence.

"Then the drums beat the charge, and all the columns were instantly set in motion and closed in.

"Everyone was thrilled with martial ardour at this splendid movement. The Grand Chancellor of the Legion of Honour then made a speech, which was followed by a rolling of drums; after which his Majesty took the oath.

"Then the whole army, moved by a spontaneous outburst of feeling, repeated the oath of fidelity and devotion, and ringing cheers of '*Vive l'Empereur!*' re-echoed from all the ranks, the soldiers brandishing their weapons and waving their flags in manifestation of their enthusiasm.

"The grand officers, commanders, officers and

legionaries then moved towards the throne, and were presented by the Minister of War to the Emperor, who handed the Badge of the Eagle to each individual hero.

"It was grand to see the Marshals of the Empire, generals, State Councillors, prefects, bishops, soldiers, and sailors, in succession, receive the prize of honour from the hands of the Emperor; he knew them all, and welcomed them as his companions in arms and glory. Several officers held the Crosses, which were placed in the shields and helmets of Duguesclin and Bayard.

"Altogether, there was infinite charm and grandeur in the whole scene; first, the brilliant army of brave men, the camps, and ports, that Napoleon had made; then the cliffs, re-echoing with the sound of the waves and the roaring of cannon; the white cliffs of England in the far distance; the rays of the sun piercing through the clouds, to shine on the solemn scene; the ships of the enemy driven back by the gale and disappearing through the mist of the horizon . . . all these things, combining with the magic of the Emperor's presence, created an impression which it is impossible to express.

"One thing only was wanting to make the magnificent picture complete. The fleet had been unable to leave the harbour, but the Emperor's star had guided one from Hâvre. Just as the columns were extending and spreading on to the neighbouring slopes (so as to form only one column, as the different brigades were to march past, in succession, before the throne), a flotilla of fifty sail, part of the Hâvre fleet, doubled the Point of Alprech. All eyes were turned towards the sea, and great joy prevailed at the sight of the tribute the ocean was paying to the fête of the Empire; the convoy, which was six months overdue, arrived just at the solemn moment.

"The Emperor spent the evening at the pavilion, and all the legionaries were entertained at tables presided over by Prince Joseph, the Ministers of War and of the Navy, Marshal Soult, and Admiral Bruix; the Emperor's health was drunk amid the greatest enthusiasm, and a salvo of artillery from the coast batteries accompanied the toast.

"The fireworks had to be postponed till the next day, because of the wind. There will be target-firing practice and horse races during the day, and a ball at the theatre in the evening."

On glancing over the wording of the oath of the legionaries, such as it was determined upon by the law of 29th Floréal, X., it seems clear that Bonaparte's intention in creating the Order, was to establish, not a privileged class, but a directing force, a kind of general staff for the nation, rather than a body of men devoted to his person.

No doubt, when the Crosses were distributed at Boulogne, the Emperor desired that the oath of fidelity to himself should be added to the usual formula. But the ordinary wording was couched in the following terms (by the law above mentioned), for the purpose of establishing the Order as the natural guardian and defender of the institutions of modern France :—

"Every individual admitted in the Legion must swear, on his honour, to devote himself to the service of the Republic and the preservation and integrity of the territory; to defend the Government, the laws, and property; to use every means sanctioned by reason, justice, and the law, in combating all enterprises which tend to the re-establishment of the feudal system, and of the titles which belonged to it; and, finally, to co-operate to the utmost of his power in maintaining Liberty and Equality."

The following narrative was written by a Boulogne

correspondent to the *Journal de Paris*, and although it repeats several details already given in the preceding account of the ceremony of August 16th, I will quote some passages which serve to confirm the foregoing description :—

"The Emperor had fixed the day of the 'Feast of St. Napoleon' for the distribution of the Crosses . . . and the army was made responsible for the pomp and dignity of the ceremonial. The site for the display was chosen close to the Emperor's pavilion, and the natural formation of the ground was especially suited to the grouping of the 100,000 men who were to take part in the show, and enjoy the grand spectacle themselves. The general plan of the place resembled that of an antique theatre, the tiers of which were represented, in this case, by the natural slope of the land.

"The throne of the Emperor was placed in the centre, and raised on a mound, after the ancient custom that prevailed in the camps of the Cæsars, when they wished to harangue their troops. The platform on which it stood was sixteen feet square and eight feet high, and surrounded with flags surmounted with golden eagles.

"In the middle of the platform, stood the ancient chair of King Dagobert; flags and standards taken at Montenotte, Arcole, Rivoli, Castiglione, the Pyramids, Aboukir, and Marengo were grouped so as to form a canopy to the throne. In the centre of this trophy, was the suit of armour of an Elector of Hanover, and a garland of gold laurel leaves formed a huge wreath over the whole. Prince Joseph, the Ministers, Marshals of the Empire, admirals, grand officers of the Crown, and generals, stood around the throne; and in the rear of this brilliant group were stationed captains, from all the army corps, holding flags. The Grand Chancellor of the Order was at the foot of the throne, and the aides-

NAPOLEON DISTRIBUTING THE CROSSES OF THE LEGION OF HONOUR AT BOULOGNE.

de-camp, stationed on the sixteen steps leading up to it, received and transmitted the Emperor's orders; below the aides-de-camp were two groups of legionaries who had already received the Cross, and the enemies' flags arranged as trophies, waved above their heads. The Crosses were placed in the helmets and shields of Bayard and Duguesclin. I saw more than one man touch Bayard's shield reverently with his lips, observing: 'I am to receive the meed of valour from the armour of the truest of knights!'"

I must add a few supplementary lines taken from Bertrand's "History of Boulogne," which will serve to explain the placing of the army on this occasion:—

"In rear of the platform was the Imperial Guard, flanked on one side by the military bands, and on the other by 2,000 drums; and at each extremity of the line were the general staffs of the different camps. The line, which was about 300 yards (150 toises), was the base of the semi-circle on which the army was stationed.

"Sixty regiments radiated in twenty columns from the centre, and reached as far as the summit of the slopes, which were occupied by twenty squadrons in battle array."

Among the details mentioned by all the contemporaries respecting the ceremony of August 16th, is one that deserves special notice. The Emperor, they say, was seated on the ancient throne of King Dagobert, and the Crosses of the Order were deposited in the time-honoured helmets and shields of Duguesclin and Bayard.

The author considered the question sufficiently interesting to warrant his making some researches on the subject, and hoped, naturally, to find documents relating to it in the offices of the Grand Chancellor of the Order; but, unfortunately, most of the records were destroyed

by fire in 1871. However, the foregoing narratives of eye-witnesses are sufficiently authenticated by the fact that they were reproduced textually in the *Moniteur Universel* of the period, and also in the "Annual Record of the Legion of Honour" for 1805, published by Lavallée and Perrotte. Added to this, the fact that "the Crosses were deposited in the helmets and shields of Duguesclin and Bayard" is mentioned by the various chroniclers of the Order: Mazas, de Chamberet, Bonneville de Marsangy.

THRONE OF DAGOBERT.

Used by Napoleon when he distributed the Crosses of the Legion of Honour at Boulogne.

Still, the author wanted to know where these precious relics are kept at present. The director of the Military Museum informed him in a letter, of December 12th, 1905, that the armour of the two illustrious warriors is not in that museum.

The old catalogues do, it is true, allude to Bayard's armour and Duguesclin's sword, but the new catalogues make no mention of them.

As for the historical chair of King Dagobert, of which

we give an illustration, it is kept in the room of antiquities in the "Bibliothèque Nationale"—so the author was informed in December, 1905, by the Director of National Museums.

Referring to the form of Oath for the Legionaries, which was pronounced by the Grand Chancellor (Count Lacépede), the *Moniteur Universel* of August 19th, 1804, published the following:—

"The Emperor, in administering the oath to the members, added these words to the usual formula: 'And you, soldiers, do you swear to defend, at the peril of your lives, the honour of the French name, of your country, and of your Emperor?' One hundred thousand voices shouted in response: 'We swear!' And in the same moment the soldiers, swayed by excess of enthusiasm, raised their shakos and bearskins on their bayonets and waved them frantically in the air, shouting over and over again, '*Vive l'Empereur!*'

"The Emperor himself handed the Crosses to all the military men and to the religious and civil functionaries who had won the distinction. The whole army then marched past the throne, taking three hours to do so. The Emperor did not leave the throne until seven o'clock."

Napoleon, in accordance with the principles which had prompted him to re-establish religious worship in France, desired that a place of honour should be reserved for the clergy on this solemn occasion. Accordingly, when he and General Bertrand settled upon the main features of the great ceremony, he ordered that the church dignitaries should be grouped immediately next to the throne.

He also directed that a solemn *Te Deum* should be sung in the Church of St. Nicolas on the very day of the distribution of the Crosses. The Bishop of Arras

officiated with great pomp, and the Emperor, wishing to prove his friendliness towards the head of the clergy in the district, nominated the Prelate among the very first of the Legionaries who were to receive the Cross from his hands.

The display of fireworks arranged for the evening of the fête had to be postponed, because of the gale that had sprung up towards the end of the ceremony.

"The next day, at nine o'clock, a loud report from the Left Camp gave the signal for the display, and the rampart and cliffs of the Tour d'Odre were very soon thronged with spectators. The Emperor went to his pavilion, and in an instant the sky was lit up with thousands of luminous bombs and innumerable rockets, while 15,000 Roman candles shot up their stars in a ceaseless stream from the Left Camp. Subsequently, the town, ramparts, and triumphal arches were all illuminated, and a brilliant ball closed the fête, in which had been displayed all that is most imposing in military pomp."

To commemorate the distribution, a small marble obelisk was erected at the expense of the State on the very spot which the Emperor's throne had occupied; it stands a short distance out of Boulogne, about two hundred metres off the road leading to Wimereux, and is known in the district under the name of "Napoleon's Stone." There are several inscriptions on the monument. Facing south are the words :—

SITE OF THE THRONE OF NAPOLEON FIRST
FOR THE DISTRIBUTION OF THE CROSSES OF
THE LEGION OF HONOUR, 16TH AUGUST, MDCCCIV.

The side facing east is engraved with a design of a cross of the Order. On the northern side is the following inscription :—

LOCUS
QUO STETIT SOLIUM NAPOLEONIS I. IMP. AUG.
INSIGNIA LEGIONIS HONORIFIC,
XVII. KAL. SEPTEMBR A. MDCCCIV.
DE SUGGESTU DISTRIBUENTIS.

Lastly, on the western face, is a plan of the disposition of the troops round the Imperial throne. As it now stands, this monument is the third which has been erected on the same spot in commemoration of the event.

The members of the Agricultural Society of Boulogne acquired this historic ground at a time when it was still possible to trace, from what remained of the earthworks, the exact spot where the Emperor had stood.

The modest owners of the property determined to mark the spot by raising a monument in memory of the event; and having collected a certain sum among themselves, erected a block of marble, engraved with the date 28th Thermidor, XII., and surrounded by a wreath of laurels, with the Cross of the Legion of Honour.

The humble little monument was destroyed after the events of 1815, although the Government maintained the Order and continued to award the distinction. This inconsistency lasted for fifteen years.

Then came the Revolution of 1830, when it was suggested that the monument should be restored; and the Agricultural Society, together with the National Guard of Boulogne, raised a new stone over the remains of the first, on October 24th, 1830. On one side was the date: "28 Thermidor, Year XII.," and on the other: "Solemn Distribution of the Crosses, 16 August, 1804."

The other memorable event that took place at Boulogne in 1804 was the laying of the foundation stone of the great column, which was erected by the Grand Army as a mark of admiration and devotion to the Emperor.

On September 21st, 1804, Marshal Soult, Commander-in-Chief of the troops, issued an Order of the Day, of which I give a few extracts :—

"*Headquarters of Boulogne.*

"The troops of the camp at Boulogne wishing to give a proof of their admiration and devotion to the monarch who rules over the destinies of France, have resolved :

"To erect a monument, capable of resisting the ravages of time, in order to perpetuate the memory of his greatness and glory ; and to testify to their love and fidelity to the First Emperor of the French, before all the world and all generations.

"To raise a memorial, for all time, of our hero's creation of an Order to reward honour and bravery.

"And, lastly, to consecrate the spot where the Emperor Napoleon came to share the work and hardships of his soldiers, to train them for new conflicts, and to prepare the way for the success of his vast enterprise."

In accordance with the wishes of the army, the Commander-in-Chief decided on the following programme :—

"A column 50 metres high shall be erected on a quadrangular pedestal, with a colossal statue of H.I. Majesty on the summit.

"The statue of his Majesty shall be in bronze, and shall represent him clothed in the Imperial robes, with crown and sceptre.

"The column shall stand between the Emperor's headquarters at the Tour d'Odre, and the camp of the first division, in full sight of the Continent, and in face of the Channel and the British Islands.

"The foundation stone shall be laid on 18th Brumaire next, on the anniversary of the regeneration of France under the government of Napoleon the Great.

"The Marshal Commander-in-Chief,

"SOULT."

To retain the character of the memorial as an offering of the army to their chief, it was decided to defray the expenses of its erection by deducting a day's pay every month from each of the officers, and half a day's pay from the non-commissioned officers and men of the Army and Navy.

Napoleon was much touched on being informed of these resolutions, and bade Marshal Soult inform the officers and men that "the monument the army proposed erecting, in honour of the camp at Boulogne, would serve to mark the epoch for the military events that were to follow, the glorious results of which would compensate for all the dangers and hardships incurred."

The Navy also published the following Order of the Day on November 8th, 1804:—

"Order of the Day of the Imperial Fleet, concerning the laying of the foundation stone of Napoleon's column:

"The Army having resolved to erect a monument to the glory of our monarch, and to perpetuate thereby the memory of the great expedition which his powerful genius conceived and planned, the admiral, acting on behalf of the officers and sailors of the Imperial fleet, has expressed to Marshal Soult their wish to take part in this testimonial of gratitude and admiration, now being offered to his Majesty. Marshal Soult, in his own name and in that of the army, has readily accepted the wishes of the fleet.

"The foundation stone will be laid to-morrow, the anniversary of the 18th Brumaire, at 9.30 a.m.; the prefect, the general officers, and the staff officers of the fleet will therefore meet at the admiral's quarters, to accompany him to the quarters of Marshal Soult, and from thence to High Mass, which will be celebrated in the parish church of Boulogne. On leaving the church, everyone will proceed to the site chosen for the erection of the monument.

"A detachment of a hundred naval gunners, with their flag, commanded by a captain; and 100 sailors, in full dress,

commanded by a naval lieutenant, will proceed at ten o'clock to the Plateau of the First Division at the Tour d'Odre.

"The ceremony over, the troops will march past, and then the admiral, accompanied by the officers above mentioned, will board the praam *La Ville de Mayence*, and distribute the Crosses of the Legion of Honour."

As the town of Boulogne wished to rival the two services in their patriotic zeal, the municipal councillors were convened to a special meeting on the 17th Brumaire, the day before the ceremony, and the following resolution was unanimously adopted:—

"Taking into consideration the facts that:

"A monument of majestic proportions, planned on a vast scale, built of durable material, and fit to transmit to posterity the deeds of the hero in whose honour it is to be raised, is the only tribute considered worthy of being offered to him;

"That, the inhabitants of Boulogne should be guided by the same sentiments as those which animate the troops on this occasion;

"That, the Boulonnais have at last found an opportunity of giving material proof of their devotion to the head of the Empire, by uniting with the brave men who are to raise a trophy to his glory . . . ."

Then the municipal council directed a committee to offer on behalf of the town, "the exclusive property of the land considered necessary to make a fitting enclosure round the monument."

This proposal was accepted by Marshal Soult.

An official report of the municipal committee, dated 17th Brumaire, XIII., mentions that the site chosen was about 200 metres from the Calais Road, and that the area required was 4½ hectares (about 11 acres), for which the town paid the sum of 18,000 francs. The foundation stone was a block of marble, about 31 inches

by 23, and 10 inches thick; it had the following inscription :—

FOUNDATION STONE
OF THE MONUMENT ERECTED
BY THE EXPEDITIONARY ARMY OF BOULOGNE
AND THE FLEET
TO THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON.
LAID BY MARSHAL SOULT, COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF,
18 BRUMAIRE, XIII. (6 NOVEMBER, 1804),
ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE REGENERATION OF FRANCE.

Immediately after the solemn celebration of Mass, the detachments, representing the whole army and the fleet, marched to the scene of the ceremony, where they formed square; the Marshal in command, escorted by a grenadier from each regiment, then proceeded to lay the first stone of the column, the foundations of which were dug six metres deep in the earth.

On the 25th Pluviôse, Marshal Soult demanded of the Emperor "the requisite bronze for the bas-reliefs of the monument, which the army will replace at the enemy's expense."

And, sure enough, after the battle of Austerlitz, the Marshal forwarded 49,000 kilos of bronze, taken on the battlefield, to Napoleon with these words :—

"I borrowed some bronze for the Napoleonic column, and herewith return the capital with interest."

Later on, Marshal Soult issued an order, dated December 14th, 1807, from Elbeng, by which a general statement was published of all monies received since the starting of the subscription among the soldiers of the camp, and the sailors of the fleet, at Boulogne. The sum total of the subscriptions, which had been collected by the pay-masters, amounted to 1,408,578 francs 30 centimes, on October 1st, 1810.

In 1814, the column—which, it was supposed at first, would only take four years to build—had only reached a height of 19 metres, and large sums were still required for the completion of the monument.

But instead of helping towards its completion, the Government, on the contrary, in 1815 confiscated the bronze intended for the bas-reliefs, and had it cast into a statue of Henri IV.* The statue of Napoleon by Houdan, which was already completed, was broken up, together with the bas-reliefs. As for the edifice in course of erection, it was decided to turn it into a lighthouse, under the supervision of the Civil Engineering Department.

When this decision was made known, it aroused a good deal of feeling among the people; numerous petitions were made, and an urgent protestation was addressed to the Duc d'Angoulême, till finally the works were again started in 1819.

Then the question was raised as to what should be placed on the summit of the column—a statue of Louis XVIII. or of Henri IV.? It ended, from motives of economy, no doubt, in the selection of a mere globe, with a royal crown and fleur-de-lys ornamentations, which was placed at the top of the monument in August, 1824, and it was then called the Column of the Bourbons. However, in 1830, it was determined that the column should be completed at last, and restored to the purpose for which it was originally intended.

Some wished it to be called the Napoleonic Column; others, the Column of the Grand Army. The Minister, being anxious to humour all parties, decided in favour of the latter appellation.

"In 1838," writes M. le Cat, "the Minister Montalivet directed Denis to cast a new statue of Napoleon, which he had commissioned Bosio to model. This

* The one on the Pont-Neuf in Paris.

statue was erected on the banks of the Seine, opposite the Invalides, at the time of the Emperor's obsequies ; then it was sent to Boulogne, where it was inaugurated on August 15th, 1841."

Just as it was about to be hoisted into position, it

COLUMN OF THE GRAND ARMY.

was discovered that some malevolent person had taken advantage of the darkness of the preceding night, to carve the word "Waterloo" on the left eye-ball, which they were only able partially to erase.

The monument, when completed in September, 1845, consisted of a platform at the base 33 metres square, of a Doric column, and the acroterium on which stood the Imperial statue.

The whole erection measures 53 m. 60 in height. The shaft is about 4 metres in diameter, and entirely built of Boulonnais marble, so-called Napoleon marble. The Emperor's statue, in Imperial robes, stands over 3½ metres high. The weight of the bronze alone is 7,500 kilos. The top platform (140 metres above sea level), which is reached by a winding staircase of 265 steps, gives a splendid panoramic view of the country and roadstead; and on fine days the coast of England stands out clear and distinct upon the horizon.

Napoleon neglected no methods which he thought might serve to stimulate the zeal of his soldiers; this was why, for instance, he would on occasion, and without fear of ridicule, fasten the Cross of the Legion of Honour on the breast of women warriors who had distinguished themselves by some particular act of bravery.

I must quote, as an example, the case of a woman who was made a corporal, a sergeant, and a sub-lieutenant in succession, and was finally awarded the Cross of the Legion of Honour, which the Emperor handed to her himself.

Marie-Jeanne Schellinck was born at Ghent in 1757, and was thirty-five when she enlisted in the French army, in April, 1792. She joined the 2nd Belgian battalion, composed of Belgian patriots who had rebelled against the dominion of Austria, and were outlawed in consequence. Marie Schellinck became a corporal on June 15th, 1792, and took part in the Belgian campaign, during which she received six sword-cuts at the battle of Jemmapes. Owing to her great courage, she was made a sergeant on December 7th, 1793, and continued to serve under Jourdan. In 1795 she fought in Holland; then she joined the army of Italy under Bonaparte's orders, and was mentioned in the Order of the Day of the battle of Arcole. She fell into the

hands of the enemy on March 3rd, 1797, was imprisoned in Austria, and only returned to France on June 11th, 1798. After taking part in the battle of Marengo, she joined the army at Boulogne in 1804.

The following year, she went through the Austrian campaign, and fought at Austerlitz, where she was wounded in the leg by a bullet, December 2nd, 1805. She was rewarded for her valour by being promoted to the rank of sub-lieutenant, on January 9th, 1806; and subsequently the heroine was again wounded at the battle of Jena, on October 13th, 1806.

Finally, Napoleon showed his appreciation of Marie Schellinck's valuable services, by conferring on her the Order of the Legion of Honour. As he handed her the Cross he said: "Madame, I grant you a pension of 700 francs, and make you Chevalier of the Legion of Honour. Receive, at my hands, the Star of the brave, which you have so nobly won." Then turning to his officers, he added: "Gentlemen, salute this brave woman with respect; she is one of the glories of the Empire." *

What could better serve to excite the zeal of the soldiers, or be more conducive to proper rivalry, than this tribute paid to feminine courage before the assembled troops?

* Marie Schellinck returned to her country and lived to the age of eighty-three.

CHAPTER XVII.

"BONEY" AND ENGLISH CARICATURES.

Explanation of Nicknames "Boney" and "Fleshy"—Bonaparte and Gulliver—English Roast Beef and Plum Pudding—French Soup—French Frog Eaters—Caricatures of the Flotilla, the Grand Army, and the Intended Invasion.

FROM the moment that Bonaparte began to play a preponderating part in the affairs of the Continent, the hostility of England betrayed itself by a multitude of caricatures, lampoons, and pamphlets, which were scattered broadcast, either by those in the pay of the English, or by the partisans of the Bourbons.

In France, these satirical productions—which were very soon intercepted—did not diminish in the least the popularity of the man they were intended to damage: in England, the dealers who sold these prints made a fortune by the trade.

However, in spite of the number of these prints that were issued in the course of many years, collectors can find but a limited number of them nowadays; because, during the Empire the police, acting under orders, had sought out and destroyed everything that cast ridicule on the sovereign, knowing well that in France they may forget faults and even crimes, but that ridicule is a deadly weapon.

A great variety of satirical drawings are preserved among the portfolios of the Carnavalet Museum and the Bibliothèque Nationale, among the curious publications

of M. Grand Carteret ("Napoleon in Pictures"), and also in English and French private collections—and they are all of a violently personal nature. In fact, the envenomed point of the artist's pencil vied with the pen, dipped in gall, which had written the legends to the pictures.

Take, for instance, the titles alone of some of the prints: a whole vocabulary might be compiled from the abusive epithets scattered over the illustrations of "Boney" the accursed Corsican:—

The Corsican Monkey.
The Corsican Worm.
The Corsican Beggar.
The Corsican Grasshopper.
The Corsican Spider.
The Corsican Juggler.
The Corsican Bloodhound.
The Corsican Toad.
The Corsican Fox.
The Corsican Tiger.
The Bonaparte Bear.
Crocodile Bonaparte.
The Invasion of Harlequin.
The Naughty Boy.
The Little Man Afraid of his own Shadow.
The Beast of the Apocalypse.
Boney quite Mad.
Tom Thumb at Bay.
Harlequin's Last Jump.
The Murderer of Madame République.
The Political Butcher.
Napoleon the Small.
The Double Charlatan.
The Butcher of Corpses.
The Devil's Favourite.
Bonaparte, Brigand Chief.

For many years the English caricaturists, Gillray, Rowlandson, .Cruikshank, and a host of anonymous draughtsmen, used their pencils—not without profit—in a satirical campaign against the Bonaparte they all detested, and who was popularly known in England under the name of "Little Boney."

But whence this name of Boney?

In the first place it is the abbreviation of Bonaparte, and we may also ask ourselves whether the success of this appellation was not due, in a great measure, to a peculiarity which appears to me very suggestive.

For, on looking over the collections of the caricatures drawn at this period, the first thing that strikes one is the extreme thinness of the General and First Consul, who is represented by the artists as an emaciated personage with sunken eyes, protruding cheek bones, and skeleton arms and legs. In contrast to this puny, sickly creature, they complacently depict the corpulent subjects of King George carving a huge sirloin of beef, or stuffing down large mouthfuls of an appetising pudding.

In fact, these national dishes play a most prominent part in many of the caricatures: some even explain that the real reason why Bonaparte wished to invade England, was, so that he might have the chance of eating a good underdone roast, instead of being restricted to a scanty fare of frogs.

On the other hand, the caricatures drawn of Napoleon towards the end of his life, gave him the aspect of a heavy man with a large protuberance (which was correct as far as that goes), and in these he is called no longer Boney, but Fleshy. For instance, one print in particular is entitled "Fleshy, formerly Boney."

This distinction between the two nicknames would seem to make the full meaning of the first quite clear.

Still, the epithet of "Boney" was popularly used till the fall of the Empire, and we come across it in a whole series of prints dating from 1812, 1814, and even from 1815—in this one, for instance, "Boney in the Waterloo Cauldron." (June, 1815.) Then, again, the English humourists indulged in more or less happy attempts at puns, poking fun now at "Apollo" (Napoleon), now at "Talley" (Talleyrand), or "Bone-a-part" (*sic*); and, as we shall see later on, an author even went to the length of giving a double meaning to a shout for mercy, "Miséricorde!" which he puts into Bonaparte's mouth, "misery" and "cord"!

But it was especially at the time of the Boulogne Camp that the caricatures swarmed, their object being to stir up public feeling against this alarming personage, the Corsican pest and dreaded scourge.

For he was now no longer merely the victorious general of Italy and Egypt, but the bold invader threatening England, a few leagues distant only from the coast, and ready to face all perils with his host of brave men, who were intoxicated with continual success, and could not believe in the possibility of any check.

In some of the prints published both in England and Germany, Bonaparte is caricatured in various situations taken from "Gulliver's Travels," which offered endless appropriate allusions, affording comparison with the events of the time. What indeed can be more picturesque and full of meaning and imagination, than the travels in which Gulliver finds himself, first a giant in the kingdom of the Lilliputians, and then a pigmy among giants?

The print which represents Napoleon drawing a fleet of nutshells in his wake, with pieces of string (see illustration), recalls Swift's hero towing King Blefuscu's fleet into the port of Lilliput, holding in his hands

the packthread cables with which the ships were fastened.

In order to understand the allusion which the caricaturist intended thereby to convey, fifty years after the death of Swift, we must remember that "Gulliver's Travels" was, above all, a satirical pamphlet on the

BONAPARTE AND THE FLEET OF NUTSHELLS.

politics of his time: the dissensions between the Whigs and Tories, for instance, are represented by the faction of the Low-heels and High-heels; Walpole is easily discernible in the character of the Lilliputian Minister; and the quarrels of Papists and Protestants are depicted in the struggles between the Big-endians, who maintained that eggs should be broken on the larger end, and the Small-endians, who contended that they should be opened at the smaller end. Another illustration:

When Gulliver, the adventurer, went on his second voyage he landed on the shores of Brobdingnag, peopled

by a race of giants, who were governed by a wise and patriotic prince. A print, taken from this incident, casts ridicule on the invasion of England, by representing it as a game causing much amusement to King George and all his family. Bonaparte, in this instance, is compared to Gulliver, on his trip to the giants' land, and is seen manœuvring his little boat in the cistern. The author discovered an excellent proof of this inter-

THE CORSICAN GULLIVER

esting drawing in the museum at Boulogne, and was able to have it reproduced for the present work.

Many were the satirical illustrations inspired by Swift's great work—this one, for instance, "An Obstacle in the way of the Corsican, or Gulliver and his Guide," in which Gulliver (Napoleon) climbs up a ladder to reach the crown of the King of Brobdingnag (King George) and is held in leash by a sailor armed with a switch (1803).

Or again: "The little Princess and Gulliver," in which the Brobdingnagian princess (Charlotte of Wales)

pitches Gulliver into the sea for having the audacity to try and snatch the royal crown from her grandfather.

In the "Watchman of Brobdingnag opposing the Landing of Gulliver," King George himself turns the light of the "Constitutional Lantern" on Bonaparte

KING GEORGE AND BONAPARTE.

and the invaders, which suffices to put them all to flight (1803).

In another drawing by Gillray, King George is holding in his right hand a puppet representing Bonaparte, and staring at him through a spy-glass to make out who in the world this puny adversary can be! In fact, the humourists found material everywhere for their satirical comparisons. One caricature represents the First Consul

carousing with his courtiers and feasting on the riches of Albion. But just as he is about to devour some cakes, drawn so as to represent the principal London monuments, he is struck motionless with fear on seeing the fateful words of Belshazzar's feast on the walls.

Gillray was not content to express humour and caustic wit in his drawings, for in one of them Napoleon's head is shown on a pike, and the legend beneath it runs: "Forty-eight Hours after Landing." Several of the details in the drawing remind one of the bloodthirsty picture representing the severed heads that were carried through the streets of Paris, on the day of the taking of the Bastille. Beneath the picture is a notice to this effect: "Warning to adventurers! Insurance policies can now be taken out at Lloyd's by which, on payment of a guinea premium, anyone will be entitled to the sum of a hundred guineas, should the Corsican butcher still be alive forty-eight hours after landing."

Then the following words are written across the picture on the right: "Ha! my little Boney! What do you think of John Bull now? Pillage old England, eh? Make us all slaves, would you? God bless your cracked skull for thinking that John Bull would ever allow your great jaws to devour his roast beef and plum pudding!"

This method of exciting the people, by calling their attention to the danger their national dishes would incur in the event of an invasion, was systematically employed in a number of satirical pamphlets and caricatures of the period; but these coarse pictures were only intended for the populace.

Then, again, there is a drawing of a fat soldier, carrying Bonaparte's head on the end of a pike, with these three words summing up Gillray's feelings: "Britons, strike home!"

In England, and even in France, one sometimes has the good luck to come across, in a print-seller's shop, an amusing drawing of Gillray's, called "The Plum Pudding in Danger, or State Epicures having a Little Supper." Pitt and Bonaparte are here depicted in the act of dividing the world between them. The statesmen are seated opposite each other, and the pudding they are attacking is the terrestrial globe, too small to satisfy their insatiable appetites.

But why should Pitt be attacked as well as Napoleon? Because, it has been said, the enemies of the Prime Minister accused him of favouring Bonaparte and of having secret dealings with him.

But this interpretation is incorrect, for on examining any good proof of the engraving, the real meaning of the caricature is obvious: Bonaparte, wearing an absurd feathered cocked hat, and looking somewhat disgusted, is cutting a moderate slice, "Europe," out of the globe with his sword; while Pitt, with a jeering smile on his countenance, helps himself to a good half, on which is written the word "Ocean," as befits a nation that claims the sovereignty of the seas.

Another allegory represents Napoleon dragging on the nations in the wake of death; before him, a skeleton, playing on the violin, leads a sort of dance of death. As for Napoleon himself, he is seen brandishing a sword and pursuing his warlike course, trampling upon public liberty, treaties of peace, the codes, the independence of nations, and the rights of the people.

I will also mention one or two prints that are anything but funereal: Bonaparte is seen crossing the sea at the head of his grenadiers, each of whom is holding a musket in one hand and an umbrella in the other, so as not to get wet.

In another, Bonaparte and his generals and soldiers

are formed in line, passing buckets of salt water from hand to hand, to be emptied in the Liane, so that the Grand Army should get across the Channel dry-footed, as did the Hebrews in the Red Sea.

"Pike or Gudgeon"—so says a well-known English proverb: in other words, you must devour others or they will devour you, according to a philosophy which has little enough to do, it is true, with morality. And so the artist outlines the coast of England with a series of pikes' heads with gaping jaws, and the imprudent gudgeons venturing near are swallowed up and serve to stock a French "fried-fish" shop, which is evidently driving a roaring trade on the top of the cliff.

Another print shows the French soldiers mounted on porpoises and advancing in good order to conquer England, which is seen on the horizon.

This quaint notion of porpoises being used as steeds recalls an incident which really happened.

"Adjutant Quatremère-Disjonval, who at times appeared insane enough to be locked up," writes the Duchesse d'Abrantès, "once asked General Davoust for an interview at Ostend, in order to impart to him some wonderful plan he had conceived for transporting the army across the Channel."

There appears to have been a dual personality in this strange being, whom we find, at one time, so distinguishing himself in physics and chemistry as to be made a member of the Academy of Sciences; at another, giving practical advice on the construction of gun-boats for the expedition to Egypt; now publishing works on the use of spiders' webs for measuring the moisture in the atmosphere; then posing as a linguist and giving opinions which caused him to be looked upon as a lunatic. For instance, he maintained that the sounds in the human language were originally based on the noise made by

the instruments with which men drew water for their needs; and finally concluded that the signs of arithmetic, music and the alphabet were all taken from the same instruments. At one time he intended publishing an important treatise on the subject.

"One day, after General Davoust had been reviewing Friant's Division," writes the Duchesse d'Abrantès, "Quatremère approached just as he was dismounting, and presented him with a beautiful manuscript tied with pink and blue ribbons. 'General,' he said, 'I beg to offer a novel suggestion for transporting our soldiers across the Channel: it is a safe and economical method—somewhat unusual, perhaps—but still, heroic methods are suited to a man like yourself.'"

As no one present happened to know Adjutant Quatremère, the General took the memoir and began to read it. This is how it commenced: "Who would have foreseen, in times of old, and before these things came to pass, that the ox would plough for man, that the dog would hunt for him, that the horse would carry him, that the elephant would obey him, that the falcon would be subject to him—in fact, that the animals would alter their habits to become slaves to man? Yet so it is. Water, so far, has proved of least use to man; but why? The time has now come for us to conquer this element and bring its inhabitants into subjection for the benefit of the French army."

"Up to this point," adds Mme. d'Abrantès, "the General might still suppose that there was something worth reading in the memoir. But there was the sequel to read!"

Quoting Pliny as an authority, and basing his extravagant theories on all that has been said concerning the intelligence of animals, Quatremère concluded that the fish, after all, is no less intelligent than a camel,

horse, or elephant. And if this is admitted, why should not fish be trained like other animals? Then, still citing Pliny, and recalling the antique medals of Athens that represent a view of the Piræus and a dolphin carrying a man on his back, the poor author announced his proposition: Why not train a certain number of dolphins (in other words, porpoises) to carry several companies of sharpshooters across the Channel?

Nothing could be easier, he proceeded to explain; the sailors could be made to fish for porpoises, and when caught, they might be let loose in the dock and kept well fed till they were tame—and there was a marine cavalry all ready for crossing over to England!

Quatremère went on to explain how to make the bridles, bits, and indeed the whole equipment of the dolphins, for he still clung to this poetical term.

Such was the purport of the poor crazy memoir.

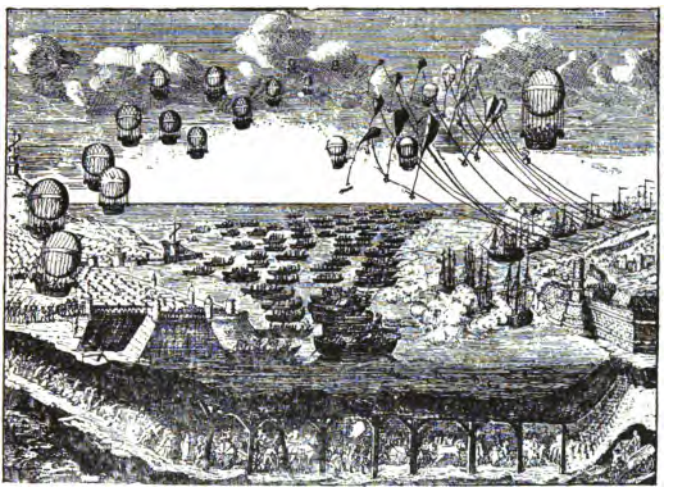
General Davoust read the work through while eating his lunch.

"Florainville!" he suddenly exclaimed, addressing the chief of the gendarmes at his headquarters, "arrest this madman Quatremère at once, and let two gendarmes take him on foot from brigade to brigade, straight to Paris." And the order was punctually carried out, in spite of the protestations of the "inventor."

Another idea of Quatremère's was that the soldiers should effect a mysterious entry into the enemy's harbours by means of diving-bells. Perhaps Quatremère had a vague glimmering notion of the future submarines among the confused images in his brain. At all events, as the motive power was still undiscovered at that time, this grand scheme of his was not more practicable than the rest of his inventions.

After Nelson's victory, France was chiefly concerned in building a new fleet as rapidly as possible, and for

this purpose she placed many orders for warships in the Dutch yards. This gave rise in England to the propagation of a certain poster representing grotesque figures hurrying to and fro with whole batches of little boats and cannons, which were being brought to a fat Dutchman to bake in his oven. In the background John Bull, sturdy, stout and well fed, is shaking with laughter and holding his sides, and beneath him are



VARIOUS SCHEMES FOR THE INVASION OF ENGLAND.

the words: "High Fun for John Bull; or, the Republicans put to their Last Shift."

A hideous and ragged-looking creature is emerging from a huge kneading-trough, exclaiming: "You must hurry up! Nelson is taking our ships by the dozen." On the trough itself is a whole series of words in rhyme: ruination, botheration, confiscation, requisition, plunderation (*sic*), limitation, execution, constitution, fraternisation, naturalisation, expedition, abolition.

There is a very interesting drawing in the Boulogne

Museum which summarises all the different plans—wise or fantastic—that were conceived in the brains of Frenchmen during the First Empire in view of attacking England. In this drawing (1803) are first of all air balloons, preceded by kites, acting as scouts: this is the fleet of airships.

Below these an innumerable fleet covers the Channel; the boats are packed so closely together that the sea is scarcely visible; on the right is the Boulogne belfry, with Chappe's telegraphic apparatus on the summit; to the left a powerful squadron protects the English coast and pours broadsides on the audacious nutshells: this is the sea-route across to England.

Below these, again, is the submarine route, which is really interesting, for a tunnel is represented joining England to France beneath the Straits. The French chariots, guns and troops, can be seen between the framework of the tunnel making a secret advance to surprise the enemy by a triple attack.

The idea of making a Channel tunnel had therefore already been thought of as early as the beginning of the last century.

In a print entitled "Boney's Journey to London" (Boulogne Museum), it is asked why Bonaparte is so long in coming. And the legend explains at the foot of the plate that it is because he travels with his house like a snail. The joke consists in representing him journeying in a hut raised on four wheels, and sitting on the box driving the grenadiers, who are harnessed to the machine instead of horses.

A coloured print, dated 1803, represents "honest Pat" giving Bonaparte a warm reception with blows from his spade, just as he is emerging from the sea at the head of his grenadiers. Beneath are the words: "The arrival of the scarecrows, or giving them an Irish welcome."

A little picture in the Boulogne Museum shows John Bull in the act of dragging the First Consul towards the gallows with a rope, in spite of his struggles; at the same time the flotilla is being blown up in the background and is sinking beneath the waves. The legend runs thus: "Johnny Bull giving Boney a Pull," and in a little scroll near Bonaparte are the words: "Oh, miséricorde! John Bull!"

The Coronation ceremony of 1804 seemed to aggravate British hostility against the person of the Emperor.

Gillray's caricature of the coronation had an immense success, and his illustration of the procession is really worth recording: Talleyrand is seen limping at the head of the *cortège* bearing the Emperor's genealogy, and staggering beneath the weight of the parchments. Pope Pius the Seventh follows, and is accompanied by Cardinal Feschi, waving incense before the Emperor and Empress; the Sovereign is in the garb of a jester, and, as for Josephine, she is made to look as dowdy and ungainly as can well be imagined. Puffs of smoke issuing from the censer are supposed to represent the following tributes offered to his Majesty: Address from the Paris municipality; congratulations from Paris idlers; obeisance of cowards; admiration of lunatics; homage of the rabble; congratulations from French frogs. Behind the Imperial couple are the ladies-of-honour, with this explanation written beneath the group: "Former fish-fags." The Imperial train is borne by obsequious kings, potentates and princes, and a whole army of generals closes the procession. On the canopy held above the Imperial couple is the following amiable legend:—

"Redeunt Satania regna;
Jam nova progenies cœlo dimittitur alto!"

where the word Satania, differing from the Latin text, and which everyone can understand, is emphasized.

The epithet of "frog-eaters" was then—and is still, in a way—the usual nickname in England for Frenchmen. A coloured print, dated 1804, represents French soldiers bringing sacks full of frogs to the gunners stationed along the shore. On the right of the picture an Englishman is roasting an enormous sirloin, and at the top of the illustration are these words: "The Great Consul, in consideration of your patience, has sent some

MEATY-PART. (England.) BONEY-PART.

live frogs and rich garlic from Saint-Cloud to cheer you, for he fears it may be a long time before you get the chance of eating roast beef on the other side of the water."

There are constant allusions to frogs, as forming the principal diet of the French, in the pictorial satires of the times. For instance, in "The Frog and the Ox, or the Emperor of Gaul in 1804," King George is represented with an ox behind him, while Napoleon is accompanied by a frog trying to swell itself out to the size of the ox. John Bull is saying, jokingly: "He looks as though he

were going to burst, but he will never become as big as our bullocks!"

The French are also frequently represented making a scanty meal off nothing but soup, as in the illustration, "Roast Beef and French Soup," dating from the time of the First Empire.

The illustration on opposite page summarises all that has been said on the subject of Boney, the "emaciated frog-eater."

The Emperor continued to be a favourite subject for caricaturists even during the period of his adversity. He was then represented as a "cynical Devil," as a "stout and stupid gardener," or, again, with drawn and grief-stricken features, wearing the traditional "little hat," very much out of shape and transformed into the cap of an idiotic buffoon.

Hatred of the man did not diminish even when he was vanquished and an exile, and remained implacable to the "captured eagle dying on the fatal rock" up to the last hour of his life.

CHAPTER XVIII.

DID NAPOLEON KNOW ENGLISH ?

Admiral Bruix and the Chief of the Interpreters—Cuvelier de Tri's Vocabulary revised by an English Spy.

A LITTLE matter of history, which, in view of the circumstances, is certainly not without interest, may here be mentioned : Did the great organiser of the flotilla, who hoped to reach the very heart of the British dominions, know anything of the English language ?

The records of the first years of Bonaparte's life have been searched and analysed so carefully, in their minutest particulars, that it is possible to state exactly the studies for which he showed most aptitude, and those, on the contrary, in which he did not distinguish himself.

For instance, we know that at Brienne, which he entered on May 15th, 1779, under the tuition of the " Minimes " monks, the little Corsican was very proficient in history and mathematics. But, though his science master, Father Patrault, had reason to be very proud of him, it does not appear that his German master, F. Kehl, found him a very remarkable pupil.

In any case, he did not learn English in this establishment. When young " Paille-au-nez " * (a nickname given him by his schoolfellows at Brienne) entered the military college in Paris, there were three German professors and one English, on the staff of teachers. There, just as had happened at Brienne, he was the pride

* Because of the Corsican pronunciation of his Christian name, Napole-o-ne.

of his mathematical master, L. Monge, and his ready understanding of history was a source of wonder to his teacher, Déleguille ; but there, again, he drove his German professor to distraction by the incapacity he displayed in the study of this language, and honest M. Bauer had no hesitation in calling him an " arrant fool."

As for the English language it is never even mentioned. This much, then, we know of the " fiery little Corsican's " studies during his youth, as far as foreign languages are concerned.

Then, if we look back upon the last years of Napoleon's life, we find that although he studied the English language towards the end, he never learnt to speak it fluently. " I had made up my mind to teach English to my son," writes Count Las Cases at Saint-Helena, " and the Emperor, to whom I happened to mention the progress he was making, insisted on learning it also. I did my best to work out, for his benefit, a simple method of learning the language. All went well for several days, but the tediousness of the study very soon became as intolerable as the tedium it was meant to drive away, and English was left alone. The Emperor, it is true, took me to task on several occasions for not persevering with the lessons, and I then observed that I had his dose ready for him, if he would only make up his mind to swallow it."

Various documents show that even in August, 1815, Napoleon was not able to make himself understood in English. When he went on board the *Northumberland*, he walked up to the officers, and saluted them very politely; addressing Sir George Cockburn, he asked that the captain might be introduced to him, and his wish was at once complied with. Finding, however, that the latter could not speak French, he addressed several officers in succession, till he discovered a captain of artillery who knew the language. Then Lord Lowther and the

Honourable M. Lyttleton were introduced to him. But before seeing these gentlemen, he had already expressed a desire, by means of gestures, to be shown the modest cabin he was to occupy. For though he had still been treated as an Emperor while on board the *Bellerophon*, when on board the *Northumberland* he was merely looked upon as a general; and besides his little private cabin, he had no accommodation save the saloon, which he shared with the admiral and the members of his suite.

Doctor Warden* mentions in his letters that Napoleon addressed him in English on one occasion by saying, "How do you do?"

No doubt the Emperor was as capable as everybody else of asking this simple question, but the very fact of its being noted by Doctor Warden would prove that the foregoing remarks are justified.

It has been said that he had at least acquired sufficient knowledge to be able to read, or make out the meaning of, the English newspapers and publications. That may be so, but at what period? We know from "Boney's" † numerous English and French chroniclers, that the illustrious exile spent the morning of August 16th, for instance, studying English with Las Cases—but that was in 1816!

If Napoleon began to study the language at this period, it was partly for want of occupation, and also from a desire to ascertain the state of popular feeling in England, with regard to himself. One newspaper would

* Surgeon on board the *Northumberland*.

† The nickname of "Boney" was made use of by the people, so that they might talk of the exile without contravening the regulations enforced on the inhabitants of Saint-Helena: "No one must mention the name of Bonaparte, or make him the subject of conversation; nor must any notice whatever be taken of the restrictions his Excellency has thought fit, or may think fit, to make, since the Congress has placed Bonaparte outside the pale of the law. No one must speak to the members of Bonaparte's suite, as they have voluntarily submitted themselves to the conditions imposed on Bonaparte himself."

call him a liar, another a monster, and a third even called him a coward.

A coward! The man who led his soldiers at Essling, and over the bridge at Arcole! One can well imagine the hero being interested in reading these estimates of himself in the original. Lord Rosebery, in his work on Napoleon, observes that the Emperor was extremely sensitive to the criticism of the English press. He insisted on having the insulting passages translated to him, and when this was done he was furious.

The same author mentions that at Saint-Helena Las Cases gave the Emperor lessons in English for three months, from January to April, 1816, after which they ceased entirely. Already during the voyage, according to Lord Rosebery, an attempt was made to start the lessons, but it failed. Las Cases, who had himself somewhat forgotten the language since his return to France, stated that his pupil succeeded, up to a certain point, in understanding English when it was read out to him, but that his pronunciation was so extraordinary that it became a new language.

It seems certain, therefore, that though Napoleon was able, at the end of his life, to understand English more or less when it was read out, he was never able to speak it fluently; and it is no less certain that at the time of the Boulogne Camp and the organisation of the flotilla, Bonaparte was totally ignorant of the language of Shakespeare and Nelson. As for the commander of the expedition, Admiral Bruix, there is nothing in the Memoirs written by his secretary to lead us to suppose that he knew any other language besides his mother-tongue.

But this is not to be wondered at, for if we look back a certain number of years, without going so far as the

First Empire, we find that the English and German languages were then rarely cultivated, and that it is only within a comparatively recent period that they have been so much acquired in France.

In fact, Frenchmen are not inclined by nature to learn modern languages, and it is only because students are compelled by the curriculum of schools and colleges to study the foreign grammars, that they submit, more or less willingly, to the task.

So it came about that the two supreme chiefs of the Grand Army were in the unfortunate position of being unable to ascertain for themselves a number of facts, and a great deal of military information, simply because of their ignorance of languages.

The seriousness of this drawback has not, perhaps, been sufficiently considered, in summing up the reasons which induced Napoleon, in 1805, to abandon the scheme of invading England.

For what happens when an army invades a country ? The troops raise their supplies in the enemy's land, obtain intelligence wherever they can, and conform their tactics to the information they are able to acquire, perhaps by taking advantage of the bewilderment of the women and the chatter of children.

If spies are caught, for instance, and despatches opened, or orders intercepted on the way by the officers, the whole campaign may turn on the gaining of some piece of intelligence on which the fate of an army corps may depend—at least on the Continent.

But in the event of the invasion of England, such as it had been conceived in the plan—that is to say, with a "multiplicity of attacks and the dividing into sections, instead of great units of attack"—it is difficult to imagine exactly how the innumerable elements of the flotilla

would have operated, had they effected a landing on English soil.

The nature of the armaments adopted—as well as the results of former engagements in the Straits—showed that in case of the hostile squadrons engaging, dependance had to be placed, in those days, upon boarding, in order to secure a victory; but nowadays, of course, the conditions are totally different; a few gigantic battleships represent, in many cases, the total naval strength of a nation, and the combatants on board these floating citadels engage in action at a distance of several miles from each other.

In order to fully understand the situation, it is necessary to realise the special position in which the belligerents would have been placed, if a real engagement had taken place in the Straits.

The old inhabitants of the Boulonnais used to tell the following story concerning the privateer Bucaille: On one occasion, it appears, his ship was boarded by an English crew, superior in numbers to his own. Bucaille, seeing no other means of escape, raised a shout of "Blow everything up!" As soon as the English heard the order to set the powder ablaze, they lost no time in getting over the ship's sides, and making for their brig; but owing to Bucaille's presence of mind, some of the enemy remained in the hands of the corsair, who had known how to make his words understood.

As the boats of the flotilla were numbered by the hundred, the difficulty was to find a sufficient number of interpreters for such a swarm of boats, especially as they might be required to operate in separate sections.

The ignorance of the English language on the part of the officers was a source of great anxiety to Admiral Bruix. It was therefore decided to organise a body of interpreters, whose duties were to consist in reading over

and translating the English papers and official and private correspondence, and to teach the naval and military officers the rudiments, at all events, of the language.

The following order was published, in consequence, on October 5th, 1803:—

"A company of guide-interpreters, to consist of 117 men, shall be raised by voluntary enlistment for the Army of England. Candidates must be at least thirty-five years old, must be able to speak and translate English, and have lived in England. The uniform shall be as follows: green tunic (dragoon shade of green), red facings, white doeskin breeches, American boots."

The man who was entrusted with the special mission of organising this corps, was named Cuvelier de Tri. We find his name inscribed in 1789 as an advocate in the seneschal's court at Boulogne.

He was sent to Paris for the "Federation" of July 14th, 1790, and for thirty years (1794 to 1824, the year of his death) he distinguished himself by writing plays for the Paris theatres. He also wrote two volumes of short novels, published in 1808, and among these is a story in verse called "The Alley of Sighs, or the Ramparts of Boulogne," with notes like the following: "It is here (Boulogne) that I am awaiting the signal to make a dash with our brave soldiers for the shores of our eternal enemy." *

In connection with this, a former magistrate of Boulogne wrote, fifty years ago, the following words, which

* In 1804 a corps of guide-interpreters was formed of men to whom the English language was familiar, in view of the projected invasion of England. Cuvelier de Tri was given the command of the corps, and came to the camp at Boulogne. He had journeyed several times to perfidious Albion. (*Lit. Review.* Boulogne, June, 1865.)

CUVELIER DE TRI.
Captain in Command of the Guide-Interpreters.

confirm our own documents: "When Cuvelier de Tri wrote the note in which he gives utterance to his martial sentiments, he was commanding the guide-interpreters at Boulogne, to which he was appointed by Admiral Bruix, according to one of his own letters dated January, 1804."

The family of de Tri, or de Trie, was one of the very oldest in the Boulonnais, and owned important estates in the district. It was on the site of the Château de Tri that the peace was signed (March 24th, 1550) with Henry VIII., by which Boulogne was given back to France.* The present owners of the property on which the château once stood,† discovered in the ground some remains of old walls, showing that the place had once been fortified. In fact it was supposed that these remains were connected with the subterranean passage which is said to have placed the château in direct communication with the ramparts of the Upper Town, by passing under the bed of the Liane river.

Cuvelier de Tri set himself at once to compile a concise dictionary of all the words, expressions, and technical terms which it was important that the officers—as well as the soldiers, for that matter—should learn before anything else; and later on, if war left them any leisure, they might then study the language more fully, were they so minded.

He was much too sensible to imagine that Frenchmen, who find it so difficult, as a rule, to master foreign tongues, would be able to familiarise themselves with the English language in a few months; and besides, circumstances might arise at any moment to precipitate impending events.

Cuvelier, therefore, drew up a short lexicon for

* Peace of Outre Eau, signed under Henry II., King of France,
† In the Rue Constantine at Boulogne.

the use of the officers who cared to avail themselves of it.

But in spite of his great knowledge of English, he had grave doubts as to the success of his efforts, on realising the special difficulties of the task with which he had been entrusted. For though Frenchmen are helped, up to a certain point, by finding words with a Latin derivation in the English language, their ingenuity and aptitude for logical deduction avail them nothing when they are confronted with expressions of Saxon or Celtic origin.

Cuvelier's chief difficulty was to find equivalents for the special terms used in the navy, and, as we know, a simple word requires sometimes a whole complicated sentence before it can be adequately rendered in another language. Take, for instance, the idioms and conventional expressions used in naval parlance: "In the doldrums," "hands aloft!" "to capsize," etc.,* together with a hundred other nautical phrases equally expressive and characteristic.

Cuvelier was much honoured, no doubt, by the mission with which Admiral Bruix had entrusted him, but he was rather nervous as to the reception his work might meet with from Bonaparte; he therefore began by preparing a small English-French memorandum, in which he intentionally gave prominence to a list of words which, from their fortunate resemblance to their equivalents in French, were not calculated to alarm and discourage the first attempts of beginners.

The chief of interpreters was accordingly introduced by Bruix to the First Consul. On being requested to communicate the work he had prepared, Cuvelier complacently read out a series of words, belonging undoubtedly to the category of those which it was necessary to learn,

* Faire chapelle—en haut le monde!—faire gribou.

but betraying a selection that was manifestly anything but casual :—

Flotille,	Flotilla ;
Sémaphore,	Semaphore ;
Grenade,	Grenade ;
Lestage,	Lestage ;
Horizon,	Horizon.

And Cuvelier's peculiar emphasis of the words, as he read them out, clearly expressed : " You see, it is really not so very difficult, after all ! "

But Bonaparte, seeing through his little manœuvres, interrupted him suddenly and remarked drily : " Monsieur, if the dictionaries are so very much alike, I really don't see that there is any necessity for an interpreter." Whereupon Cuvelier cut his enumeration short, and passed on to another paragraph, which was not too discouraging either :

" ' Convoi ' is pronounced convoy, ' proue ' prow, ' cabestan ' capstan, ' cabine ' cabin, ' harpon ' harpoon. You see," he added, " that a number of the words which it is necessary to learn suggest their own meaning, and with a very little attention——" The humour of the situation was increased when Bonaparte (was it mere coincidence ?) inquired abruptly :

" And ' batterie ' is called ? "

" Simply battery ! " exclaimed Cuvelier, delighted at being able to add another word to the list he had so ingeniously selected.

" And the machine for raising heavy weights, a ' chèvre,' what is that called in English ? "

" Crab," replied the interpreter, slightly disconcerted, and lowering his voice a little.

" So a ' chèvre ' is called crab." And after a long silence, such as the fiery chief used sometimes to enforce

upon himself, when he felt it necessary to regain his equanimity, he added calmly: "Monsieur the Chief of Interpreters, I advise you to revise your work, and, if necessary, get someone to help you."

"I don't quite see who could . . . . . unless it were an English sailor, perhaps."

"And why not?" replied Bonaparte, who had already found an idea.

A few days later, Cuvelier de Tri brought the dictionary, considerably altered, to Admiral Bruix's quarters. The following are a few specimens of the vocabulary, which was arranged so that words and ideas of similar meaning were classed together in various categories. First came the principal parts of a vessel, and the objects appertaining to them:

Amarre	mooring	*rame*	oar
poulie	block	*quille*	keel
voile	sail	*croc*	hook
bouée	buoy	*poupe*	stern
carène	bottom	*gouvernail*	rudder.

Then came a list of the verbs most frequently used in the navy:

lester	to ballast	*haler*	to haul.
godiller	to scull	*talonner*	to strand
nager	to row	*hisser*	to hoist
capeler	to fix	*jumeler*	to fesh
larguer	to let go	*flotter*	to swim
carguer	to brail up	*limander*	to parcel.

A page was of course given up to military terms, applying especially to the situation of the moment:

obus	shell	*mitraille*	grape
brûlot	fire-ship	*étoupille*	tube
grappin	grappling	*hache*	axe
abordage	boarding	*bataille*	battle.

Just at the moment that Cuvelier was submitting his dictionary for approval, the naval authorities arrested a man who had formerly been a British seaman, and had managed to obtain employment as a ship's carpenter in the yards at Brecquerecque, after having occupied a certain position in the British Navy.

Before very long, however, he was informed against by his fellow-workmen, whose suspicions were aroused, and was placed under arrest for the time being in the Upper Town.

Bonaparte, having been informed of the incident, ordered the supposed spy to be brought before him, saying that he wished to examine him personally.

On arriving at the Tour d'Odre, the sailor, guarded by a strong escort, was taken to the room adjoining the First Consul's. Then Napoleon, raising his voice, and addressing his officers, declared his firm resolve to exercise the utmost rigours of the law on all spies that proved to be French, as there was no excuse to be made for such odious traitors; with regard to strangers it was different, and he would consider the question. Matters had been so arranged that the prisoner heard every word that Napoleon uttered, and, as everyone can understand, he lost no time in declaring his British origin, while loudly protesting against the charge of treachery.

But Bonaparte affected to believe that he was French, and loaded him with reproaches, insisting on the point that a man who betrays his own country is not sufficiently punished by mere death, and deserves to be tortured as well. Then, interrupting himself, as though struck by a sudden idea: "You say you are English, do you? That you were once a sailor? We shall soon see!" And picking up accidentally, as it were, the sheets on which were the interpreter's technical terms, he handed them to his officers. "Gentlemen," he said, "dictate

these French words to that man, and he will give their English equivalents. In an hour you will bring me the translation; we shall soon see whether he is lying or not"—and then he went out.

On the following day, Cuvelier having presented himself at the pavilion, the First Consul said to him: "Your work is good—at least, that is the opinion of one who is quite competent to judge."

The chief of interpreters was naturally rather curious to know who the individual was who considered himself qualified to correct his work, and ventured timidly to inquire the name of the Boulonnais who had been selected for the delicate task of revision. "It was an Englishman who undertook to do it," replied Bonaparte, laughing at the success of his stratagem.

"An Englishman?"

"Exactly. And I assure you he devoted much zeal and attention to the business, and showed remarkable good will." And in a few words, he related the episode to Cuvelier, who concurred all the more heartily in praising the ingenuity of Napoleon's expedient, as the result was wholly satisfactory to himself.

CHAPTER XIX.

LETTERS WRITTEN BY NAPOLEON AT THE BOULOGNE CAMP.

Letters written from Pont-de-Briques—From the Pavilion—Letter to Josephine—Bonaparte's Writing—One of the First Signatures of the Emperor.

THERE are no documents, however exact, that give such an impression of life and reality as do the letters written by Napoleon from the camp at Boulogne. In reading them we can really judge of the man and the soldier, and enter into his hopes and anxieties.

The letters written by Bonaparte from the Boulonnais are many in number; but I will merely cite those which serve to initiate us into what one might call the innermost soul of the hero, during the fateful period that elapsed between 1803–1805. The letters quoted here are among the National Archives or the ministerial records, and in private collections.

Instead of announcing his visits of inspection a week or a fortnight beforehand—as is the usual custom with our present-day functionaries, who are anxious to find everything in order—Bonaparte, who always wished to ascertain everything for himself, generally appeared at the very moment when he was least expected.

"*To* CONSUL CAMBACÉRÈS.

"BOULOGNE, 15 *Brumaire, XII.* (*Nov.* 5, 1803).

"I went on Friday to visit the harbour at Boulogne, and arrived quite unexpectedly. I took the

greatest interest in inspecting all the works and preparations for the great expedition . . . for at midnight I was at it still.

"I spent most of the day in the roadstead, where we have over a hundred ships moored in line. . . .

"I am quartered in the very midst of the camp, and on the brink of the ocean, whence I can take in, at a glance, the distance which separates us from England.

"BONAPARTE."

He was ubiquitous, for in 1803 everything required organising.

"*To* CONSUL CAMBACÉRÈS.

"BOULOGNE, *November 7th*, 1803.

"On Sunday I spent the day visiting the new ports of Ambleteuse and Wimereux, and making the troops quartered there go through their manœuvres. The works are progressing satisfactorily. Ever since the late engagement, the enemy has kept out of sight; it appears that the ships returned to England to re-victual. I went to-day to inspect the naval workshops in every detail; everything is in a most pitiable state. I have just had one of the barracks transformed into a naval arsenal, and have to give orders in the most trivial matters.

"I spent several hours inspecting the troops, man by man, and ascertaining for myself the condition of the various effectives. There is still sufficient work here to detain me for several days.

"BONAPARTE."

After spending his days in visits of inspection, he curtailed his hours of rest in order to follow the night manœuvres.

"*To* CONSUL CAMBACÉRÈS.

"BOULOGNE, *November 9th*, 1803.

"I spent a portion of last night making the troops practise night manœuvres, for well-trained and disciplined troops can sometimes perform such manœuvres to great advantage in face of superior forces.

A flotilla of twenty-five ships has just reached us from Havre. We expect at any moment, also from Havre, another such fleet, which put in at Saint-Valery-sur-Somme.

The Admiral has ordered the flotilla to come into port, the sea being very rough. The wind is blowing so violently from the south, that six of the gunboats have been compelled to put into Calais. It is feared that one of the boats, driven on the English coast by the force of the gale, has been captured by the enemy.

"BONAPARTE."

Instead of giving vague orders, he stated distinctly what was required: so many carts wanted for the works in one place, or lodgings to be provided for workmen in another.

"*To* ADMIRAL BRUIX,

"*Commanding the Flotilla at Boulogne.*

"BOULOGNE, *November 9th*, 1803.

"Citizen Admiral Bruix, I am directing the Prefect of the Nord to supply you with 200 carpenters, and the Prefect of the Somme to supply you with 100. These workmen will be sent you.

"It is absolutely essential to treble the present rate of activity in the works at Ambleteuse. I have asked the Prefects of the Nord and the Somme to send 200 and 100 carts respectively. These carts are intended

to accelerate the works at Ambleteuse. The army will provide 2,500 workmen.

"The work of clearing out the Boulogne harbour must also be pushed on with increased activity; let the number of workmen be doubled.

"Quarters must be provided for all these men, and the proper plan would be to house them in buildings like barracks. We should require sufficient accommodation for a thousand men.

"BONAPARTE."

"*To* CONSUL CAMBACÉRÈS.

"BOULOGNE, 19 *Brumaire, XII.* (*Nov.* 11, 1803).

"Citizen Consul, I have received your letter of the 16th. The auditor, Chabrol, has brought me the report of the Council of State. The sea is horrible, and the rain never ceases. I spent the whole of yesterday inspecting the harbour, for there is always something that requires looking after. Otherwise, I have nothing to tell you. I expect the Minister of Marine either to-day or to-morrow. It is essential that I should see him, in order to ascertain the condition of the harbours at St. Malo and Havre, and to decide on the measures to be adopted.

"BONAPARTE."

"*To* CONSUL CAMBACÉRÈS.

"BOULOGNE, 20 *Brumaire, XII.* (*Nov.* 12, 1803).

"Citizen Consul, I have just received your letter of the 18th Brumaire. The sea is still very rough. I imagine that the Seine must be rising at last.

"I spent the whole of yesterday at the harbour, either on horseback or in a boat, which means that I was soaked the whole of the day. But unless one is prepared to face the rain at this season, one would never

do anything; fortunately for me, it suits me perfectly, and I have never been better in my life.

"I expect the Minister of Marine to-day, or to-morrow at latest. An English frigate has gone down, with all on board, between Boulogne and St. Valery. Many of the ship's belongings were washed ashore, amongst other things some documents.

"BONAPARTE."

He gave his attention to the smallest particular.

"*To* GENERAL SOULT,

"*In command of the camp at St. Omer.*

"BOULOGNE, 20 *Brumaire, XII.* (*Nov.* 12, 1803).

"I observe that the soldiers have neither prickers, charge-extractors, nor portable water-bottles, on their knapsacks.

"You must take steps to provide each man with a pricker, and every corporal with a charge-extractor; and see that each man carries a water-bottle on his knapsack. The bottles should be able to hold a full bottle of wine.

"BONAPARTE."

He remained ten days in Boulogne, as we can see by the following letter:—

"*To* GENERAL AUGEREAU,

"*Commanding the camp at Bayonne.*

"BOULOGNE, 20 *Brumaire, XII.* (*Nov.* 12, 1803).

"CITIZEN GENERAL AUGEREAU,

"I have received your letter of the 7th Brumaire. I am giving orders to provide great-coats for all the corps that are to take part in the expedition to Ireland, of which you are to have the command. . . .

"I have ordered a letter of marque to be forwarded as you desired. Send me a form of application containing the name of the captain who is to command the privateer.

"I have been here for the last ten days, and have every reason to believe that within a fair amount of time, I shall attain the result that Europe is awaiting. We have six centuries of insults to avenge!

"BONAPARTE."

The army had to be supplied with a great number of various implements.

"*To* GENERAL MARESCOT,—

"*First Inspector-General of Engineers.*

"BOULOGNE, 23 *Brumaire, XII.* (*Nov.* 15, 1803).

"CITIZEN GENERAL MARESCOT,—

"Please collect at Boulogne, as quickly as possible, 27,000 pioneers' implements. They must be fitted with handles, and you must be quite sure that they are of the best quality. They are intended to be put on board, in the proportion of twenty-seven tools to each vessel, and should be divided into the requisite number of shovels, pickaxes, mattocks, and axes. You must be careful to have none but tools that will wear well, and to store them as near as possible to the harbour, so as to facilitate their shipment. You should have an equal number of each of the tools placed on board the transports.

"BONAPARTE."

"*To* CONSUL CAMBACÉRÈS.

"BOULOGNE, 24 *Brumaire, XII.* (*Nov.* 16, 1803).

"CITIZEN CONSUL,—

"The Minister of Marine arrived the day before yesterday. I have spent the last three days in the

camps and at the harbour. Everything here has taken a start, and is advancing in the right direction.

"I saw the coast of England from the heights of Ambleteuse as distinctly as one can see the Calvary from the Tuileries. I was able to distinguish the houses, and even objects moving. It is merely a ditch that will be crossed when we are bold enough to attempt the enterprise. The Seine must be in flood in Paris. It has never ceased raining here. There are over 200 ships at St. Malo in the roadstead, ready to set sail to join us. I hope that one division may arrive to-day.

"BONAPARTE."

"I saw," Bonaparte wrote, "the coast of England from the heights of Ambleteuse as distinctly as one sees the Calvary from the Tuileries." What Calvary was he alluding to? It seemed to me that the question was worth investigating.

Many have supposed that he was thinking of the Calvary at Montmartre; but this is an error, for that was only erected in 1840. The Calvary which Bonaparte refers to is the one that stood on Mont Valérien. In former days three crosses had been raised there by some hermits; and in the seventeenth century a community of monks settled near the spot and founded a monastery, which was called "The Calvary," from its vicinity to the Crosses.

The monastery was suppressed at the time of the Revolution and afterwards re-established, but was destroyed when the fortress was erected there in Louis Philippe's time.

There are several views of the Mont Valérien Calvary in the collection of old prints in the Carnavalet Museum.

In 1803, the Palace of the Tuileries (from which

Bonaparte could see the Calvary) was quite complete, including the two pavilions of Flora and de Marsan.

At the time of the Revolution, the Palace was just as Louis XIV. had left it. Louis XV. and Louis XVI. had made no alterations, and Bonaparte confined himself to repairing the apartments which he was to inhabit. It was on February 19th, 1800, that he established himself at the Tuileries with the third Consul Lebrun.

The latter was quartered in the pavilion of Flora, while the First Consul occupied a portion of the palace situated between that pavilion and the central one, in which was the Hall of the Marshals. Josephine's apartments were on the ground floor, on the side looking out on to the gardens.

In some of his other letters, the First Consul concerns himself with the material welfare of the Grand Army.

"*To* CITIZEN CHAPTAL,

"*Minister of the Interior.*

"BOULOGNE, 24 *Brumaire, XII.* (*Nov.* 16, 1803).

"The roads of communication at Boulogne have not been sufficiently well laid. I send you the chief engineer's report. Place the necessary funds at his disposal. The amount of carting to be done is enormous, and unless the roads are repaired we should lose a great deal by delay.

"I am satisfied with the spirit of the land and sea forces. "BONAPARTE."

"*To* CITIZEN PETIET,

"*Commissioner of Supplies.*

"BOULOGNE, 25 *Brumaire, XII.* (*Nov.* 17, 1803).

"I have just received your letter of the 23rd Brumaire, in which you report the satisfactory condition

of the service of the camps at Bruges. I have every reason to be satisfied with that of the camp at St. Omer. The supplies seemed to me to be of good quality, including even the tools and camp necessaries, which I had been told were remnants of stores. Let these remnants be used now in the camps; but for shipment, procure shovels, pickaxes, and axes of the best quality only. . . . You must provide for shipment four shovels, four pickaxes, and four axes for each company.

"I request you to give special attention to the efficiency of the hospitals at Boulogne, as I wish to have the fewest possible number of men having to leave the ranks.

"With respect to one matter, no steps appear to have been taken at all—that is to say, the brandy which has to be shipped. We shall want 300,000 pints; forward half this quantity to Boulogne. Make a list of everything I have asked for, stating where it is to be found, and what supplies there are at the present moment. Address the report to me in Paris. I intend to visit the camp at Ostend next month.

"BONAPARTE."

The letters that follow will give an idea of the activity he expected from his subordinates, and of which he was the first to give the example.

"*To* CITIZEN LEBRUN,

"*Aide-de-camp to the* FIRST CONSUL.

"BOULOGNE, 10 *Nivôse, XII.* (*Jan.* 1, 1804).

"You must start at once for St. Valery. You will make a note of all the warships and transports of the flotilla that are in course of building and equipment, or that have put into the port. Ascertain whether all

the artillery and rigging equipments are on the spot. Take note of the number of workmen employed on each gunboat: . . .

"Make notes of all these things, and if military workmen are required you must go to Amiens, to General Klein, and find out how many workmen there are in the dragoon regiments.

"You must arrange to be here by Tuesday.

"BONAPARTE."

"*To* GENERAL SAVARY,

"*Aide-de-camp to the* FIRST CONSUL.

"BOULOGNE, *Nivôse, XII.* (*January*, 1804).

"You must start to-day for Flushing. You will inspect the harbour works, and all the ships that are equipped, or being equipped, in the port.

"You will then proceed to Bruges. At Flushing you will deliver the enclosed letter to Admiral Ver Huell. You must inspect the Dutch flotilla in every detail, and send me a report from Flushing.

"From there you will go to Liège, from Liège to Mézières, and from Mézières to Paris. You will inspect the gun-factory at Liège and the two building yards on the Meuse at Liège and Mézières.

"BONAPARTE."

We find him making a complaint to the Minister because the horses were better looked after than the men.

"*To* REAR-ADMIRAL DECRÈS.

"BOULOGNE, 10 *Nivôse, XII.* (*Jan.* 1, 1804).

"CITIZEN MINISTER,—

"I observed to-day at the arsenal that the smiths were not working, because they had no forges. I have given orders to the artillery to supply four of these,

which will be delivered to-morrow morning, before eight o'clock, at the arsenal.

"I was sorry to see that although a large quantity of canvas had been supplied for the requirements of 800 horses, not a single tent had been erected to shelter the workmen and to establish a workshop for mast-making. . . . "

[Then follows an order in which the future Emperor reveals himself.]

"To-morrow, at eight o'clock, I shall inspect the whole flotilla in divisions. A naval commissioner will call the roll of all the officers and men on board the vessels. The moment I step on board each boat, the men will salute with three shouts of 'Long live the Republic!' and three of 'Long live the First Consul!' I shall be accompanied by the chief engineer, the commissioner of armaments, and the colonel in command of the artillery.

"During the inspection, the crews and troops manning the flotilla will remain at their quarters, and sentries will be placed to prevent anyone passing along the quay and watching the flotilla.

"All shallops that are unequipped, and caiques unattached to any division, will take the place assigned to them by the Admiral. Each vessel will have her boat alongside.

"At the moment when I set foot on the first boat, a salute of sixty rounds will be fired from the flag-ship or from the pier battery. The officers, sailors, and troops will be in full dress.

"BONAPARTE."

"*To* CONSUL CAMBACÉRÈS.

"BOULOGNE, 12 *Nivôse, XII.* (*Jan.* 3, 1804).

"I spent the whole of yesterday and the day before, making various inspections and going about

the ports. I am about to start on an excursion to Ambleteuse and Wimereux; I may even go as far as Calais. I am feeling very well. The weather is becoming finer. . . .

"BONAPARTE."

In the archives of the First Empire is a rather interesting document concerning a priest who celebrated a special Mass once a week, in order that Providence might watch over the First Consul.

"Decision.

"BOULOGNE, 14 *Nivôse, XII.* (*Jan* 5, 1804).

"D'Augier, incumbent of Villers-sur-Marne, wishing to pay a tribute of respect and gratitude to the First Consul, has offered to celebrate Mass for him every Tuesday.

"I request Citizen Portalis to thank this ecclesiastic, and to send me a report concerning him.

"BONAPARTE."

On one occasion some Boulogne fishermen were taken prisoners by the enemy, and Napoleon expressed his displeasure in the following terms:—

"*To* GENERAL SOULT,

"*In command of the camp at St. Omer.*

"PARIS, 13 *Ventôse, XII.* (*March* 4, 1804).

"CITIZEN GENERAL SOULT,—

"You are at liberty to set the three Boulogne sailors free; but let them thoroughly understand that they had better not let themselves be caught again by the English, for experience proves that fishermen are only captured when they are willing to be taken, and it is most suspicious. . . .

"BONAPARTE."

"*To* GENERAL NEY,

"*In command of the camp at Montreuil.*

"PARIS, 19 *Ventôse, XII.* (*March* 10, 1804).

"Agree with General Soult as to the boundary of the sphere of each army along the coast between Etaples and Boulogne; so that in case of accidents occurring, and boats going ashore, without being protected by artillery, it may be known who is the officer responsible. . . .

"Make your division practise rowing, on shallops or even on gunboats. You have a fine open space for this in the bay. Let me know what distance a gunboat and a shallop can cover in half an hour by rowing, without sails, and at flood-tide.

"BONAPARTE."

"*To* GENERAL NEY,

"*In command of the camp at Montreuil.*

"ST. CLOUD, 24 *Germinal, XII.* (*April* 14, 1804).

"CITIZEN GENERAL NEY,—

"I am very pleased with the reports I have just received from you, and am much interested in the matter of the depth of the water in the bay of Etaples. Before constructing a fort on the reef of the 'Dogs,' the two forts at Boulogne must be completed. But we will consider the question more fully at my next visit, which I trust will not be delayed.

"BONAPARTE."

In the following letter, Bonaparte, now the Emperor Napoleon, asks the opinion of the admiral in command, in terms of real deference:—

"*To* ADMIRAL BRUIX,

"*In command of the flotilla at Boulogne.*

"LA MALMAISON, 14 *Messidor, XII.* (*July* 3, 1804).

"ADMIRAL,

"I submit you three cases. Before coming to a decision on the question, I should like to have your opinion . . . . The flotilla is composed of 1,800 boats, of which there are 700 at Boulogne, 290 at Etaples, 340 at Wimereux, and 437 at Ambleteuse. I have not included the 20 praams, which must be stationed in whichever harbour is most convenient, and most easy of egress.

"I wish you, therefore, to let me have your opinion on these questions:

"(1) Can each harbour accommodate the number of boats apportioned to it?

"(2) Is it possible for these boats to leave their respective harbours on two tides?

"(3) Finally, would it be more advantageous to augment the number of boats at Etaples, and diminish it at Boulogne; or to augment the boats at Calais?

"BONAPARTE."

The following letter to Josephine, written from Pont-de-Briques, has already been given in its entirety in the chapter on Bruix:—

"*To the* EMPRESS JOSEPHINE.

"PONT-DE-BRIQUES, 2 *Thermidor, XII.*

"(*July* 21, 1804).

"MADAME AND DEAR WIFE,—

"During my four days of absence from you, I have been continually on horseback, or on the move, without being any the worse for it in health.

"M. Maret has informed me that you intend leaving on Monday, and if you travel by short stages, you will have time to reach the waters without fatiguing yourself.

"NAPOLEON."

"*To* M. CAMBACÉRÈS.

"PONT-DE-BRIQUES, 2 *Thermidor, XII.*

"(*July* 21, 1804).

"COUSIN,—

"I have received your letter of the 30th Messidor. I am well satisfied with the spirit and the aspect of the departments I travelled through, and am no less pleased with the condition and spirit of the land and sea forces.

"I inspected the harbour, and spent most of last night on the coast, giving assistance to a gunboat that had dragged her anchors. The gale was blowing from the north-east. Fortunately, we sustained no great damage; only two small shallops were wrecked. . . .

"NAPOLEON."

The following letters show his care for the soldiers' comfort:—

"*To* ADMIRAL BRUIX.

"PONT-DE-BRIQUES, 6 *Thermidor, XII.*

"(*July* 25, 1804).

"ADMIRAL AND INSPECTOR OF COASTS,—

"The five divisions of shallops that I visited this morning appeared, on the whole, to be well found.

"I wish you, as much as possible, to have the caronades of 12—which are good for nothing—replaced by 6 inch Prussian howitzers. . . .

"I wish you also to see whether it would not be possible to have hammocks slung on the shallops, so

that the men should be more comfortable; and to ascertain whether something could be done to make the tarpaulins and tents more secure.

"To-morrow, when the boats are afloat, I shall review all the gunboats and flat-bottomed gunboats. I wish all the divisions to unite and every man to be present; the General Inspector of Reviews must attend with the roll-call.

"NAPOLEON."

"*To* MARSHAL BERTHIER.

"PONT-DE-BRIQUES, 7 *Thermidor, XII.*

"(*July* 26, 1804).

"COUSIN,—

"My intention is to have the eighteen battalions of grenadiers of the reserve, commanded by General Junot, encamped within range of the circular basin at Boulogne, wishing that division to protect the shallops. Please have a site chosen for the encampment, and find out whether the requisite tents and other camp necessaries are at Boulogne. I also wish to know what still requires to be done, and what it would cost to finish the camp that Dupont's division was to occupy, so that three regiments may be encamped there.

"The navy really requires another fifty Prussian howitzers at Boulogne. Let me know where these are to be procured.

"NAPOLEON."

It was from the camp at Boulogne that the new Emperor decided upon the alterations to be made in the flags; they were to retain the three colours, but the eagle was to be the principal feature.

"*To* MARSHAL BERTHIER.

"PONT-DE-BRIQUES, 8 *Thermidor, XII.*

"(*July* 27, 1804).

"MARSHAL,—

"The Emperor wishes the flags given to the army to be different in form to what they are at present. The eagle with wings outspread, as on the Imperial Seal, will be on the head of the flagstaff, as was done in the time of the Romans; and the colours will be at the same distance below the eagle as was the labarum. It must be made much smaller than the flags now in use, which are very inconvenient; and must be tricoloured also. The flag can be reduced to one-half its present size, and must bear the words: 'The Emperor of the French, to such and such a regiment.'

"The essential feature of the standard would be the eagle, and the material could be renewed whenever necessary. . . . Only, the eagle must be made strong and light at the same time.

"The Emperor wishes you to have a model made, and you will then take his final instructions on the form to be adopted for the flags.

"By order of the Emperor."

In August, 1804, Napoleon occupied himself with the arrangements for the coronation ceremony, and directed the following letter to be written on the subject:—

"*To* M. DE SÉGUR,

"*Grand Master of the Ceremonies.*

"PONT-DE-BRIQUES, 15 *Thermidor, XII.*

"SIR,— "(*August* 3, 1804).

"The Emperor has taken cognisance of the plan you have submitted to him concerning the decree for

the ceremonial of the coronation. Before giving you his opinion on the different clauses in the report, his Majesty has thought it necessary to make several remarks, which he has directed me to transmit to you.

"Many people have thought that the ceremony would prove very difficult to arrange in the Church of the Invalides; the bishops and priests would not be suitably placed there, for want of a choir; and all the people who are to attend the ceremony would scarcely find sufficient accommodation, even supposing that the representatives of the army were not present. However, it is considered that the absence of the representatives of the army would be quite contrary to the fitness of things on such an occasion as this. . . . It is also indispensable that the throne on which the Emperor and Empress are to be seated, surrounded by their respective households, should be placed in a space which must necessarily be large, if it is to be at all convenient. But the Invalides can neither provide sufficient accommodation for the assembly nor a suitable space for the throne.

"On the other hand, it is thought that 20,000 men could easily be accommodated in Notre Dame—that sufficient space will be found in the choir for the throne; and also, that if there be any religious ceremony, it will only be seen in detail by the priests, or by men who, from superior intelligence, have still as much faith in them as men had in the eighth century.

"By order of the Emperor."

On the same day the Emperor wrote to the Pope, to calm his apprehensions with regard to the attitude of Russia towards the Roman Court, and his letter ends thus:—

"*To* HIS HOLINESS THE POPE.

"PONT-DE-BRIQUES, *August* 3, 1804.

"Your Holiness need have no anxiety; there will be no continental disturbance of any consequence. We pray that God may keep you, Holy Father, for many years, at the head of our Mother, the Holy Church.

"Your devout son, the Emperor of the French,

"NAPOLEON."

(Archives of Foreign Affairs.)

"*To the* EMPRESS JOSEPHINE.

"CALAIS, 18 *Thermidor, XII.*

"(*August 6th*, 1804.)

"MY DEAREST,—

"I arrived at Calais at midnight, and think of starting this evening for Dunkirk. I am well pleased with what I have seen, and am in fairly good health. I hope you may derive as much benefit from the waters as I do from the general stir and commotion, and from the sight of the fields and sea. Eugène has started for Blois. Hortense is well. Louis has gone to Plombières. I am longing to see you. You are always necessary to my happiness. Greetings to everybody.

"NAPOLEON."

Several letters are dated from his pavilion; this one, for instance:—

"*To* M. DE TALLEYRAND.

"THE PAVILION OF THE TOUR D'ODRE,

"*August 27th*, 1804.

"MONSIEUR DE TALLEYRAND (Minister of Foreign Relations),—

"I enclose a statement of the method by which I think we should come to an understanding with Austria.

What she really wants is not clear ; if she is prepared to be reasonable, the purport of the note ought to meet with her approval. I have already written to tell you that I will see you at Aix-la-Chapelle, and that I will receive M. de Cobenzl there as well. There is nothing to prevent M. de Gallo going there too.

"NAPOLEON."

(Archives of Foreign Affairs as minute to the archives of the Empire.)

To conclude the subject of the letters sent from the Boulogne Camp, I will give an extract of a second letter from the Emperor to the Pope, written in terms of profound respect :—

"HIS HOLINESS THE POPE.

"PONT-DE-BRIQUES, *August*, 1804.

"HOLY FATHER,—

"We have been very much affected by your Holiness's letter, because we always sympathise with your griefs. The decree of the vice-president of the Italian Republic, relating to the Concordat of the Republic, with which your Holiness is dissatisfied, has been reported to us. It is our intention to prevent any infringement of that which has been agreed upon between ourselves. We trust that in this circumstance, as in all those which have preceded it, your Holiness will be convinced of our attachment to the principles of religion and to your person.

"May God preserve you, Holy Father, for many years, at the head of our Mother, the Holy Church.

"Your devout son, the Emperor of the French,

"NAPOLEON."

The future Emperor retained the original spelling of his name up to the end of February, 1796, and signed himself :—

But in the same year, when he issued his famous proclamation at Milan, dated May 20th—"Soldiers! you rushed down like a torrent from the heights of the Apennines: Milan is yours"—he signed himself :—

As commander-in-chief of the expedition in Egypt he continued to sign himself :—

On his accession to the Imperial throne he signed himself "Napoleon"; the following is a reproduction in fac-simile of one of the first signatures he gave as Emperor. It was written on May 25th, 1804.

Napoleon's writing was always very bad; in fact, it was sometimes illegible. On one occasion, an aged

and poor-looking man presented himself at the Palace of St. Cloud, and asked Duroc to obtain an interview for him with the Emperor.

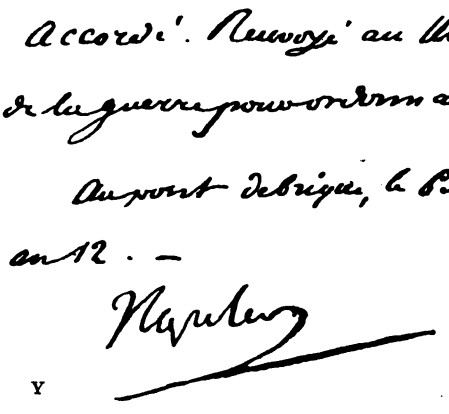
On being ushered into the Emperor's presence, he introduced himself as his old writing-master.

"And a fine pupil you made of me!" said Napoleon ironically. "I cannot congratulate you on the result of your teaching."

It is said, however, that he dismissed him with kind words, and handed him a warrant entitling him to a pension of 1,200 francs. Bonaparte showed his gratitude and liberality to all his masters and servants; even Hanté, the old porter at Brienne, was not forgotten in the distribution of favours.

The Emperor has been accused of many faults, but ingratitude was certainly never one of them. He possessed, to an eminent degree, the quality of gratitude, so rare among *parvenus;* and when at the height of his prosperity, he still liked to renew, on the old familiar terms, his acquaintance with those who had known him before he counted for very much in the world.

The reader will probably like to see the fac-simile of Napoleon's autograph, dated from the Boulogne Camp.



CHAPTER XX.

PLANS FOR THE INVASION OF ENGLAND.

Was the Scheme for Crossing the Straits Capable of Realisation ?—Were the Flotilla and Boulogne Camp a Pretence ?—What did England Think of the Project, and What was her Attitude ?—Opinions of Pitt, Nelson, and Sir Walter Scott —Did Bonaparte Believe in the Possibility of the Invasion ?—Conclusion.

WAS the scheme for crossing the Straits by the flotilla capable of realisation, or was it only an Utopian project ? Granting that it could be carried out, what concurrence of events was necessary for the success of the enterprise ? Did England ever feel that she was seriously threatened ? Did Bonaparte really mean to attempt the bold adventure, or was it merely a feint on his part, to turn the attention of Europe towards a plan he knew to be chimerical, in order to conceal from everyone his real intentions ?

In other words, did he form the camp at Boulogne, facing England, merely as a plausible pretext for organising and training the Grand Army, which was to reap so much glory in the marvellous campaign of 1805 ?

All these are questions which I propose to consider rapidly in this chapter, especially as various recent publications have revived their historic interest, and made them, more or less, topics of the moment. For instance, in an important work, " Projects for landing in the British Islands," M. Desbrières throws doubt on the sincerity of the projects. " To scare England, to secure political advantages, both at home and abroad,

and to have a large army in good training—perhaps this was all that Napoleon really wanted."

Nothing can help us so much towards the elucidation of the question as to consider whether England took the threatened invasion seriously or the reverse, and whether she behaved like a nation who really felt herself imperilled by what were termed "the nutshells." No evidence could throw better light on the matter.

Now a whole series of unquestionable facts go to prove that England, far from scoffing at the proposed invasion, or flattering herself that the destruction of the flotilla would be an easy matter, strove, on the contrary, by every means in her power, to paralyse the organisation of the sea-forces. Her secret agents swarmed along the coast, and were instructed to find out the effective of the various army corps; to ascertain the spirit which animated the troops and the extent of their military knowledge, and also to learn the meaning of the signals, and the positions of the various batteries.

The author has in his possession several English maps, dating from this period, on which everything is marked, to the minutest details.

The spies conveyed their intelligence by secret correspondence, and by means of rockets, or fires lit at night on certain places along the cliffs.

An active system of watching was established all along the coast, and many of the emissaries were arrested and tried by court-martial. On 10th Brumaire, XIII., no less than fifteen spies were brought to trial before the same court, and six of them were sentenced to death.

The enemy, fearing that the flat-bottomed boats might escape their powerful fleet, proposed blockading the flotilla by sinking ships laden with stones at the entrance of the harbour. They were obliged, however,

to abandon this project, and found other expedients, such as directing against the harbour, sloops, cutters and brigs, on board which explosive machines had been lighted. But as these craft were too easily sighted, because of their size, the English invented a species of "explosive barrels," which were cast adrift towards the shore, or the line of ships. "These barrels were partly filled with gunpowder, and held in a vertical position, by means of shot used as ballast, and were provided with mechanism which determined the explosion on their coming into contact with a hard substance."

Admiral Keith appeared before Boulogne on 9th Vendémiaire with a squadron of fifty-two warships, and provided with a number of these machines. However, the flotilla managed to elude nearly all the fireships, which ran ashore and exploded against the rocks, making much noise but doing little damage.

Another kind of fireship—the catamarans to which I have already alluded—were large wooden chests lined with copper, "provided with clockwork mechanism, and a battery."

While the flotilla and the Grand Army were being organised in France, what was happening in England? Was the organisation of an army of defence considered a matter of urgency? Did the British public contemplate the possibility of London really being attacked by the invader, or did they scoff at the vain threats?

The following facts are the best answer to these questions, inasmuch as they show that England resorted to armaments on a vast scale, thereby giving incontestable proof of her uneasiness at this period in her history.

When peace relations were broken with France, England had a regular army of 130,000, and a militia of about 70,000. To these forces were added, first a reserve of 50,000 men, levied by conscription, and sub-

sequently, when the rumours of invasion gained more substance, the Government brought in a military service Bill, by which all able-bodied men between the ages of seventeen and fifty-two might be called upon to serve. The new measure, which the Government only enforced in moderation, produced, by the end of the summer, 1803, a force of 300,000 volunteers, who were exercised unremittingly in manual drill. These various forces made a total of 550,000 combatants, of unequal worth, no doubt, but all determined to fight for their country, and for their national existence.

The Annual Register of 1803 states that the number of volunteers in the month of December, 1803, amounted in Great Britain to 379,943; and in Ireland to 82,241.

Without taking too seriously the suggestion of enrolling women in the militia (as Lady Jerningham proposed for the county of Norfolk, in the event of invasion), it is very certain that from the autumn of 1802, volunteer corps were organised all over the country.

The general activity increased; bodies were formed, which were incongruous no doubt, but none the less determined to fight. The great noblemen raised troops at their own cost, and companies were formed in every district by enrolling men from fifteen to twenty years of age.

Would the country succeed in organising a national militia? or would it be necessary to quarter the troops in the districts? No one could tell, for though the spirit of patriotism was raised to the highest pitch, there was no general order, no concerted plan of action, and Lord Hobart was at a loss how best to utilise all the zeal fostered by the imminence of the peril.

As for the English navy, it only possessed, in 1802, 39 battleships, besides, of course, a multitude of smaller-sized vessels, frigates and sloops; but from November,

1803, the number of ships-of-the-line was increased to 189.

"Every mode of defence necessitated by circumstances was duly organised. Fortifications were raised around London, to protect the capital against a sudden attack, and give the army time to come to the rescue. A system of signals was established, which were intended to give the alarm on the first appearance of the enemy, and great chariots, drawn by six horses, and capable of transporting 60 men at a time, were placed at the disposal of each corps, to facilitate the concentration of troops at the rallying points.

"The naval preparations were in no way inferior to those of the land forces. On 10th June a levy of 40,000 seamen was added to the 80,000 England already numbered on her warships.

"Seventy-five battleships, shortly afterwards increased to over 100; a hundred frigates; several hundred brigs and sloops of war; 800 gun-boats, more especially employed for coast defence, and finally a multitude of despatch boats, forming a sort of telegraphic system—such was the formidable armament which served the threefold purpose of protecting England, blockading our ports, and pursuing our squadrons."

"To give an idea of the extraordinary wave of patriotism that swept over the whole country, we need only recall the fact that Pitt, though sorely stricken in health, spent the remnant of his life in drilling daily the 3,000 volunteers he had enrolled himself at Walmer Castle, and that he induced the surrounding localities to build 150 gunboats.

"As for the expenditure necessitated by such a display of force, it was provisionally met by the raising of a loan of £12,000,000 sterling, and by an increase of excise duties and of the income tax, to the extent of a

sum almost equal to that of the loan. These special funds, added to those produced by the enormous budget —the burden of which would have crushed any other nation but England—were to supply the first requirements and enable the English Cabinet to create diversions either in Europe or even in France." *

If a landing had been considered impossible in England, would the Government have fortified London, armed so many men, and equipped so many battleships ?

Sir Walter Scott, in the "Antiquary," alludes to the terror inspired by the threatened invasion: "The French are coming to murder us ! " screams Miss Griselda. "The beacon is lighted ! " cries Miss McIntyre, for beacons had been erected as signals, and were to give the alarm for the general arming of forces. "Womankind, be composed," said Oldbuck, in great agitation, "are you sure they are come ? " And in a note the following explanation is given textually :—

"The story of the false alarm at Fairport, and the consequences, are taken from a real incident. Those who witnessed the state of Britain, and of Scotland in particular, from the period that succeeded the war which commenced in 1803, to the Battle of Trafalgar, must recollect those times with feelings which we can hardly hope to make the rising generation comprehend. Almost every individual was enrolled in a military or civil capacity, for the purpose of contributing to resist the long-suspended threats of invasion, which were echoed from every quarter. Beacons were erected along the coast, and all through the country, to give the signal for everyone to repair to the post where his particular duty called him, and men of every description, fit to serve, held themselves in readiness on the shortest summons. During this agitating period, and on the evening of February 2nd,

* "(1) History of Napoleon by Lanfrey, III." Annual Register for 1804.

1804, the person who kept watch on the commanding station of Home Castle, being deceived by some accidental fire in the county of Northumberland, which he took for the corresponding signal-light in that county with which his orders were to communicate, lighted up his own beacon. The signal was immediately repeated through all the valleys on the English border. If the beacon at Saint-Abb's Head had been fired, the alarm would have run northward and roused all Scotland. But the watch at this important point judiciously considered that if there had been an actual or threatened descent on our eastern sea-coast, the alarm would have come along the coast, and not from the interior of the country.

"Through the Border counties the alarm spread with rapidity, and on no occasion, when that country was the scene of perpetual and unceasing warfare, was the summons to arms more readily obeyed."

* * * * * *

"There were some particulars in the general alarm which are curious and interesting. The men of Liddesdale, the most remote point to the westward which the alarm reached, were so much afraid of being late in the field, that they put in requisition all the horses they could find, and when they had thus made a forced march out of their county, they turned their borrowed steeds loose to find their way back through the hills, and they all got back safe to their own stables."

Sir Walter Scott's important work, "The Life of Napoleon," in nine volumes (1825), contains much that is instructive and sound of judgment, whenever England is not implicated. The motto at the commencement of the book, leaves very little doubt on the author's sentiments with regard to the modern Cæsar:

> "*Impellens quidquid sibi summa petenti*
> *Obstaret, gaudensque viam fecisse ruina.*"

In this work Sir Walter Scott sacrifices too much to national susceptibilities, and modifies historical facts, in his endeavour to prove that no one in England ever thought seriously of the possibility of a descent, and that it was but an empty boast on the part of Napoleon.

He relates that the ardour of the French troops was excited by adroit references to fortunate omens; that a Roman axe had been discovered at the spot on which Bonaparte's tent was pitched, and that they were shown medals of William the Conqueror, said to have been unearthed at that place.

Then Scott, forgetting the fears which he had described so graphically in previous works, takes pride in stating that Nelson had declared the crossing of the Channel with rowing boats to be impossible, and the sailing of a hostile armament from Boulogne to be a most forlorn undertaking.

However, to these statements, two answers might be made; first, that Bonaparte was one of those who can conceive, and carry out, the boldest enterprises, for he proved it on more than one occasion; and secondly, if it is a fact that Great Britain had nothing to fear, why all this alarm, and why these formidable armaments intended to repulse an imaginary invader?

Sir Walter Scott comes nearer the point when, on the same page, he estimates that the expedition was not materially impossible, but only "in a great measure hopeless."

Nelson also subsequently amended his first statement with regard to the passage across the Straits, honestly adding: "I may pronounce it almost impracticable."

If the invasion was merely a threat to scare England, why had Pitt donned his uniform at the very first alarm, and deserted his peaceful game of chess, to busy himself with military preparations, fortresses and batteries?

Why had emergency camps been formed in Sussex and Kent, and on the cliffs around Dover? Why did the Cabinet of St. James expend so much effort in trying to revive and utilise the dissatisfaction of the Jacobins, the resentment of the Royalists, and the jealousy of the Generals, in order to unite these extreme parties in one common bond of hatred towards Bonaparte? And finally, why did George the Third, in spite of his age, leave the royal household, in order to spend all his days holding reviews? The question appears to be solved, as far as the fears of England are concerned.

And now let us consider the second part of the problem: Did Napoleon himself believe in the possibility of an invasion? Though Bonaparte planned an expedition against England and made preparations for it, he never deceived himself as to the difficulties attendant on such an enterprise, and therefore one is not justified in making him contradict himself by adopting the views of such men as Metternich and Wolf Tone, who may have had their reasons for looking upon the concentration of the flotilla as a mere comedy.

On April 23rd, 1798, Bonaparte had already made the following declaration to the Directory: "To effect an invasion of England, without having the mastery of the sea, is the boldest and most difficult operation that could be imagined. The only way possible would be to make a surprise passage, either by evading the squadron blockading Brest, or Texel, or else by landing with little boats during the night, at some point in Kent or Sussex, after a passage of seven or eight hours."

Thiers, in his book on the "Consulate and the Empire," speaks of Bonaparte's schemes in connection with England. The First Consul is represented as having had a private interview on Februray 18th, 1803, with Lord Whitworth, in which, after inviting the English

Ambassador to the Tuileries to discuss the Peace of Amiens, he appears to have disclosed his thoughts with singular frankness.

He is reported to have concluded the statements he made to Lord Whitworth with the following declaration :—

"And now, if you doubt my earnest wish to maintain peace, listen, and judge for yourself of the extent of my sincerity. When still very young, I acquired a power and a renown which could not well be surpassed. Now do you imagine that I should be willing to risk this power and renown in a hopeless struggle ? If I wage war with Austria I shall not be troubled to find the way to Vienna. If I engage in war with you I shall separate you from all your allies in Europe, and shall shut you out of all access to the Continent, from the Baltic to the Gulf of Tarentum. You will blockade us, but I shall blockade you in return ; you will confine us to the Continent, but I shall confine you to the seas. However, to make an end of it, we shall have to employ more direct methods ; we must collect 150,000 men, and an immense flotilla, attempt the passage across the Straits, and perhaps sink my fortune, my glory, and myself at the bottom of the sea. A descent on England is rash indeed, my lord." And so saying, the First Consul, to the intense astonishment of his hearer, began to enumerate all the difficulties and dangers of such an enterprise, the vast amount of material, and the number of men and of ships which it would be necessary to accumulate in the Straits, and which he would not fail to accumulate, in order to crush England.

To enumerate before a mortal enemy "the difficulties and dangers of an enterprise in which he risked sinking his fortune, himself and his glory at the bottom of the sea," strikes one as being so impolitic an act, that one can understand the anxiety of Thiers to warn the

reader in a note that, though he is able to vouch for the gist of the discourse, many different versions have been given of the conversation.

We have no difficulty in believing this.

But—still according to Thiers—Bonaparte is supposed to have added, "with unusual energy," the following remarks, in which we have less difficulty in recognising the future Emperor, and in which he betrays his readiness to venture on the enterprise if he were constrained to do so, by events.

"This act of rashness, my lord, I am determined to attempt, if you compel me to do so. For this great enterprise has chances of success, with me, which it would have with no one else. I crossed the Alps in winter, I know how to make things possible which appear impossible to ordinary men, and if I succeed, your posterity will weep tears of blood over the effects of the resolution you compelled me to take. . . . . You have a navy which I could not hope to equal were I to devote the constant efforts of ten years of my life to attain that end, but I have 500,000 men ready to march under my orders, wherever I choose to lead them. . . ."

On November 4th, 1803, Bonaparte arrived at Boulogne, and by two o'clock in the morning, in spite of bad weather, the line of ships had been formed and moored before the harbour. On this occasion, there was a sharp engagement with English cruisers. The next day the First Consul wrote the following letter, which we have already partly quoted :—

"*To* CONSUL CAMBACÉRÈS.

"BOULOGNE, 15*th Brumaire*, XII.
(*November 5th*, 1803).

"I went on Friday to visit the harbour of Boulogne, where I arrived quite unexpectedly. I took the greatest

interest in inspecting all the works and preparations for the great expedition, for at midnight I was at it still.

"I spent most of the day in the roadstead, where we have over 100 ships moored in line.

"We had a sharp encounter with the enemy, who attacked us with ten ships, several of which were two-deckers. One frigate was dismasted. We saw them go to rescue a frigate, which we have every reason to believe was struck by a shell.

"The enemy then made for the open, whereupon a division of caïques, carrying a piece of '24,' followed in pursuit, keeping up a constant fire. On our side one man had his leg shot away, and a boat, with a crew of five men, was struck by a cannon-ball which caused her to sink, but she was righted, and the five men were saved.

"I am quartered in the very midst of the camp, and on the brink of the ocean, whence I can take in, at a glance, the distance which separates us from England.

"BONAPARTE."

Then again if we look back at Admiral Bruix's correspondence with Napoleon and the Minister of Marine, we can have no doubts as to these two points, namely, that the admiral was fully convinced of the feasibility of the project, and that all preparations necessary for its success were faithfully carried out.

As to the First Consul, his intentions with regard to the invasion are sufficiently shown by the following incident, and by a letter to Cambacérès, to whom he certainly could not write mere idle matter without running the risk of discrediting himself.

On one occasion, when the atmosphere was particularly clear (Nov. 16th, 1803), the First Consul, who was walking along the cliffs, saw the white coast of Dover so distinctly

that he wrote to Cambacérès a letter which we have already quoted, and in which this passage occurs: "I saw the coast of England from the heights of Ambleteuse as distinctly as one can see the Calvary from the Tuileries. I was able to distinguish the houses, and even objects moving; it is merely a ditch that will be crossed when we are bold enough to attempt the enterprise."

Whoever happens to have found himself anywhere between Gris-Nez and Ambleteuse under similar conditions, has probably experienced the same feeling; indeed, it seems impossible to believe that there is a distance of at least seven leagues between the two points that face each other in the narrowest part of the Straits.

On his returning to Paris Bonaparte wrote, on November 28th, 1803, to the Maritime Prefect of Toulon, General Ganteaume:

"CITIZEN GENERAL,—

"I am sending you General Rapp, one of my aides-de-camp, who is to stay a few days at Toulon. I informed you two months ago that I expected 10 battleships, 4 frigates, and 4 sloops of war to be ready to sail from Toulon by the middle of Frimaire; and that I wished this squadron to be stored with 4 months' supplies for 25,000 infantry.

"I have just returned from Boulogne, which is full of activity, and where I hope to have, by the middle of Nivôse, 300 gunboats, 500 boats, 500 shallops, each shallop carrying a howitzer of 36. The flotilla is able to transport 100,000 men. Given eight hours of night and propitious weather, and we can decide the fate of the world."

One day the English scouts thought that the decisive moment had arrived, and that the enemy's troops were concentrating to embark. A general order was at once given to prepare for action, and fourteen magnificent battleships approached in a first line of attack. The little

French boats went resolutely to meet the formidable front, and before very long, the naval giants were in full retreat, riddled with shot and disabled, and making for the different ports, to land the wounded and repair damages. This is an instance of what the "nutshells" could do.

What might not have happened if the flotilla had been supported by the fleets of Spain and Holland; and the combined forces had been able to carry out a concerted plan of action?

A few months before this event, on January 7th, 1804, Bonaparte received a communication from Decrès, who was perhaps the least sanguine, with regard to the scheme, of all the men about the First Consul.

"BOULOGNE, *January 7th*, 1804.

"People are beginning firmly to believe in the flotilla, and are convinced that the sailing of the expedition is nearer at hand than was supposed; everyone has promised me to prepare seriously for the event. They forget all about the dangers, and can think of nothing but Cæsar and his fortunes.

"The subalterns' ideas are confined to the roadstead and its currents. They argue like angels about wind, anchorage, and the line of ships. As for the passage across the Straits, that is your affair. You know more about that than they do, and your eyes are better than their spectacles. They have absolute faith in anything you undertake."

And at the end of the letter Decrès admits the possibility of effecting the crossing "by sacrificing a hundred ships in order to draw the enemy's fire."

As it was Bonaparte's intention to have between two and three thousand boats, the sacrifice of a hundred was admissible.

The scheme inspired general confidence, not only in

the regions of the coast, but throughout the whole country; warlike mottoes were to be seen everywhere. For instance, at Amiens, on the gateway leading to Calais, was the inscription, "Road to England," and elsewhere: "A favourable wind and thirty-six hours." The following words were inscribed by a man of the Guard of Honour on the front of his house: "France loves him, England fears him, and the world admires him!"

The starting point of Napoleon's critics, with regard to the descent on England, was always the contrast they sought to establish between the vastness of the project itself and the means he proposed for its realisation. Now his pretended hesitation may have been but well-calculated dissimulation, and if is added to the ideas he may really have had in his mind, his great desire of forwarding the preparations of various plans corresponding to certain eventualities, one is hardly justified in assuming a problem to be unsolvable, whilst ignorant of its given conditions.

These innermost thoughts are to be inferred by a system of reticence and secret orders, of which there are many examples in the official correspondence.

For instance, from Mayence, on September 29th, 1804,* the Emperor sent word to the Minister of War to give General Lauriston command of the troops at Toulon, and added: "I wish General Lauriston's appointment to be kept secret as long as possible; he is to proceed to his station as though he were going on an ordinary mission."

Then he wrote to the Minister of Marine: "You can summon the naval captain now at Boulogne, who knows

* Date of plan of concerted action, replacing the one of the 25th May, which had become inapplicable owing to the delay in the armaments of Brest and Toulon, and especially owing to the death of Admiral Latouche-Treville.

the sea of Guiana.* You are to say nothing to him. He will start for Toulon at the last moment, go straight to General de Villeneuve, and will do everything he can to conceal his going on board."

When a man plays a game, even if it is nothing more than a simple game of draughts, he does not tell his adversary his reasons for moving a particular piece . . . . still less, then, was the man who played a complex and formidable game on the world's chessboard, likely to divulge his schemes beforehand.

Indeed it was at this very date that three expeditions were planned to be undertaken simultaneously; the first, to protect Martinique, Guadeloupe, and St. Lucia from all attack; the second, to seize Surinam and the other Dutch colonies; and the third was against Saint Helena.

Certain extracts from Napoleon's correspondence, taken from the letters of the last period, show that he had very seriously considered a scheme for inv .ing Ireland, to create a diversion.

"*To* GENERAL BERTHIER.

"*September 27th*, 1804.

"COUSIN,—

"The expedition to Ireland is settled. You must confer with Marshal Augereau on the matter. We have the means of embarking 18,000 men at Brest. General Marmont is ready with 25,000 men. He will attempt to land in Ireland, and will be under Marshal Augereau's orders. The Grand Army at Boulogne will embark at the same time, and do everything that is possible to effect a landing in Kent. You will instruct Marshal Augereau to act according to circumstances. If the information I have obtained from Irish refugees, and from emissaries to Ireland, is verified, a number of

* There was a question of surprising the English, to compel their navy to make a diversion.

Irishmen will flock to our standard on his landing; in that case he will march straight on Dublin. If, on the other hand, there should be any delay in the rising, he will take up a position where he can be joined by General Marmont, and wait until the Grand Army has effected a landing. The navy holds out hopes of being ready by October 22nd; the land forces also will be ready by that date. Marshal Augereau will especially require a good commander of Artillery.

"NAPOLEON."

On September 29th, 1804, he wrote to Vice-Admiral Decrès, concerning the scheme for invading Ireland:

"The point which you suggest for a landing place seems to me the most suitable. The north, and the Bay of Lough Swilly is, according to my notion, the most convenient. The expedition must sail from Brest, double Ireland, keeping out of sight of the coast, and approach, as any ship would do, coming from Newfoundland. I am speaking merely from a political and not from a nautical point of view, as the selection of a spot for landing must depend on the currents. Politically speaking, it would be more advantageous to start the attack in Scotland instead of farther south; such a manœuvre would disconcert the enemy. Thirty-six hours after casting anchor, the squadron must put to sea again, leaving the brigs and all the transports. The *Volontaire's* guns will be in the hold, and the army can make use of them either for a coast battery or for any unforeseen event. On all these matters I agree with you.

"But the landing in Ireland can only be a preliminary step; if it were to form an operation by itself, we should be running great risk. The squadron, therefore, after

being reinforced with all the able seamen off the transports, must enter the Channel, make for Cherbourg, where it will be informed of the situation of the Boulogne army, and 'protect the passage of the flotilla.' If, on reaching Boulogne, the winds happened to be contrary during several days—thereby forcing the squadron to pass the Straits—it would make for Texel; there it would find seven Dutch ships with 25,000 men on board, and would escort them to Ireland.

"One of these two operations must succeed, and then, whether I have 30,000 or 40,000 men in Ireland, and whether I am in England or in Ireland, the advantage of the war will be with us.

"NAPOLEON."

However, though Napoleon gave all his thoughts to the armaments for attacking England, he had the courage, on one occasion, to restrain his warlike instincts and make overtures of peace, highly meritorious on his part.

The document relating to this incident (January 2nd, 1805) is in the Archives of the Empire, and is a letter addressed by Napoleon to his "Brother, the King of England." It is sufficiently important to be given in its entirety. It was taken by a captain in the navy on board a brig of the English squadron before Boulogne, and was forwarded to Lord Harrowby, Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs.

"NAPOLEON *to the* KING OF ENGLAND.

"MY BROTHER,—

"Called by Providence, and by the voice of the Senate, the people and the army, to occupy the throne of France, my chief desire is for peace. France and England are wasting their wealth. The struggle between

them may last for years. But are their respective governments fulfilling their most sacred duty? And all the blood which has been so ruthlessly shed, for no particular purpose, does it not accuse them in their own conscience? I see no dishonour in taking the first step. I think I have given sufficient proof to the world that I dread none of the risks of war; indeed I have no reason to dread them. Peace is my most earnest wish, but war has never proved adverse to me. I entreat your Majesty not to deny himself the satisfaction of giving peace to the world. Do not leave that satisfaction to the enjoyment of your children. Circumstances were never so favourable, nor the time ever so propitious, for calming passions, and listening to the dictates of humanity and reason. Once let this opportunity pass, and who can say when the war, which all my efforts were powerless to prevent, is likely to cease? Within the last ten years your Majesty has acquired vast wealth, and an extent of territory larger than that of Europe. Your nation is at the height of prosperity. What can you hope to gain by war? Form a coalition of several powers on the Continent? The Continent will remain quiet, for a coalition would serve but to increase the ascendancy and the power of France on the Continent. Revive internal dissensions? Times have changed. Ruin our Finance? Finance based upon a prosperous agriculture cannot be destroyed. Deprive France of her colonies? Colonies, as far as France is concerned, are but of secondary importance; and has not your Majesty already more of them than can well be managed? If your Majesty will but consider the question, you will agree that you have nothing to gain by war. And what a melancholy prospect, that nations should war with each other simply for the sake of fighting! The world is large enough for our two nations; and reason should have sufficient influence

to enable us to conciliate our differences, if there be a sincere wish on both sides to do so. At all events, I have now fulfilled a sacred duty. I trust your Majesty will believe in the sincerity of my sentiments, and my earnest desire to give a proof thereof.

"NAPOLEON."

On January 14th the English Government sent the following reply to these courteous advances :—

"His Majesty deems it impossible to give any particular reply to the overtures he has received, until he has had time to communicate with the Continental powers, with whom he has engaged in diplomatic relations and alliances; especially with the Emperor of Russia, who has given the strongest proofs of wisdom and dignity, and of the interest he takes in the safety and independence of Europe."

This was but a thinly veiled threat to form a new coalition, and Napoleon saw through it. The preparations for the invasion were therefore pushed on with increased activity, and he issued a multiplicity of orders, of which I give a few typical examples.

On August 13th, 1805, he wrote to Vice-Admiral Villeneuve from the camp at Boulogne :

"I conclude that my arms have been victorious since you put into Corunna. I trust this despatch may not find you there still, and that by the time it reaches you, you will have repulsed the enemy's cruisers, so as to effect a junction with Captain Allemand, sweep everything before you, and arrive in the Channel, where we are anxiously awaiting you. If you have not already done this, do it; make straight for the enemy. . . . . If you are here for three days, indeed if you are here only for

twenty-four hours, your mission will be accomplished. Send a special messenger to Admiral Ganteaume, to inform him of your departure. At all events no squadron will ever have run any risk to attain so great an end, and never will my soldiers and sailors have sacrificed their blood for a nobler and more glorious aim. Well might we all be willing to die without regret in the grand cause of accomplishing the invasion of that country which has oppressed France for six centuries.

"NAPOLEON."

On August 20th he wrote to Decrès:

"I do not know what may be the issue of all this, but you see that, in spite of adverse chances and many unpropitious circumstances, the nature of the scheme is fundamentally so sound that we shall have the advantage on our side."

On August 22nd, 1805, he wrote a letter to Vice-Admiral Ganteaume, of which the following is an extract:—

"I wish you to put to sea at once, for the fulfilment of your mission, and to proceed with all your forces to the Channel. I rely on your talents, your determination, and your strength of character, at this most important juncture. Start at once, and come here. We shall have avenged the insults of six centuries. Never have my soldiers and sailors risked their lives in a nobler cause."

On the following day, August 23rd, the Emperor wrote a letter to Talleyrand, showing that he was already preoccupied with the new coalition which was preparing, but had not yet given up his scheme of invasion:

"If my squadron follows my instructions in uniting with the Brest squadron, and penetrating into the Channel, we have still time, and I shall be master of England.

If, on the contrary, my admirals hesitate, manœuvre badly and fail to accomplish their object, nothing remains for me but to wait till winter before crossing the Straits with the flotilla."

However, in the same letter, alluding to the hostile attitude of Austria, he announced his intention of advancing on Germany with his formidable Boulogne army.

At this period, after receiving a telegraphic message transmitted by the signals, the Emperor went to the "Right Camp." "And there," says Constant, in his "Memoirs," "he read out before the troops a proclamation, which was carried to the other camps and posted up everywhere:

"'BRAVE SOLDIERS OF THE BOULOGNE CAMP:—

"'You are not going to England. The Emperor of Austria, bribed with English gold, has just declared war with France. His army has crossed the line it was to keep; Bavaria is invaded. Soldiers, new laurels await you beyond the Rhine; let us hasten to vanquish the enemies we have already conquered.'"

"It was with bitter grief and anger at his heart that Napoleon had to give up all hopes of seeing his fleet in the Straits. His irritation was such that Monge, the scientist, who breakfasted with him, in military fashion, at the pavilion almost every day, fearing lest his presence might be inopportune, retired discreetly to the quarters of Daru, principal Commissioner of War."

"It was in the pavilion at the Boulogne camp," according to the authors of the "History of Boulogne," "that Napoleon dictated—in a moment of inspiration—his plan for the glorious campaign in Germany, pointing out, by a sort of divination, each of the victorious stages."

Just as Monge had presented himself at Daru's

quarters, the latter was summoned to the presence of the Emperor.

After giving free vent to his indignation at the ruin of his scheme for invading England, Napoleon suddenly calmed down, and for several hours on end "dictated the marvellous campaign of 1805, with an extraordinary presence of mind, and exactitude of details."

Two months later, when the Emperor's forecasts were being realised so marvellously, Prince Joseph wrote to his brother:

"It is not without admiration that I recall everything you were good enough to tell me at Boulogne; your Majesty is punctually realising everything you then imagined."

Finally, on September 2nd, 1805, after prolonging his stay on the coast, while the troops were advancing by forced marches, and as secretly as possible, upon the Rhine, Napoleon left Boulogne.

A few days later, he wrote from Saint Cloud to the Minister of Marine: *

"What was my object in organising the flotilla at Boulogne?

"Article I.—My scheme was to concentrate 40 or 50 battleships in the port of Martinique by a combined operation from Toulon, Cadiz, Ferrol, and Brest, and summon them suddenly to Boulogne; to have complete mastery of the sea for a fortnight; to have 150,000 men and 10,000 horse encamped along the coast; 3,000 or 4,000 flotilla boats; and immediately on the arrival of my squadron, to land in England and take possession of London and the Thames. The plan very nearly succeeded. If Admiral Villeneuve, instead

* Napoleon's Correspondence, 9209.

of putting into Ferrol, had merely rallied the Spanish squadron and set sail for Brest, to unite with Admiral Ganteaume, it would have been all up with England.

"Article II.—It was necessary, for the success of the scheme, to muster 150,000 men at Boulogne; to have 4,000 flotilla boats and an immense equipment. To ship all these forces and supplies, and yet prevent the enemy from suspecting my plans, seemed well-nigh impossible. If I succeeded in this, it was only by doing the very reverse of what appeared the right thing to do. If fifty ships of the line were to come and protect the passage of the army over to England, we wanted nothing more than transports at Boulogne; and this profusion of praams, gunboats, flat-bottomed gunboats, shallops, etc., was absolutely useless. Now, supposing I had collected 4,000 transports only, the enemy would have guessed that I was awaiting the arrival of my squadron to attempt the crossing; but, by building and equipping praams and gunboats as well, I was opposing guns to guns, and warships to warships, and the enemies were duped accordingly. They thought my intention was to cross by main force, and by the sole military force of the flotilla. They never guessed at my real designs, and when, on the failure in the movements of my squadrons, they discovered the danger they had so narrowly escaped, there was great agitation in the Councils in London, and all intelligent people admitted that England had never been so near her ruin.

"Article III.—The scheme was exposed; the enemy saw that the plan was to cross under the protection of my squadrons. The works carried out at Boulogne, and in the harbours at Wimereux and Ambleteuse, with which the enemy was perfectly well acquainted, were sufficient proof to him that the whole flotilla could not get under weigh on one tide. From that moment

England was free from apprehension as to the flotilla being able to cross by itself, since Admiral Villeneuve's operations have proved that I was awaiting his arrival to cross; and since her knowledge of our coast has shown her the impossibility of getting the flotilla out on one tide. And now, the same men who declared that the flotilla could not be prevented from landing, say that nothing can stop the arrival of 100 to 150 vessels on the enemy's coast (making an expedition of 15,000 to 16,000 men), but that any more important expedition than this would have small chance of success.

"Article IV.—Under these circumstances, the Boulogne roadstead being unsuited to the training of my sailors, and England being free from apprehension with regard to the passage of the flotilla by main force, the project will have to be reconsidered. We should have to have an army of 60,000 to 80,000 men and several thousand horses encamped on the heights at Boulogne; have a portion only of the sailors necessary for manning the ships, and, as soon as the squadrons commenced to operate, levy the fishermen and sailors all along the coast, re-establish the line of ships, embark the artillery and supplies—in one word, make all the necessary demonstrations to show that we were only awaiting the arrival of the squadron to cross.

"Article V.—The advantages of this scheme are enormous. In the first place, I should always have a pretext for having 80,000 to 100,000 men encamped in a position which is not only healthy, but very convenient with regard to supplies; and from which they can advance promptly on Germany; while so large a body of men, kept within view of the English coast, together with a number of ships which will enable us to make the invasion, if I have the mastery of the sea for several days, will have a double influence on England:

"(1) It will oblige her to have troops to guard and protect herself against a now possible invasion;

"(2) It will oblige her to keep a portion of her fleet in reserve, in the Downs or in the Thames, in case of emergency.

"Article VIII.—Let us suppose a squadron of 40 ships-of-the-line arriving before Boulogne, and finding an army of 100,000 men and 10,000 horse—what could it do? How much time would it require to transport the troops, cavalry, and stores over to England? It would take at least ten journeys. Let us now suppose that 40 ships-of-the-line arrive before Boulogne, and find 500 boats, praams, shallops, gunboats, etc., either equipped or without guns, with all the artillery, men, and horses embarked, and that they take on board whatever portion of the troops the flotilla is unable to carry—why, in several days, the whole expedition would be landed in England. England will therefore be compelled to have a land army, and to have a fleet in reserve. Of all the means that one could suggest for harming the enemy in this struggle, this is the one that would be the least costly for France, and the most disastrous for England.

"Article IX.—Having hereby informed the Minister of Marine of the part I wish the Boulogne flotilla to play, I desire him to suggest the modifications that it will be necessary to make, in order that it may accomplish, at the least possible cost, the ends that I have in view.

"NAPOLEON."

Perhaps the clearest explanation we have on the matter, is the following passage taken from a work on Napoleon by Blanchet, a volunteer of the period:—

"Napoleon deceived the enemy by engaging his attention on a sham fleet, in order to divert it from the

real one, which workmen were building day and night incessantly in our yards. It was with this fleet, and the Spanish and Dutch squadrons combined, that he intended to engage in action with the English fleet, while the 2,000 nutshells were transporting our soldiers and landing them on the enemy's coast. Then England would remember William the Conqueror, and have reason to tremble. 'If only we are masters of the Straits for six hours,' the Emperor wrote to the great seaman Latouche-Tréville, 'we shall be masters of the world.'"

On this subject there should be no doubt—namely, that Napoleon had no intention of winning naval victories with his little flat-bottomed boats; he meant them merely to carry his legions to firm land, where they would most certainly have been victorious. Major Richert, of the Staff College, fully understood this when he wrote:—

"In 1803, Napoleon determined to deal a decisive blow to the great rival of France by invading England, and conquering the country. This plan of Napoleon's throws a vivid light on the greatness of his genius. His conception of the scheme of invasion was absolutely sound; it was an application of the fundamental rule of the science of war, that consists in 'opposing the strong side to the enemy's weak side, while making the best use of the factors of time and space.' Napoleon's power lay in the army and continental war; that of England was in her fleet and in naval warfare; it was therefore certainly good strategy on Napoleon's part to attack England with his army, and to compel her to fight on land." *

Indeed, the same general idea pervades all the various documents just quoted.

* "Napoleon, Chief of the Army," translated from the German into French, 1899.

The crossing of the Straits and the invasion of England could certainly not be classed among events of ordinary occurrence, and the enterprise Napoleon had planned was altogether exceptional, to say the least.

But the French armies, when led by daring and experienced commanders, have performed marvellous exploits, which, though quite outside the classical rules of military science, have led to splendid results.

That a fleet should be captured by cavalry is perhaps scarcely a normal event. And yet the hussar squadrons commanded by Pichegru took the Dutch fleet, icebound in the harbour of Helder in 1795.

The extraordinary ascent of Mount St. Bernard, in which 30,000 men scaled the heights of 2,300 metres, with the whole of the artillery, is not a commonplace enterprise either.

It has been said, as an argument against the First Consul's scheme, that the number of men ready to take the sea in 1805 was totally inadequate to a serious attack; and that, even if the quantity of boats enabled 167,000 men to embark, there were not, as a matter of fact, more than 90,000 taken altogether at Boulogne, Wimereux, Ambleteuse, and Etaples.

Now the total effective of all the troops mustered around Boulogne appears at one time to have been 172,230 infantry, and 9,300 cavalry, according to the most authentic estimates.

The reason that there is such discrepancy between the figures quoted by different writers is, that under the title of "army of Boulogne," some only include those corps which were encamped on the coast, and prepared to take the sea; while others place under the same heading, and rightly so, all the garrisons quartered inland in the neighbourhood, because at the very

first signal they could have arrived within a few hours at the points of embarkation.

It must be admitted, I think, that an army of nearly 100,000 determined men, led by a commander like Napoleon, could have given a good account of themselves, especially in a country that was almost without a regular militia.

But there is another explanation which deserves notice. An old Boulogne fisherman—was he a dreamer, or particularly clear-sighted and well-informed?—said to me once: "If Napoleon collected more boats than were necessary to carry the troops, horse, and ammunition, it was because he intended taking advantage of a foggy day, or a dark night, for the following stratagem—a number of boats, carrying dark lanterns, were to be sent on ahead in a wrong direction; they were only to be manned by a few gunners who were to fire off guns, in the dark, to attract the enemy's squadron; and while this was going on, the real flotilla was to have attempted the passage."

Without venturing to draw an absolute conclusion, which would be presumptuous, since certain factors are wanting, by which we might hope to reach a solution of the question, we are justified, I think, in saying that Napoleon was convinced of the possibility of the descent, and really intended carrying it out, his hesitations simply bearing on the choice of the plan to be adopted.

And when he subsequently modified his intentions, it was because he was compelled to do so by certain serious events, and especially by the inaction of auxiliaries on whom he was obliged to depend, and who disobeyed his formal orders.

And even at the very time when treachery compelled him to divert the Grand Army from the primary object

or which it had been organised, Napoleon hoped that propitious circumstances might enable him to accomplish his design.

It seems manifest that the admirals, whether timid or bold, argued over the orders they received, instead of conforming to them; they judged, from their own narrow point of view, the plan of concerted action which they failed to grasp, and which was as follows—as Napoleon had conceived it—to compel England, by a series of simultaneous attacks, to scatter her forces over all the seas, so as to reduce to the minimum the strength of her squadron in the Channel, which was her only protection against an attack from the French squadron and the flotilla.

To sum up, when the Emperor abandoned his projects of invasion, it was not because he had altered his mind, but because events had changed; England was transforming her naval and military organisation, with feverish activity, to be ready for any emergency; Austria had openly declared her hostility, and Russia was disposed to enter into the concert of reprisals. As for Spain, was she a sufficient ally for withstanding a formidable coalition?

At the very time that Napoleon's orders were being disregarded, or contested, by timorous subordinates, the most serious complications arose on the Continent, and Napoleon was forced to abandon his enterprise; but the scheme was none the less, at one time, very seriously considered, and every preparation was made for it to succeed.

Must the Emperor be reproached for not having risked the invasion, in spite of everything, for the sake of keeping his word?

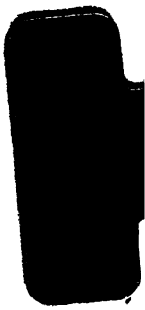
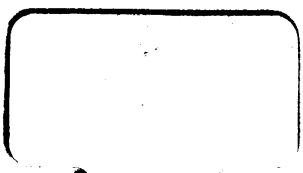
We ought rather to praise him for having had the courage to abandon a scheme so alluring to his bold spirit.

Perhaps, after all, his whole thoughts may be summed up in the words he wrote from the Boulogne Camp to Barbé-Marbois, on August 9th, 1805 :—

"I will not submit the prosperity of my people to mere hazard. Undoubtedly, I intend to land in England myself, with an army; but I and my army will only land when all the circumstances are favourable."

After a certain point, boldness ceases to be a virtue, it can even become folly. History, therefore, should give the Emperor every credit for having withstood a temptation so gratifying to his glory; he was not always so well inspired.

And so, when we read of criticisms a whole century after the event, when we find writers asking whether the flotilla was not all a pretence, and the Boulogne Camp a mere scenic display, we can imagine Napoleon, if he came to life again, silencing his critics by one of those sayings for which he had a genius:

"Like Charlemagne, I took my army across the Alps; I reckoned on crossing the Straits with my soldiers, like Julius Cæsar."

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